

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. xxxvii.

September, 1907

Number VI

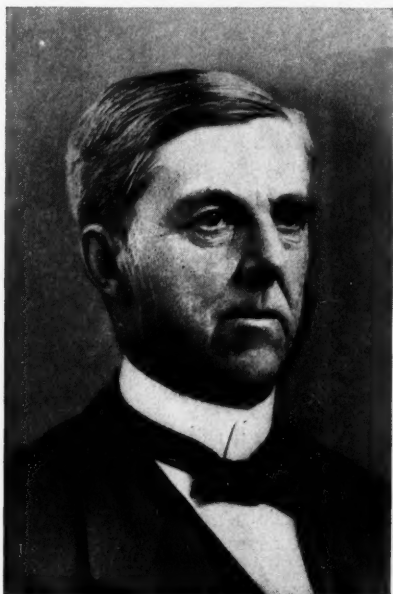
THE SONS OF CLERGYMEN

BY D. O. S. LOWELL

THE "POPULAR BELIEF" THAT THE CHILDREN OF MINISTERS ARE PRONE TO TURN OUT BADLY—AN EXAMINATION OF ITS TRUTH OR FALSITY, WITH A RESULT THAT WILL PROBABLY SURPRISE MOST READERS

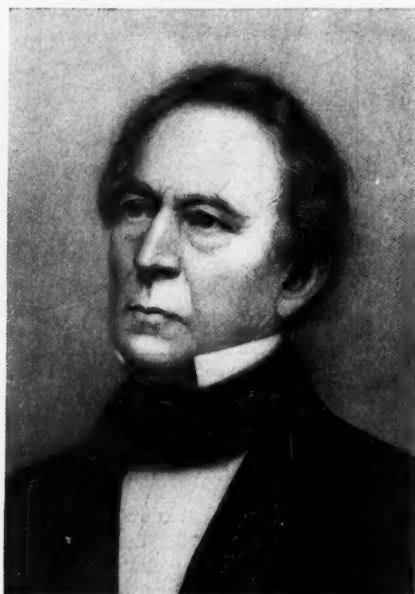
ABOUT forty years ago, Francis Galton, F.R.S., published a book on "Hereditary Genius" which attracted wide attention. The work is interesting, valuable, and in general scientific; but it contains a chapter on

"Divines" which is singularly unsatisfactory and inconclusive. The discussion often seems to be subjective rather than objective, and the writer very evidently thanks God—if he thanks Him at all—that he is not as divines are. He



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), AUTHOR,
SON AND GRANDSON OF CLERGYMEN

From a photograph by Conly, Boston



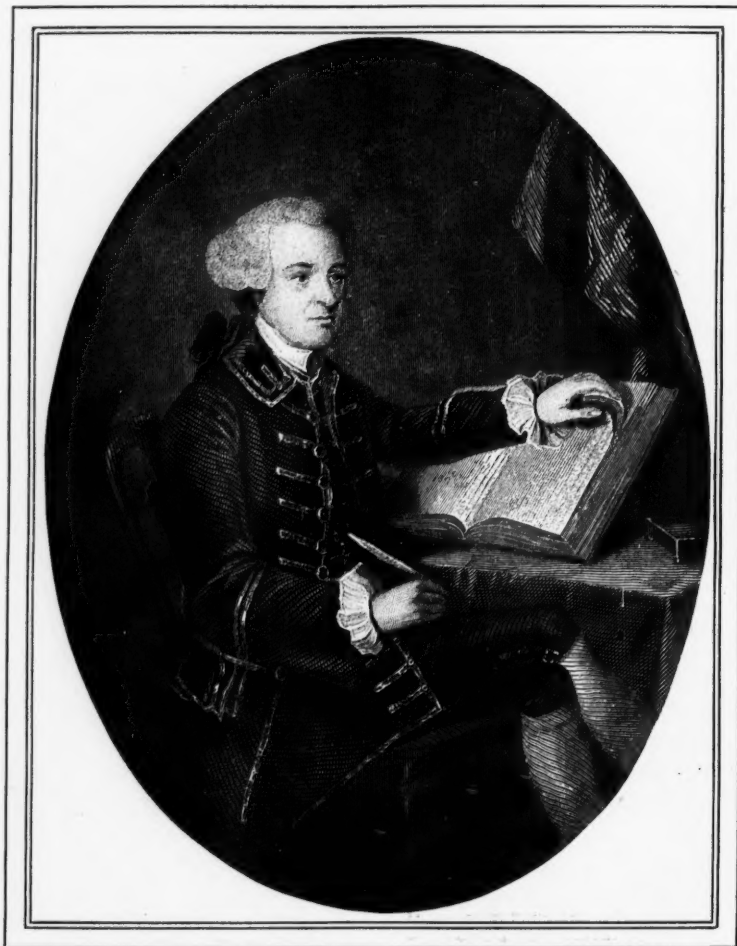
EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865), STATESMAN AND
AUTHOR, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Brady, Washington

investigates the cases of one hundred and ninety-six clergymen, as given in Middleton's "Biographica Evangelica," with what he prides himself is scientific candor, and comes to the following rather remarkable conclusions:

Sixth, that those who have vigorous constitutions were mostly wild in youth; and that those who were wild in youth generally have vigorous constitutions.

Seventh, that a pious disposition is hereditary.



JOHN HANCOCK, FIRST SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,
SON AND GRANDSON OF CLERGYMEN

First, that clergymen are not founders of families who have exercised a notable influence on history.

Second, that they have fewer children, on the average, than other men.

Third, that they die younger than the average of men.

Fourth, that they suffer from overwork.

Fifth, that they usually have wretched constitutions.

Eighth, that their sons frequently turn out very badly.

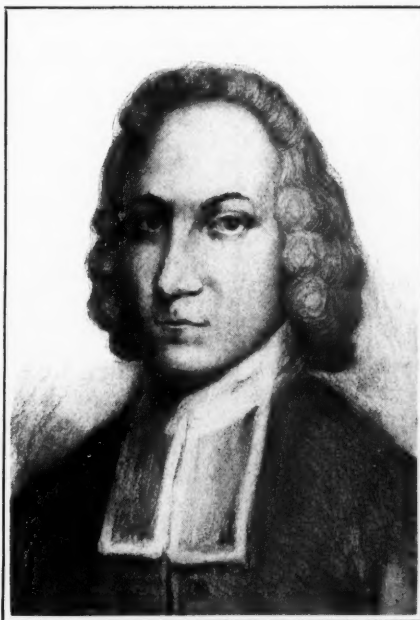
It is with the first and last of the above conclusions that I propose to deal, though I may remark in passing that the implied corollary of the sixth is a decidedly immoral one, caused by an unfair jumbling of cause and effect. Even granting it true—and I am by no means convinced of its truth, at least in these

days—is any one so purblind as to imagine that a man in whatever station, be he clergyman or cowboy, is vigorous because he was wild, rather than wild because he was vigorous?

As to Galton's last conclusion, that clergymen's sons frequently turn out very badly, it is pertinent to inquire how he establishes his dictum. Not from the "Biographica Evangelica," for he says:

I have only lighted on a single instance of this apparent perversion of the laws of heredity in the whole of

Middleton's work, namely, that of Archbishop Matthew; but *it is often said that*

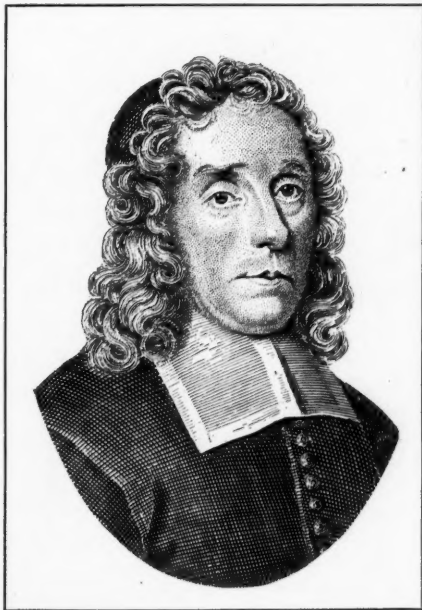


JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703-1758), THEOLOGIAN,
SON OF A CLERGYMAN

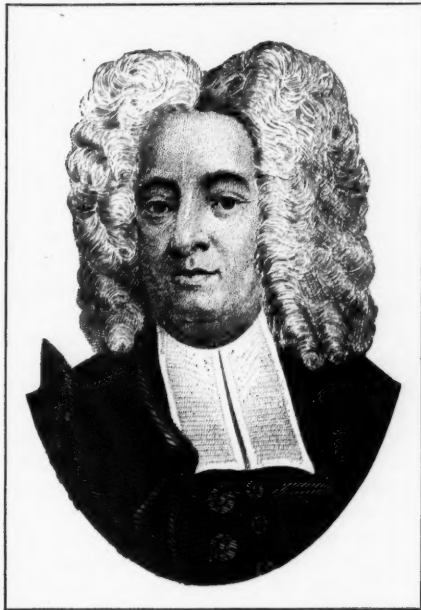
such cases are not uncommon. Those of which I know with certainty are not numerous, but are sufficient to convince me of there being a real foundation for the popular notion.

The foregoing seems to be a most remarkable case of special pleading, put forward under the guise of a scientific article. The writer deliberately throws away his statistics when they do not bear out his own ideas, and admits himself credulous to a degree when he says that the cases falling under his own ob-

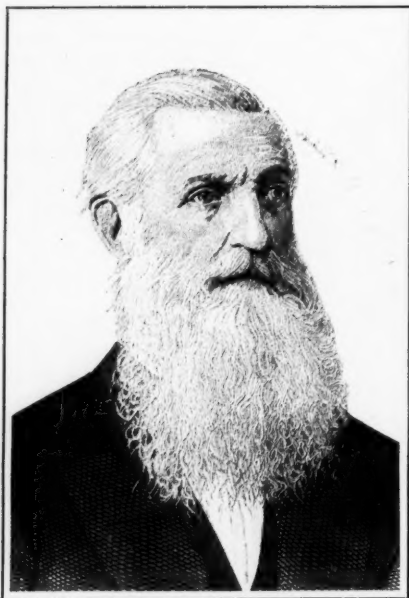
servation, though "not numerous," convince him of the truth of a "popular



INCREASE MATHER (1639-1723), PRESIDENT
OF HARVARD COLLEGE, SON OF A
CLERGYMAN



COTTON MATHER (1663-1728), AUTHOR AND
SCHOLAR, SON AND GRANDSON
OF CLERGYMEN



GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891), STATESMAN
AND HISTORIAN, SON OF A
CLERGYMAN

notion." Great Cæsar was right when he said: "*Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt*"—"Generally men are ready to believe what they desire."

"THE PROFLIGACY OF MINISTERS' SONS"

But certain other men, slaves to tradition, have believed with Galton when they found their belief a source of sorrow. More than three quarters of a century ago, an English writer in the *Congregational Magazine*, who modestly subscribes himself "Imus," published an article, "On the Too Frequent Profligacy of Ministers' Sons," finding his text in the fact that "several such cases have come under my observation, and more than one are now exciting very painful feelings. The observation is frequently made," he continues, "that the sons of Gospel ministers often turn out very flagitious characters, and sink into vileness beyond others."

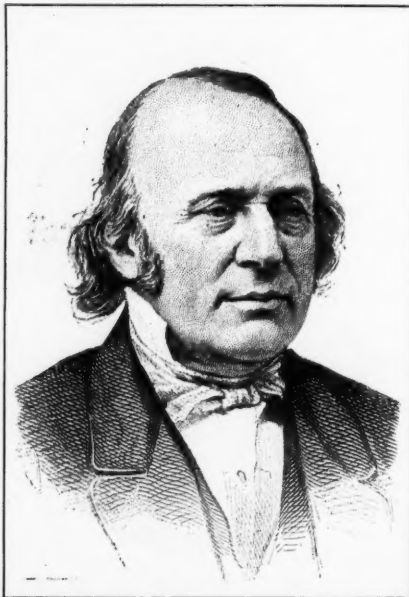
The writer candidly states, however, that "whether the sons of ministers are more often of this description than the sons of lawyers, physicians, or persons of any distinct class, might be fairly doubted. But to settle that point is not

my present object." His object is to show why those who were bad were bad, and to suggest a remedy. To that he devotes his paper; yet near the close he recurs to the thought which seems to lie upon his heart. "It is not that all ministers' sons run wild," he says, "but rather that when such renegades do appear, the enormity of the case forces itself upon our notice."

The object of the present article is to show that Galton's "popular notion" is what Charles Lamb would have called a "popular fallacy." It is true that a belief in the wildness of "ministers' sons and deacons' daughters" has passed into a proverb; and many thoughtless people half believe it, without the philosophical reflection of the writer in the *Congregational Magazine*—that it may be "the enormity of the case" which attracts attention. I may add that it is also the unexpectedness of the case; for when the truth is told, we do not really look for such things to happen.

CLERGYMEN AS FATHERS

As a mere matter of forecast, I maintain that we have a right to expect more than average ability and respectability



LOUIS AGASSIZ (1807-1873), NATURALIST, SON
OF A CLERGYMAN

in ministers' sons. Never mind the saw about the blacksmith's horse and the shoemaker's wife going barefoot. That is another popular fallacy, and the saying arises from our shock on finding isolated cases. But to come back to our reasonable expectations. A minister is generally an educated man, and likely to educate his children. He is also generally—though not always—a good man, and if he train his children at all, he will train them to be good citizens. His condition is usually that for which Agur prayed—one of neither poverty nor wealth; so that he and his escape the temptations of the very poor and of the very rich. He usually is wise enough to marry a wife equal or superior to himself; and thus it is easy to see that his sons, if he have them, will find both heredity and environment in their favor, and that therefore it is likely that they will turn out better than the sons of average citizens.

To prove that our expectations come true, and more than true, will involve us in a few paragraphs of statistics; and to some people statistics are insufferably dry. All such are advised to skip the next four or five pages and drop in at the finish. The curious, the patient, the skeptical, and the tireless are invited to a pleasure-trip through moor, and fen, and tangled brake, on a voyage of discovery.

THE PROPORTION OF CLERGYMEN'S SONS

The census of 1890 gave the number of male clergymen in the United States as 108,537; but of these 11,636 were Roman Catholics, who do not marry. Deducting the latter, we have 96,901 clergymen who may marry. The total number of males aged twenty-one years or more was returned as 21,329,819. Assuming that all the clergy are at least twenty-one—though no doubt a few of them are younger—we find that of the adult males one in 221 is a clergyman who may marry. Further, assuming that

the clergy—again, of course, excluding the Roman Catholics—marry as frequently as laymen, and have as large families, then their sons are to all other men's sons in the proportion of one to 221. Galton, it may be remembered, declares that they have fewer children than



HENRY CLAY (1777-1852), STATESMAN AND ORATOR, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

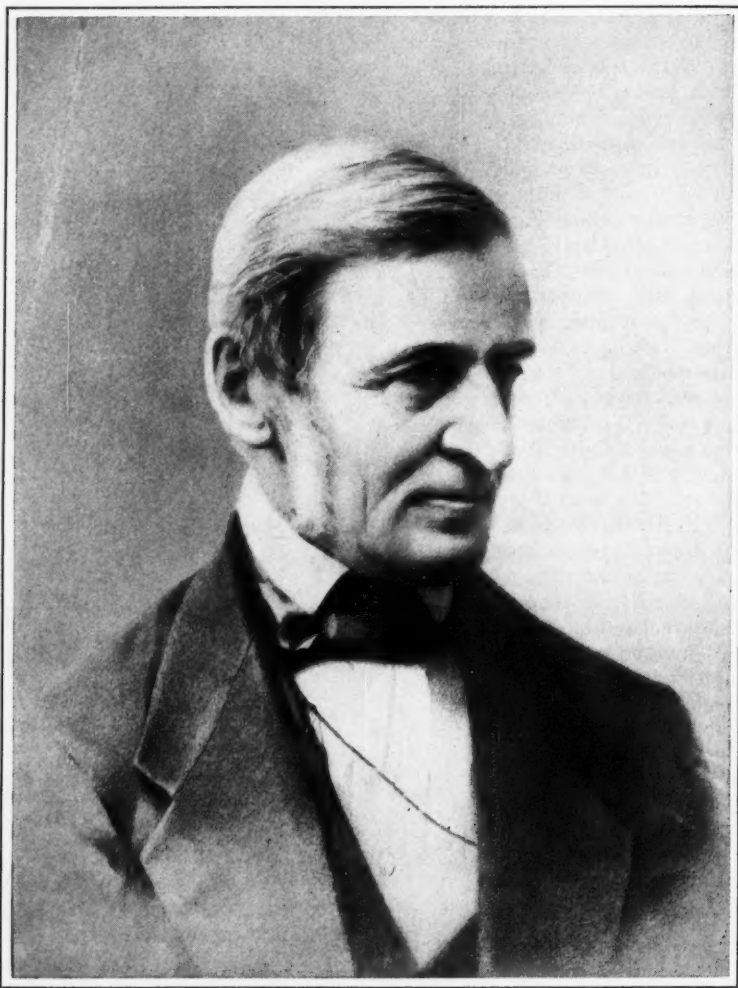
From a photograph by Brady, Washington

the average man—which would make the proportion still smaller; but in order to avoid any possible unfairness let us take one in 221 as the correct figure.

If, therefore, clergymen's sons are doing their fair share of the work of the nation, and earning their fair share of its honors, then among two hundred and twenty-one men who have attained distinction—who hold important offices, or have done conspicuously good work in the arts, in the sciences, or in any useful calling—there should be just one whose father was a minister. If the proportion of clergymen's sons is perceptibly smaller than this, we must conclude that there is some ground for the "popular

belief" that they do not turn out as well as the children of other men. If it is much larger, then we may relegate the slanderous old saw to the limbo of forgotten falsehoods.

the history of the nation, its States and its municipalities, who are creating American literature, educating the youth of the country, leading in its religious, scientific, commercial, social, military,



RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882), ESSAYIST AND POET, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

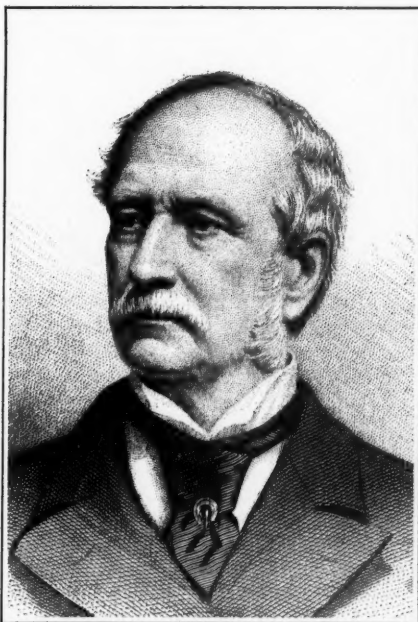
Now, fame and merit are intangible things, hard to measure in the balance or by the inch-rule; yet here again it is possible to find certain facts and figures that give us solid ground to go on. Let us take that useful reference-book called "Who's Who in America," the purpose of which is stated by its editors as being to catalogue "the men who are making

naval, productive, and artistic activities, and who are in the innumerable departments of useful and reputable effort most representative of American progress." Here is a book that will throw light on the subject that we are investigating. Its latest edition (the fourth) tabulates more than sixteen thousand names—omitting, no doubt, many worthy ones

and including some that are unworthy; but the list may be taken as the only available one of the kind, and as a fair attempt to catalogue the practical and intellectual leaders of the country. At any rate, its compilers cannot possibly be suspected of any bias in regard to the question we have at issue.

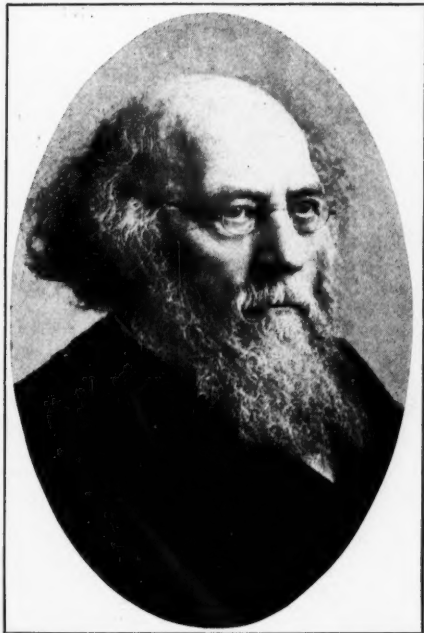
CLERGYMEN'S SONS
IN "WHO'S WHO"

In most, but unfortunately not all, of the brief biographies contained in this volume, mention is made of



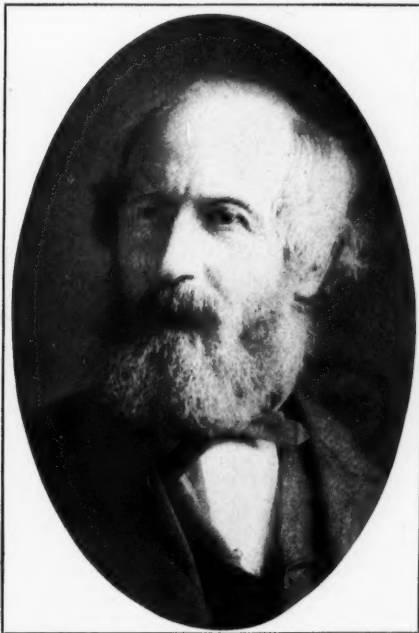
DAVID DUDLEY FIELD (1805-1894), JURIST,
COMPILER OF THE FIELD LAW CODES

the subject's parentage. In all, I find records of the fathers of 11,195 men. Now, if one in every 221 of these men were clergymen's sons, the total number of clergymen's sons in the book would be fifty or fifty-one. As a matter of fact, the number of those whose fathers are specified as "Rev."—or, in a few cases, as evangelists, rabbis, preachers, and the like—is no less than 898—nearly eighteen times as many. Furthermore, some of the "Who's Who" biographies



STEPHEN J. FIELD (1816-1899), JUSTICE OF
THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

From a photograph by Bell, Washington



CYRUS W. FIELD (1819-1892), FOUNDER OF
THE ATLANTIC CABLE COMPANY

From a photograph

THREE FAMOUS SONS OF THE REV. DAVID D. FIELD, OF
STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



JOHN B. GORDON (1832-1904), SOLDIER AND STATESMAN, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Handy, Washington



HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887), PREACHER AND REFORMER, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

name the subject's father without stating, as might have been stated, that that father is or was a clergyman. I have found fifteen such cases—those of Grover Cleveland, Edward Waldo Emerson, Edward E. Hale, Jr., Philip L. Hale, Amos L. Hopkins, Archibald Hopkins, Henry Hopkins, Adoniram Brown Judson, Edward Judson, Lowell M. McAfee, Samuel T. K. Prime, Albion W. Small, Edward Abbott, Lyman Abbott, and Frederick L. Anderson. Hence we might fairly claim a larger proportion



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE (1791-1872), ARTIST AND INVENTOR, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

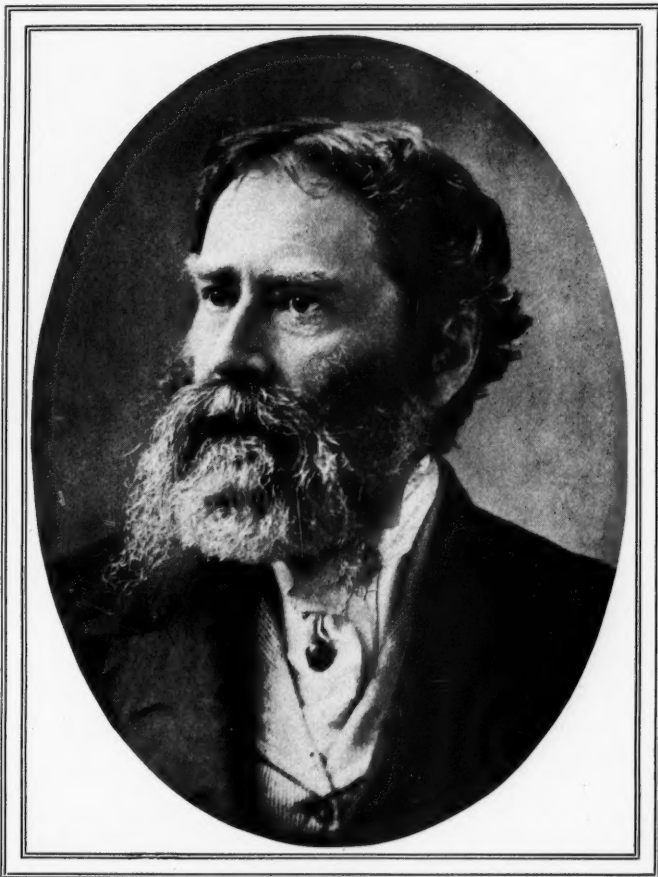
From a photograph by Bogardus, New York

of clergymen's sons than 898 out of 11,195. Let the reckoning stand as it is, however. I am satisfied with figures which indicate that whereas clergymen's sons are to other men's sons as one in 221, they are nearly one in twelve of the Americans who have risen to distinction. To express the same thing in percentages, the clergymen's sons, numbering less than half of one per cent of the total population, have gained eight per cent of the honors.

In order to test Galton's statement that clergymen's

sons do not "exercise a notable influence on history," let us look a little more closely at these 898 men. Their vocations are many and varied. Among them are 188 clergymen, including 23 bishops; 87 presidents of

mayors, railway officials, illustrators, engineers of all sorts, bankers and brokers, musicians, composers, directors, organists, capitalists, justices of State supreme courts, astronomers, inventors, financiers, publishers, merchants, statisticians, con-



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891), AUTHOR AND DIPLOMAT, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Conly, Boston

universities, colleges, and seminaries; 179 full professors in universities and colleges, 24 professors in theological seminaries, and 49 other educators; 79 lawyers, 97 authors, 82 editors and journalists, and 74 physicians and surgeons; 14 army officers, 13 artists, 11 members of Congress, 10 geologists, 9 jurists, 9 architects, 9 missionaries, 8 lecturers, 7 chemists, 6 manufacturers, and 6 naval officers; besides playwrights, naturalists, philanthropists, librarians, dramatists,

suls, physicists, zoologists, Egyptologists, and biologists.

Of course, many names are counted more than once. Thus, many presidents of universities and colleges are clergymen; many members of Congress are lawyers; many scientists and physicians are university professors, and so on.

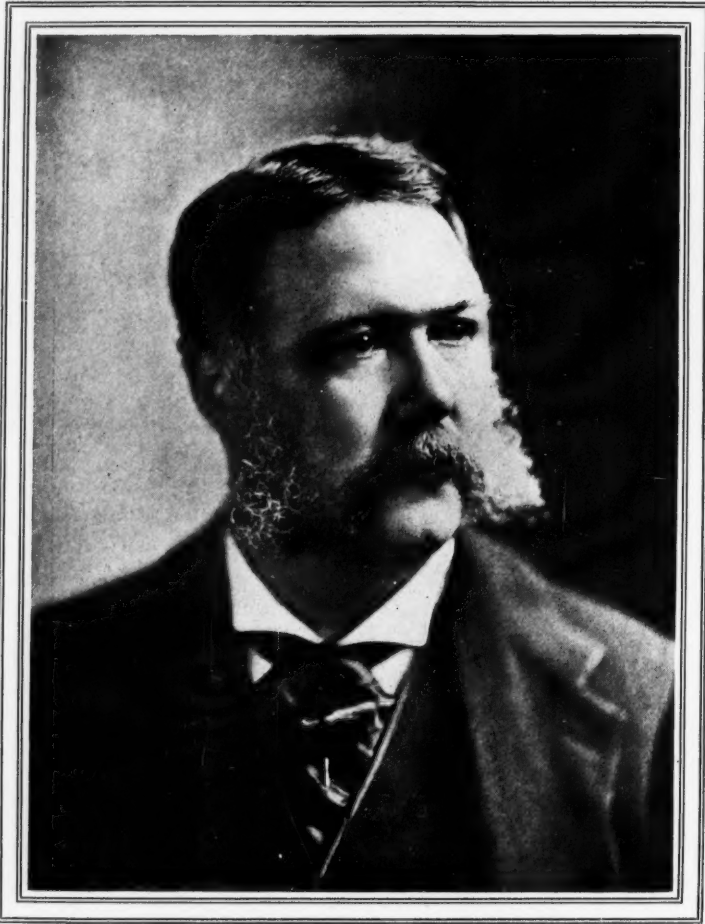
WELL-KNOWN SONS OF CLERGYMEN

To catalogue the names of clergymen's sons who have won distinction would, of

course, be impossible within the limits of an article, and to select individuals is an invidious task. Yet it may be worth while to mention a few, as samples of the quality of the whole list: Ex-President Cleveland, for instance; Justice

Lounsbury, of Yale; James, of Harvard; and Sloane, of Columbia, the biographer of Napoleon.

In other fields we find Edward H. Harriman, the railroad king; Herbert H. Vreeland, head of the company con-

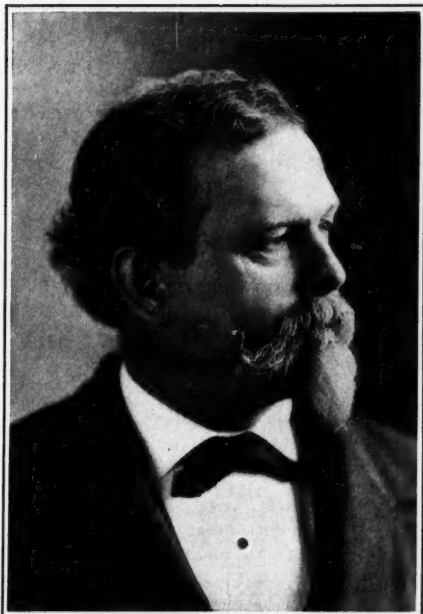


CHESTER A. ARTHUR (1830-1886), TWENTY-FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

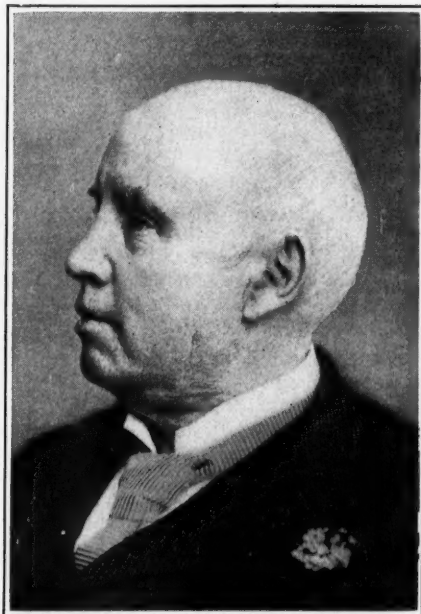
Brewer, of the Supreme Court; Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York; Senator Dolliver, of Iowa; Levi P. Morton, man of affairs and former Vice-President, and Judson Harmon, former Attorney-General. Among the heads of colleges are such men as Faunce, of Brown; James, of Illinois; Carroll D. Wright, of Clark; and Taylor, of Vassar; and among the professors,

trolling the rapid transit system of New York; William H. Maxwell, superintendent of the New York schools; Lieutenant-General Schofield, a former head of the army; Bishop Potter, head of the foremost diocese of the Episcopal Church; Henry James, the novelist; ex-Governors Bates, of Massachusetts, and Kellogg, of Louisiana; Congressman Burton, of Ohio; David J. Hill, minis-



JOSEPH R. HAWLEY (1826-1905), SOLDIER AND SENATOR, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Sarony, New York



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899), ORATOR AND POLITICIAN, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

ter at The Hague; and the brothers Frederick and Alfred True, who hold high places in the scientific service of the government.

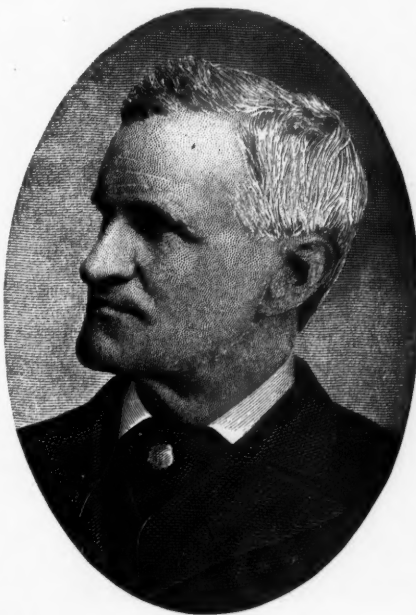
In the world of newspapers and magazines, clergymen's sons seem to be particularly active. In New York, for instance, there are Don Carlos Seitz, manager of the *World*, and Albert P. Terhune, one of its editors; Bradford Merrill, manager of the *American*; Chester S. Lord, for nearly twenty years managing editor of the *Sun*; Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*; Lyman Abbott, of the *Outlook*; William

Hayes Ward, of the *Independent*; and Robert H. Davis, one of the editors of

the Munsey publications. A brother of the last-named is Samuel Davis, journalist, poet, and State controller of Nevada. In Philadelphia there is George H. Lorimer, of the *Saturday Evening Post*; and in Chicago there are the brothers Patterson, of the *Tribune*. It is probable that most of my readers can add other names to this incomplete list.

CLERGYMEN'S SONS IN ENGLAND

Thus far we have confined our investigations to the United States of the present genera-

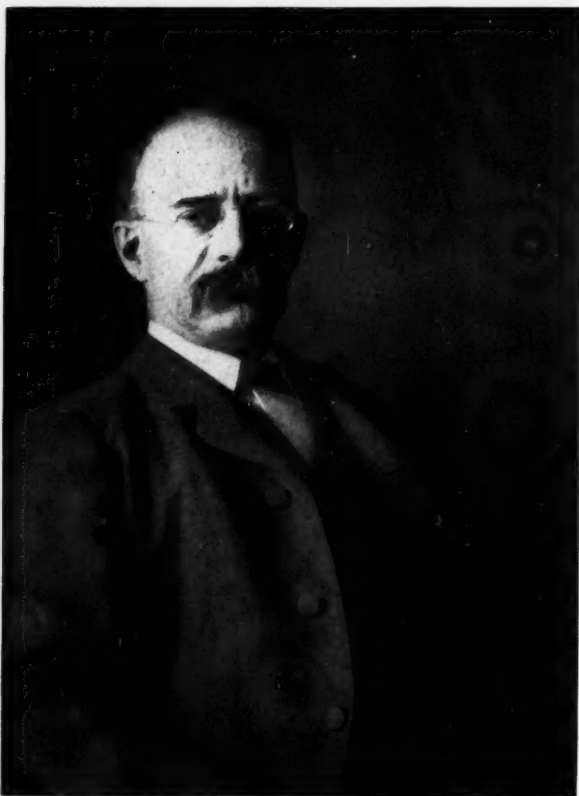


FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893), HISTORIAN, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

tion; now let us enlarge our horizon for a moment. We will cross the ocean and sweep back through the course of two centuries or more. First we turn to the great English "Dictionary of National Biography," in sixty-six volumes. We shall not attempt to examine the entire work; but let us choose a volume at random out of the middle of the set, say the thirty-third. In this we find that 424 more or less illustrious names are mentioned. Eliminating names of women, and of those men whose fathers' calling is not mentioned, we find 301 remaining. Of these, 36—or more than one in nine—are said to be sons of clergymen.

At this point Galton himself inadvertently gives us aid. He says:

Middleton's biographies appear, to the best of my judgment, to refer, in by far the greater part, to exceedingly noble characters.



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, THE RAILROAD KING, SON OF A
CLERGYMAN

Subsequently he admits that of the last hundred, no fewer than seventeen—Lewis de Dieu, Alting, Manton, T. Gouge, Owen, Leighton, Claude, Hopkins, Fleming, Burkitt, Halyburton, M. Henry, Clarke, Mather, Evans, Edwards, and Hervey—or one in every six of these "exceedingly noble characters"—were the sons of ministers.

FACTS CITED BY M. DE CANDOLLE

In the year 1873, Alphonse de Candolle, a famous Swiss scientist, wrote a book which he entitled "A History of the Sciences and of Learned Men for the Past Two Centuries." From this I quote the following:

Among the young people who have emerged from the crowd of pupils, during the two centuries past, to become famous men of learning, a great number were sons of ministers or pastors. Our table of the foreign associates of the Academy at Paris shows *thirteen* out of the ninety whose fathers' calling I have been able to determine.

In 1885 M. de Candolle issued a second edition of his book, bringing his statistics down to date. Since 1873 nine new associates had been elected, and of the nine, one—Louis Agassiz—was a clergyman's son. Here, then, in a list of ninety-nine illustrious men selected by an unimpeachable authority, we have fourteen, or more than one in seven, whose fathers were clergymen.

M. de Candolle presents further evidence bearing on the question. He tabulates twenty-eight famous men nominated, between 1833 and 1883, as foreign associates of two other learned French bodies, the Academy of Moral Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions. Of these twenty-eight,

five were sons of clergymen. In a list of forty-eight foreign members of the Royal Society of London, he finds eight sons of clergymen. And he goes on to generalize thus:

Reducing the part which heredity plays in intellectual matters to a minimum, the mere existence of married pastors assures the development from year to year of a certain number of educated and honorable men who will exert a happy influence upon society. I know that within a few years some have cast doubts upon the tendency for good of those who are reared in families of pastors; but there are numerous striking instances to the contrary. I shall cite, to support my opinion, certain men of undeniable merit who would not have existed but for clergymen fathers, or who would have turned out otherwise under vicious or defective training. They are all sons of ministers, deans, or pastors.



HENRY C. POTTER, EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF NEW YORK, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

He then gives the following list:

In mathematics, physics, and natural history—Agassiz, naturalist; Berzelius, chemist; Boerhaave, physician; Robert Brown, botanist; Peter Camper, anatomist; Rudolf Clausius, physicist; Encke, astronomer; Euler, mathematician; Fabricius, astronomer; Nehemiah Grew, botanist; L. J. Hanstein, botanist; Hartsoeker, physician; Oswald Heer, naturalist; Edward Jenner, physician; Linnaeus, naturalist; Eilhard Mitscherlich, chemist; Olbers, astronomer; Rudbeck, botanist; Wilhelm Schimper, botanist; Schweizer, physician; Bernard Studer, geologist; John Wallis, mathematician; Wargentin, astronomer; Wollaston, chemist; Charles Adolphe Wurtz, chemist; Arthur Young, agriculturist.

In history, philology, moral sciences, and statecraft—Charles Abbot, first Lord Colchester, statesman; Charles Ancillon

and Frédéric Ancillon, historians; Samuel Bochart, orientalist; Ralph Waldo Emerson, philosopher; Henry Hallam, historian; Karl Benedikt Hase, Greek scholar; Thomas Hobbes, philosopher; Johannes Müller, historian; Samuel von Pufendorf, jurist; Schweighäuser, Greek scholar; Sismondi, historian.

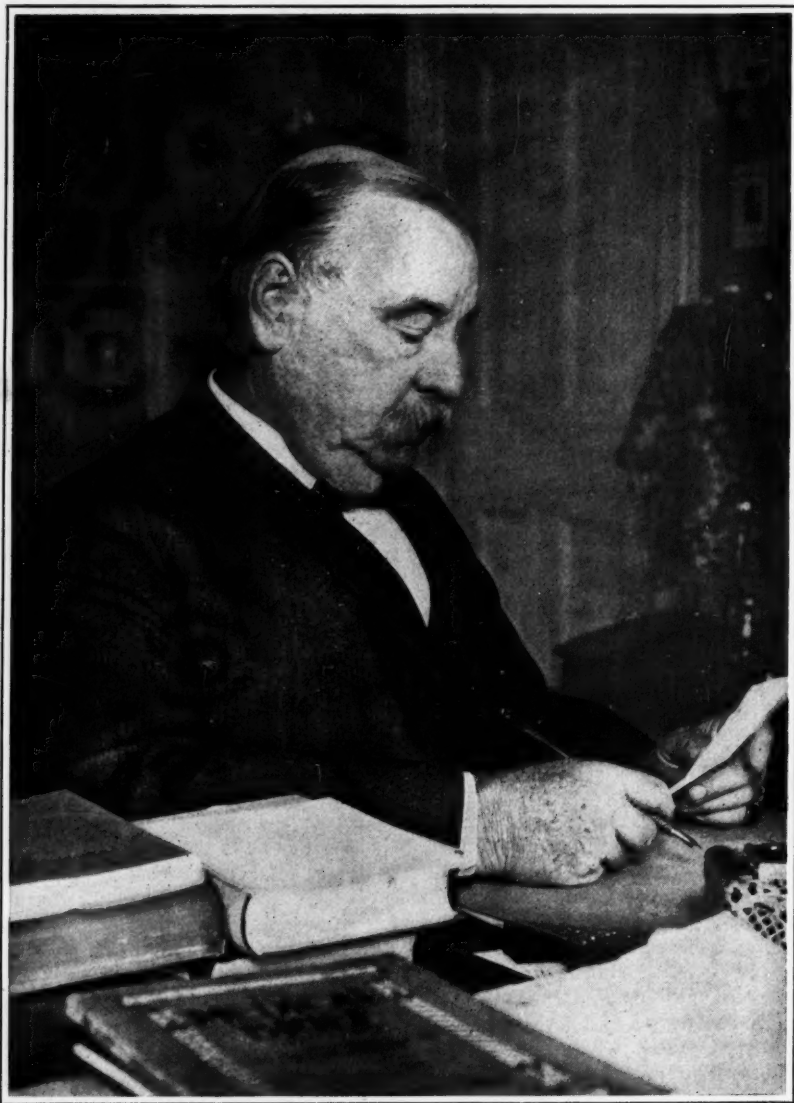
In literature and art—Joseph Addison, essayist; Jean Gessner, poet; Ben Jonson, dramatist; Gotthold Lessing, dramatist and critic; Jean Paul Richter, novelist; Jonathan Swift, satirist; James Thomson, poet; Christopher Wieland, poet; David Wilkie, painter; Sir Christopher Wren, architect; Edward Young, poet.

After presenting these names, M. de Candolle adds:

I could more than treble the above lists by inserting the names of men undoubtedly illustrious, though less known by

the general public. That would be useless as a demonstration, for enough names have been given to show how far short science, medicine, and letters would have fallen dur-

dolle did not mention such famous Englishmen as Lord Nelson, John and Charles Wesley, Lord Tennyson, Dean Stanley, John Keble, Matthew Arnold,



GROVER CLEVELAND, TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a stereograph—copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ing the past two centuries but for well-trained and well-educated sons of clergymen.

It would, indeed, be easy to lengthen out the lists. For instance, M. de Can-

and Lord Curzon of Kedleston. He gave no American names save those of Agassiz and Emerson; he might have included Jonathan Edwards, Increase and Cotton Mather, John Han-

cock, Henry Clay, Edward Everett, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Ward Beecher, Presidents Arthur and Cleveland, S. F. B. Morse, Donald Grant Mitchell, George Bancroft, Francis Parkman, and many others.

SOME CLERICAL FAMILIES

But I must quote from M. de Candolle once more:

In these lists I have not included a crowd of distinguished theologians or preachers who themselves have been the sons of well-known clergymen—Élie Saurin, Alphonse Turretini,

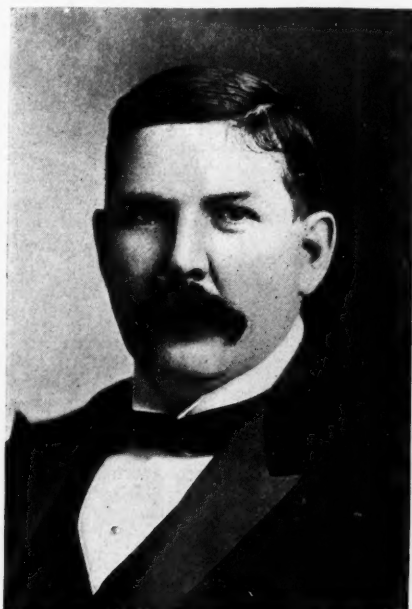


DAVID J. BREWER, JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

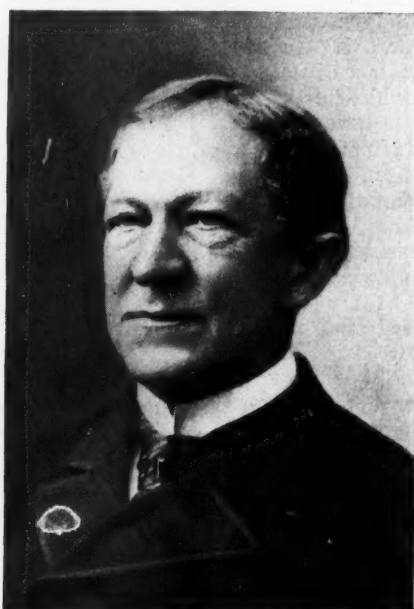
Jacques Lenfant, Jean Claude, Pierre Dumoulin, Schleiermacher, Alexander Schweizer, Samuel Vincent, and so on. Groups of distinguished pastors and theologians of the same family are very numerous in Switzerland, in France, and in Germany. It will suffice to mention the Hottingers of Zurich; the Buxtorfs of Basle; the Turretini, the Diodati, and the Celleriers of Geneva; the Monods and the Vincents of France. In England one could find analogous examples.

They exist also in America. The Muhlenberg and Beecher families will occur to most readers. The rec-



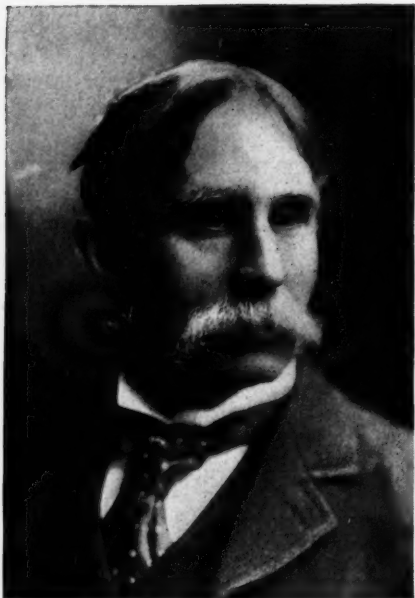
JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IOWA, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Bell, Washington



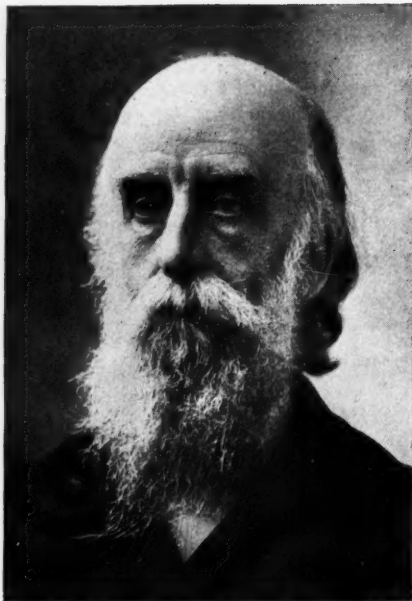
LEVI P. MORTON, FORMERLY VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Bogardus, New York



RICHARD WATSON GILDER, EDITOR AND POET,
SON AND GRANDSON OF CLERGYMEN

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LYMAN ABBOTT, PREACHER AND EDITOR, SON
OF A CLERGYMAN

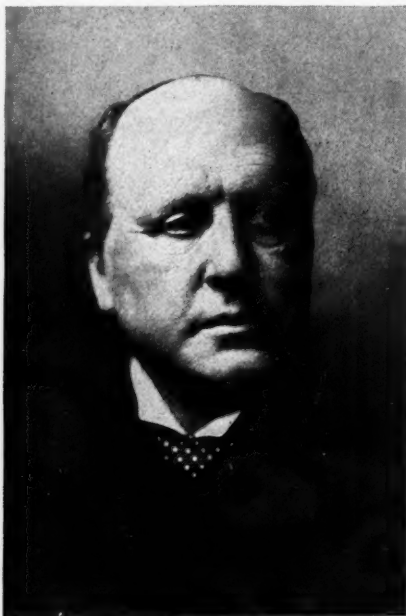
From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

ord of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, which was given in this magazine in June of last year, is another evidence of the way in which intellectual gifts have descended from father to son in families founded by clergymen. A still more remarkable case is one which I accidentally encountered in my researches. In the first class that graduated at Harvard College, in 1642, there was one Benjamin Woodbridge, of whom it is stated in John Farmer's "Memoirs of Ministers Graduated at Harvard":

Benjamin was the son of the Rev. John

Woodbridge. His paternal ancestors for several generations were clergymen. His

mother was the daughter of the Rev. Robert Parker, and his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Parker, was one of the first scholars of the time. His brother, the Rev. John Woodbridge, became the first minister of Andover, Massachusetts. Benjamin was graduated at the head of the first class that came out of Harvard. He returned to England and entered the ministry, where his preferment would have been certain had he not joined the dissenters. He was offered the canonry of Windsor, but declined it. According to Anthony Wood, "he was accounted among his brethren a learned and mighty man."



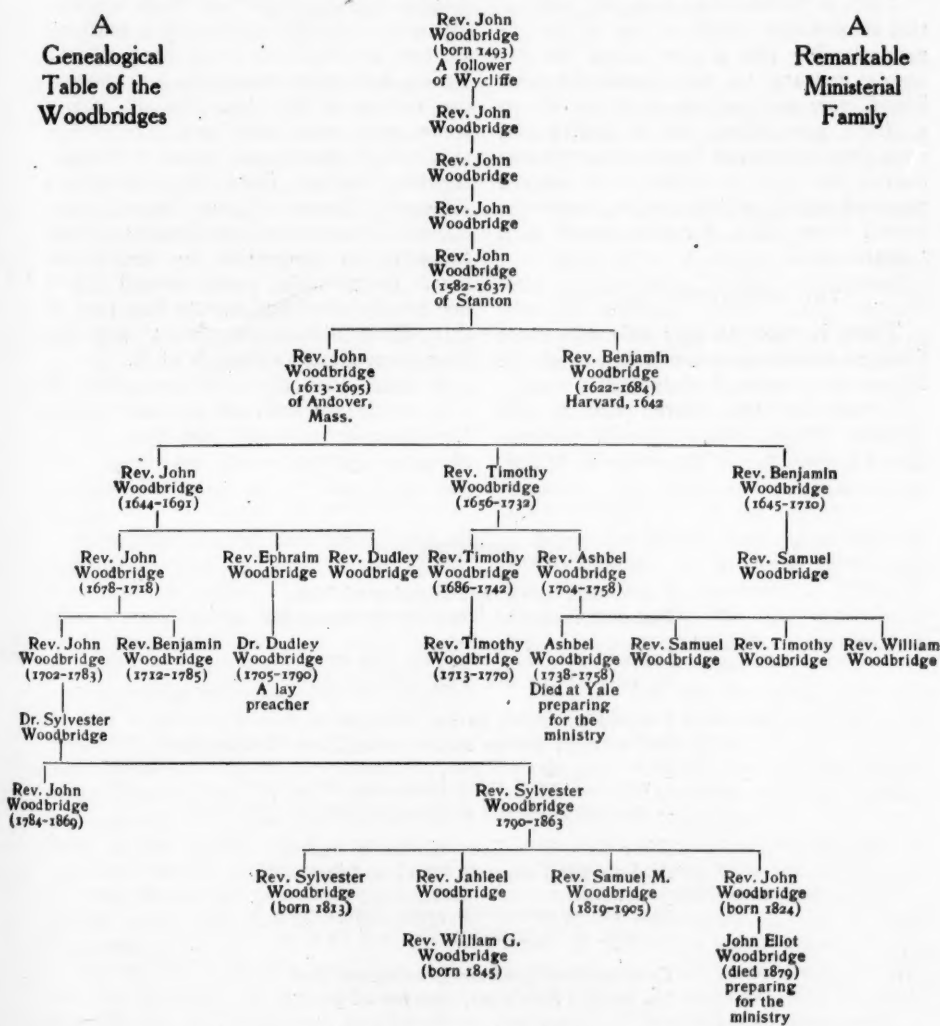
HENRY JAMES, NOVELIST, SON OF A CLERGYMAN

From a photograph by Barnett, London

From a book called "The New England Ministry Sixty Years Ago," by Sereno D. Clark, I take the following:

The earliest known ancestor of the Woodbridge family was the Rev. John Woodbridge, born in 1493, a follower of Wycliffe.

Farmer and Clark seem to support each other; but whether the tradition of the earlier Woodbridges be true or not, I have traced the line of John Woodbridge of Stanton (1582-1637), the father of Benjamin, through nine suc-



Between him and the Rev. John Woodbridge, of Stanton, there were three generations, and, as tradition reports, in each a Rev. John Woodbridge; therefore, the Rev. John Woodbridge of Andover, Massachusetts, was the sixth Rev. John Woodbridge in the regular line of descent.

cessive generations, down to the year 1905, and I find only one generation in which I cannot point to a clergyman. One in the eighth generation, the Rev. Samuel Merrill Woodbridge (1819-1905), appeared in the third edition of

"Who's Who in America." The Rev. William Gould Woodbridge, of the ninth generation, was living in Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1883, and very possibly some of the tenth generation are clergymen or theological students ere this. If there are such, I should be glad to hear from them.

Thus, if tradition be true, we have in this remarkable family a line of clergymen, flowing like a river from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; now broad, now narrow, yet never, except in a single generation, lost to sight; and even then it seems to have a subterranean course, for soon it breaks forth with a renewed energy which puts to shame the sacred river Alph, for that ended in a "sunless sea."

TWO SIGNIFICANT FACTS

There is space to give only two more facts as evidence on the question of the failure or success of clergymen's sons.

Twenty-five men have risen to the greatest elective station in the world—the Presidency of the United States;

two of the twenty-five—Arthur and Cleveland—were sons of clergymen. In proportion to their numbers, clergymen's sons should reach the Presidency once in two hundred and twenty-one times; actually, they have attained it once in twelve and a half times.

The famous names inscribed in the Hall of Fame at the New York University were carefully chosen by a body of electors drawn from every State in the Union, and representing the best American culture of the day. In all, thirty-seven great men have been selected for this roll of honor, and seven of them—Agassiz, Beecher, Henry Clay, Jonathan Edwards, Emerson, James Russell Lowell, and Morse—had clergymen for their fathers. In proportion to their numbers, clergymen's sons should form one two-hundred-and-twenty-first part of this distinguished company; actually, they form almost one-fifth of it.

I think that the facts presented in this article are sufficient to disprove the "popular belief" that the sons of the clergy are prone to turn out badly.

A PRAYER

I ASK, dear Lord, not miracles of Thee,
But that in mercy Thou my guidance be.

I would not, if it could be, win reward
By only asking, but with strivings hard.

I would my name be not in water writ,
But scrolled before men's eyes, Thou blessing it.

I would I were some blest one, to achieve
A purpose good and great; something to live

After these little lives of ours be run,
And we shall sleep at set of our last sun.

But, failing greatness, grant that I may be
Content in little things Thy will to see;

Content that I, adoring, bring to Thee,
To dress Thine altar, sheaves of purity,

And lilies of white prayers; and for Thy head,
Meekly to offer unto Thee, instead

Of alabaster box and ointment fine,
A broken heart, this little life of mine,

Molded and bent to Thy most perfect will;
Waiting to hear at last Thy "Peace, be still!"

Elizabeth May Montague

HIS BEST

BY HELEN TOMPKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE ROSSTON ROAD MYSTERY"

THE young man looked about him uncertainly. "I thought it was right to come to you first," he said. "I haven't said a word to Annie."

The man to whom he was speaking straightened himself suddenly, and a flicker of red crept into his face. "Much obliged to you, I am sure," he said dryly. "Not that it would matter much, so far as I can see, if you *had* spoken to Annie. My girl is young and a bit thoughtless, maybe, but I guess I stand first with her still—me and her mother—even if folks do call me peculiar."

It was Judson Stanley's turn to flush. "I hope you don't class me with the 'folks' you speak of. I should be very sorry—"

John Haskins cut him short. "I am not speaking of anybody in particular," he answered stiffly. "You needn't be a mite uneasy, young man. I can tell you now that your chances with Annie wouldn't be worth a straw if you had ever said anything about me that you oughtn't to say. I guess we both know *that*." He looked at the younger man again, and his face softened. "You are asking for my baby, Stanley, you know," he continued more gently; "all that her mother and I have in the world. Maybe we consider that we have a *right* to be particular. You see she is just a careless, bright, fun-loving child, and you are—how old are you, young man?"

For the slow beat of a second the suitor did not answer. A shadow had crept into his eyes, and he looked past the other to the sweep of darkening river beyond the stretch of low meadow-land. The faint flicker of the first star had just appeared in the western sky.

"I am twenty-nine," he answered.

"Twenty-nine; and your wife has been dead a little less than a year," mused Haskins. He was speaking to

himself rather than to Stanley. "Maybe I have been thoughtless, Stanley. Good God, I am afraid I have! Why, Annie is nothing but a child yet—a baby!"

"She is nineteen," said Stanley sulkily. "And if she is willing—"

"Willing!" A sudden snarl leaped into the old voice. "And why shouldn't she be willing? How many eligible young men do you suppose my daughter has met in the last year, here in Lewisville? I have been as blind as a mole." He checked himself with an effort. "I am not blaming you, Judson," he went on. "But I want to ask you a brutal question, lad. Will you promise to answer me—and to tell the truth?"

Again the young man's gaze wavered and fell before the weariness in the keen eyes that met his so steadily. "My life is an open book," he said formally at last. "I have lived here, man and boy, all my life. If you think—"

Haskins was not listening. His agitated mind was still grappling with the idea of matrimony in connection with Annie, and finding the problem impossible. Annie, his wide-eyed baby, trudging blissfully after him over the farm; Annie with her pink sunbonnet and her long braids; Annie with her tender, sensitive heart so easily wounded—*Annie!*

"I don't know what to say," he muttered at last. "I don't know—" He looked at the other suspiciously. "How can I tell what you have said to *her*?" he asked. "You talk fair enough—"

Stanley returned the glance uneasily. "I thought that you would like to know first. I thought that it was only fair to come to you, her father, before I spoke to her," he repeated.

The slender bit of willow in the old man's hand snapped ominously, and his patience as well. "What about your

wife, Judson?" he asked slowly. "Folks said that you were utterly mad about her—a year ago. You are the same man, you know; you haven't changed, as I can see, either in politics or religion, and you look pretty much the same—to me. You were one of the judges at the primaries last week, and I heard that you did not expect to change, that you had never scratched a ticket. And Nancy told me that they had just made you steward in the same old church that you were baptized in when you were little more than a baby. What about your wife?"

Stanley's glance shifted again and his face grew scarlet. "If you think that I ever failed in my duty to Jean—"

Again the old man stopped him. "That is not what I mean, Judson. I only—Annie deserves your *best*, lad; not a second place. If my girl cares for you at all, it will be the whole of her fresh, young heart that you will have; not a cramped back corner filled with shadows of all sorts of sentimental rubbish. And mind you, I am going to feel *sure* about how you feel, lad—for Annie's sake. Are you sure that she—Jean—has been forgotten?"

Stanley looked at him bewilderedly, doubtfully. "Forgotten *Jean!*" was all that he said.

Haskins drew a long breath. "I thought as much," he said. "Now, lad, I am going to talk to you plainly. No man can love two women at the same time in the same way. We are agreed as to that, of course."

Stanley shook his head. "I don't understand you," he replied in a puzzled fashion.

For the second time the old man showed traces of impatience. "I am not a Mormon in my religious views," he said bluntly; "more especially, you see, when it is my Annie that is to be wife number two. And, as I said before, in my opinion no man can love two women at the same time—dead or alive. If you still love Jean—if her picture fills your heart to-day, what in God's name have you to offer another woman?"

Stanley tried to speak—to say that he indignantly repudiated any feeling either of faithlessness to Jean or lack of love for the woman whom he sought to make his wife, but the solemn face of the stern

old man before him tied his tongue. He wavered and remained silent.

"Somebody said once—maybe you have heard it—that I had always been a crank about second marriages," Haskins went on thoughtfully. "There is not a word of truth in it, lad; remember that. If your love for Jean is dead—if in its place is only a tender reverence, an evergreen memory, a kindly recollection of the woman whom you once cared for, and you are man enough to admit it—then take my girl and God bless you both. But if you *can't* say it—if it is a sort of legalized polygamy that you are contemplating—a polygamy countenanced by the law—then I'd rather see my Annie dead than tied to you. That is all there is about it."

Stanley mumbled something miserably under his breath. The fire died out of the old man's face and his clenched hands relaxed.

"I guess that you are thinking it is no wonder that folks call me crazy," he said, and laughed in a curious, helpless fashion. "But I mean every word, Stanley. I feel very strongly about it. What right have you to try to keep my girl walking in the narrow groove that has been worn by a dead woman's feet? It's not fair, lad. Too many young lives have gone to wreck on that uncharted rock. Don't I know the talk? I heard it often enough while Annie's sister was living. Hollister waited, too—a whole lot longer than you have—before he came begging Alice to take his dead wife's place. That was the trouble about it, you see. The woman wasn't dead; she was only buried out there in the cemetery. If he had waited until she had been dead to him, it wouldn't have mattered. But I was not so wise then as I am now, Stanley, and I was more preoccupied, and I let him have Alice—to break her heart in less than a year."

Stanley found voice at last. "But you know I love Annie."

Haskins clenched his hands again until the bony knuckles whitened under the pressure. "So did Hollister love Alice," he said in a strangled voice. "At least he *thought* he loved her. It's no use, Stanley. I am not objecting to you, you understand. You are a truth-

ful man. You *can't* love them both. It might do for *some*, lad. I warn you now that it won't do for *my* daughter. And it's not second marriages I object to—so much." He faced Judson doggedly.

"I only want the *best* for *her*—Annie. If you are sure that you can give her that, then I haven't a word to say. Think it over, lad, until nine o'clock this evening. It's not fair to ask her—little Annie—to fight against the dead. The odds against her are too great. They won't fight fair. And she couldn't stand it, you know, Judson—Annie couldn't. Her sister tried it and broke her heart over it in less than a year. *She* was ill and fretful at times, and the dead woman had never lost patience. *Her* health failed and her good looks went with it, and the dead woman's never had. *She* was jealous and exacting and peevish, and a hundred things that never had troubled Hollister in the dead troubled him in the living.

"The grave is an impregnable Gibraltar, young man, and the living, who fight outside its walls, fight hopelessly." He squared his shoulders. "I'll leave it to you. I can trust you, Judson, or I would never have talked to you as I have. If you have already put Jean out of your heart as God Himself has put her out of your life, and you can tell me so honestly, then there is nobody in the world to whom I would give my baby so gladly. If you haven't, then, for God's sake, and for Annie's sake, leave the child alone. No; I tell you I won't listen to you now. You don't know your own mind. You haven't thought it over. If you want Annie, come to her at nine o'clock and tell her so, like a man." He hesitated. "But you understand, Judson. It must be all for Annie—or nothing!"

At first Stanley was conscious only of a sick rage that he had been tongue-tied and dumb in the presence of Annie's father. Was he a coward? Had his love for Annie robbed him entirely of his self-possession, his power of speech?

The night had quite fallen when he turned away. A thousand stars had lighted their torches at the single evening star first burning in the western sky, and the air was faint and heavy with the odor of opening roses. Night-birds called to one another and the river

slipped past, a heavier shadow under the brooding cloak of darkness.

It was with no clearly formed intentions that he quitted the shadow-bordered river for the lighted streets of the village. Sullen resentment still burned in his heart. He would show Haskins that he was not a child to be frightened by mouthings. It had been Jean's wish that he would at some time, unspecified, it is true, find some other woman to take her place in his heart. He had neither kith nor kin, and, as he looked down the long vista of the coming years, the loneliness terrified him.

He knew that he could win Annie, if he would. His heart warmed as he remembered the shy glances, the quiet veiling of the blue eyes beneath the bolder telling of the message in his own. She was but a child, it is true, but beneath the message which his heart held for hers she would wake, a woman. He knew how helpless her father's words, her father's warning, would be. He knew how futile his unsigned, uncredited commission would fall before the courier whom Love had himself sent forth.

Annie—Annie—Annie! His heart sang the melody of her name over and over.

He stumbled into his darkened home. The flames had burned into cold, gray ashes upon his hearth, but he was young enough to hope to see the fire rekindled. He thought of Annie again—the curve of her flushed cheek, the shy poise of her slender figure.

Jean had been plain. He put the thought aside resolutely with the impiety it held; but, scourge it as he would, the naked truth crept back. If Annie's face held the fragrance and blossom of the young spring in its unfilled curves, Jean's had mirrored nothing save later, frailer roses blighted and blackened by the early frosts.

Annie was young, a slim, slender thing. He could remember when, not so many years ago, he had coaxed her from her father's side with sweetmeats, and once when for the sake of a coveted spray of blossoming lilac she had lifted her childish, careless lips to his. Jean had been with him then, and she had laughed.

He was twenty-nine. Under the roses so lately transplanted upon his wife's

grave on the stony hillside was a white stone upon which he remembered the dates: "1875—1905." Six months older than himself! He remembered something else—the day on which Jean had unwillingly betrayed the fact that she was his senior, and the bitter tears that his love had found it so hard to soothe.

The night deepened, and the shadows, creeping in a forlorn, discouraged fashion from the stony hillside, where a few late-dug, ungrassed graves lay red and raw, hovered unwelcome under the open windows. Judson Stanley stared into the darkness. He was, as Haskins had said, a pillar of the church, and a sentence from last Sunday's sermon rang rather oddly in his ears: "Neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Neither marrying—"

He stirred restlessly in his chair. The old woman who did his housework was careless. The oil in the single lamp which he had lighted burned low, and the flame flickered in a maddening, drunken fashion. One of its sudden spurts served to bring to Stanley's sight a corner of the room which the shadows had hitherto hidden. There was a low chair near the window, with a patchwork cushion and a footstool made of old tins and covered with a bit of gay cloth. And there was a little work-basket with a lot of unfinished work, and a fat little red pincushion with one or two needles already rusting.

Impulsively he turned the wick of the lamp higher; so high that the little corner with its footstool and the tiny work-basket with its touch of color seemed gay enough. A clock from somewhere behind him struck eight. There was still an hour to wait before he could go to the young girl whom he loved and tell her what she was waiting to hear. An hour to wait!

He was more nervous than he had thought. A second wheezy clang from another clock, the one which had been his mother's, startled him into an involuntary movement which set the little rocking-chair to swaying suggestively and brought the blood to his cheeks. It was almost as if Jean herself—plain, a little older than he, so tremulously anxious to hide the coming of the faint lines about her mouth, so secretive about the

few threads of silver in her soft hair, so terrified lest he mistake the querulousness born of the shadow of a coming dread, a coming ordeal, for the uncertain whims of waning affection—had come back again.

"Why are you so reticent, Jean?" he had asked her one day. "I never understand you—never feel sure of you."

Maybe there had been more, or she had fancied more, in his tone than he had been conscious of. He could not remember now, and it had been only a week before she died. "I—I am older than you, Judson," she had said in a low voice, "and I am neither clever nor handsome enough to make you forget it. And—you see, dear, none of my faults will mend with age. I feel rather hopeless at times. So, when the glamour of your love fails me—"

He had laughed at her then—a laugh which had hurt her more than he was ever to know—and the next moment she had turned away to hide the trembling of her lips and the tears which she could not keep back. She had learned one lesson which he had not known that he had taught her—that he did not like tears. So she put away her needle with eyes that were so blurred that the little, fat pincushion multiplied itself into a dozen impish, misshapen things, and when she turned her face was quite bright again. And in a little more than a week he followed her dully along that way to the crucifying that comes to us all, and after that he came back home—alone.

He shook the lamp, slopping the oil about until the flame wavered, if more brightly, more distractedly than ever. There was yet quite a half hour to wait, for he felt sure that Haskins with his prejudices would exact the literal fulfilling of the conditions under which Judson was to seek his daughter. After all, it mattered little.

With no feeling more tangible than vague, scarcely interested curiosity, he at last picked up the patchwork cushion from the little chair beside his own. He had laughed at his wife when she made it; it had seemed so foolish to his masculine mind that she should waste time and effort upon a thing so trivial; but something in her face had stopped

him and he had not laughed again. He laid the soft thing across his knee and traced the many-shaped patches slowly with his fingers. Jean had not been a skilful needle-woman. There was more than one fault in the uneven stitches that held together the bits of cloth, still so gay with color, although she—

He drew a quick breath. Here in one corner was a tiny scrap of violet. She wore the dress when he saw her first. It was neither suitable nor becoming. He remembered even now how she looked when she wore it. She was too sallow and pale for its vague tints, and her hair was done most unbecomingly. His sense of irritation deepened.

"Jean hadn't the faintest taste," he whispered to himself a little sulkily.

"Nor the least beauty, either," some inward mentor mocked him.

His fingers slipped from the fading violet to a barest shred of black tucked apologetically away in one corner. They were engaged when she wore that dress, and he had felt himself privileged to speak his mind freely. "A woman to wear black should have plenty of vivid coloring," he had said. He remembered now that he had hurt her, and that the knowledge that he had done so had been accompanied only by a vague feeling of irritation. He had not mentioned the matter again, nor had she. It came to him now with a sense as of physical shock that he had not even noticed that she never put on the dress again.

Again his fingers moved. The spasmodic flame of the lamp had waned again, and, rather from feeling than from sight, he knew that the bit of satin which his fingers now touched was a fragment of her wedding-dress. "A bride should always wear white, my dear," he had said to her that night, even then almost irritably. "In the first place, gray can be worn becomingly, I think, by only a few. In the second place, for people in our circumstances, satin, it seems to me, indicates—well, rather bad taste. Of course, I did not mention it. I thought that you knew. A man would like for once in his life—" His face burned now as he remembered that she only looked at him and smiled and answered—just nothing.

The smile might have expressed acquiescence, gratitude, any one of a thousand feelings. But it came to him now, in the strange activity of mind that marked his waiting for the hour of his probation to strike, that her face bore the same smile when she lay in her coffin.

He passed his hands quickly over the fabric, as if even momentary contact with the cloth hurt him. He had looked at the patchwork a hundred times, but now for the first time he noticed between the bit of gray satin and a circular scrap from a gorgeous necktie which she had given him and he had never worn, a little square of white.

Remember it? He shrank as if from a blow. He saw again the unlovely lips striving to quiet their trembling while she told him the secret which he had failed to guess. The eyes—his wife's eyes, hidden beneath the long lashes, were sweeter to him then than any in all the world. He tried to make her lift them to his—kissed the dainty bit of needlework, since she persisted in keeping her face averted—tried to tell her—he thanked God to-night for what he had tried to tell her—his wife!

"It's the best I am wanting for Annie, lad, for she deserves it. I don't want her breaking her heart fighting with the dead. And if you can't give her the best—"

The flame of the wasting lamp flickered and went out unnoticed. Judson Stanley sat quite still and stared before him into the soft darkness. She had been older, had Jean. She had been neither beautiful nor clever. But with the little fragment of white held close to his tear-wet face he stumbled forward to his knees. Out of the darkness from the ungrassed grave on the hillside she had called to him and he had answered her.

The best? Nay, he had nothing to give, either of best or worst, to another woman. With the shred of soft wool that had been a part of the burial shroud of their little child pressed to his lips he waited while across the waste of time and eternity he and she—the quick and the dead—held invisible communion.

A little later the clock struck nine, but he did not raise his head. He did not hear it.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

BY L. S. FARLOW

THE PRINCE VON BÜLOW, THE TRUSTED LIEUTENANT OF THE KAISER, AND ONE OF THE ABLEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL STATESMEN AND DIPLOMATISTS IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

BERNHARD VON BÜLOW is both an able and a lucky man. He has reached, and holds with consummate tact, a position of unique dignity. He is personally acquainted with most of the leading European courts, and almost all the world's sovereigns have delighted to honor him. He possesses more than a hundred decorations—orders, ribbons, medals, sashes, and collars—lavished upon him by the rulers of almost every civilized country, from England to Persia, and from Russia to Spain.

Until quite recently a comparatively poor man, the Prince von Bülow was suddenly raised to affluence through the death of an admirer, a wealthy Hamburg merchant, who left him a fortune. To-day the German chancellor's income is about half a million marks annually; and besides the use of his official residence in Berlin, a handsome house on the Wilhelmstrasse, he is allowed an additional sixty thousand marks a year for entertaining, and is supplied, at the public expense, with a staff of more than fifty trained servants, all of them carefully selected for a household fraught with secrets of the world's peace or war.

Bülow is at present supreme, a kind of joint Kaiser, directing the world's affairs, and moving almost mechanically toward the realization of a national purpose which responsible statesmen of other nations declare will startle us all within a few years, when, as the Kaiser himself puts it, "Germany will be strong enough to impose peace on sea as well as on land."

These two statesmen form a most effective partnership. The Kaiser's impetuosity is restrained by his cool, level-headed adviser, while Bülow's energies are directed into new channels of enterprise upon which he himself would not have dared to venture. Both men work at truly American pressure; Bülow habitually puts in sixteen hours a day, and rarely has more than five hours of sleep.

THE TRAINING OF A DIPLOMAT

Little did this cosmopolitan Mecklenburger dream, a few years back, that he was soon to stand in mighty Bismarck's shoes, and far more securely than the Iron Chancellor ever stood in them. He has lived and studied in many countries, beginning with Switzerland, and going on to Rome, where his tutelage in diplomacy was guided by Bismarck's own confidant, Robert von Keudell, who was also a dilettante in music and letters. In the Keudell *ménage* Bülow met not only all that was intellectual in Italy, but also the most distinguished men of German art and letters, from whom he no doubt acquired his present taste for what Chesterfield would call the "polite" things of life.

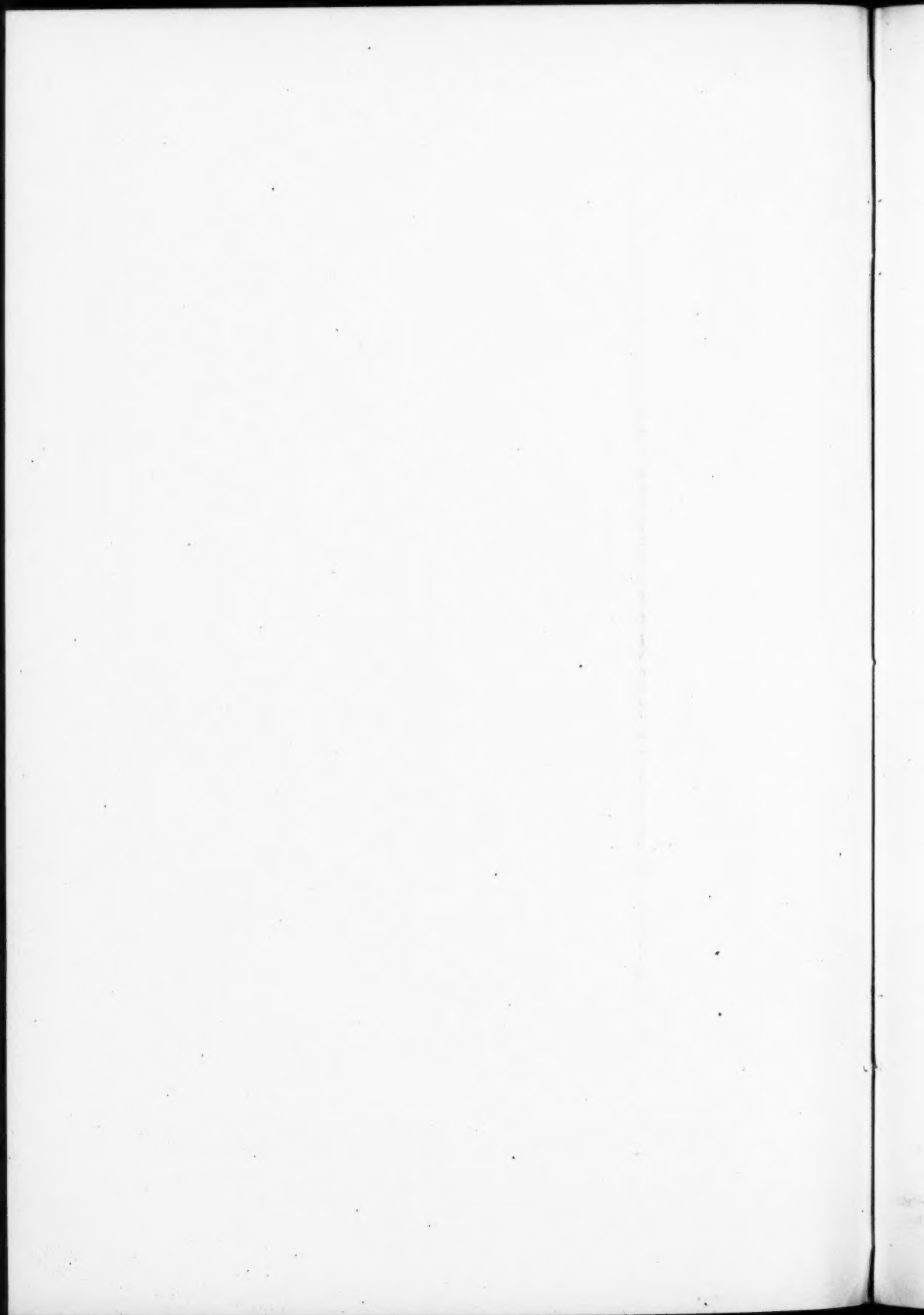
He passed next to St. Petersburg, as secretary of legation; thence to Vienna, and thence, in 1877, to Athens. Here he reveled in the beauties of ancient Greece, but he was soon recalled to act as a secretary at the Berlin Congress, to which his father had been delegated as third plenipotentiary.

Six years at the Paris embassy followed—the longest period he ever spent



PRINCE VON BÜLOW, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY

From the portrait by Arthur de Ferravilla



at one post. Next he went eastward again as councilor of the embassy at St. Petersburg. It was here, in the brilliant society of the Russian capital, that the fair-haired and courteous Mecklenburger married the Countess Donhoff, born Princess of Camporeale. He had met her years before in Rome, at the house of her celebrated mother, Donna Laura Minghetti.

From St. Petersburg, Bülow was removed to Bukharest, and thence—this time as ambassador—to Rome. Under him the well-known Palazzo Caffarelli became a center for the political and intellectual *élite* of the ancient capital on the Tiber; and the alliance between Italy and Germany was cemented in the social intimacy which flourished under the domestic ægis of the art-loving ambassadorial couple.

BÜLOW BECOMES A MINISTER

It was in 1897 that Bülow was summoned to Berlin to take over the portfolio of foreign affairs. He departed unwillingly enough, comparing himself with Odysseus about to desert fortunate and peaceful shores to embark on a stormy voyage beset with reefs and shallows.

During all his years of absence, friends in Berlin had kept him carefully posted as to the political situation at home. On arriving at the German capital he was thoroughly well prepared, not only for the conduct of foreign affairs, but also, if need be, to step into the shoes of the imperial chancellor himself. And this was an important fact, for the head of the government at this time was Prince Hohenlohe of indiscreet memory, then seventy-eight years old. The successorship to the chancellery was already openly sought by several claimants; but the new foreign minister was clearly marked out as the Kaiser's choice for the place.

Bülow's first endeavor was to get on good terms with all parties. He knew well that he could not sit safely in the ministerial saddle if the Conservatives were against him. There was before his eyes the warning example of Caprivi, who, ennobled for negotiating certain commercial treaties, was hustled out of office, a few months later, owing to the

vindictive animosity of the opponents of those very treaties.

IRON HAND IN VELVET GLOVE

Many good judges regard the Prince von Bülow as the ablest diplomatist alive. He is a man of fascinating address and exquisite courtesy. Long residence in Paris and Rome have developed in him the art of light and witty *causerie*, the cheerful temperament, and gracious manner, which have been noticeably lacking in many of the makers of modern Germany. For instance, such gifts were foreign to all of his three predecessors in the chancellery—Bismarck, Caprivi, and Hohenlohe.

No European statesman understands the power of the press more thoroughly than Bülow. He maintains a special press department in the Wilhelmstrasse, and here the correspondents of all nations are received with an amiability that must have the best possible effect in reproducing the chancellor's views precisely as he wishes them expressed in all the great cities of the world. I have often seen the handsome German nobleman advancing with courteous smile and outstretched hand to greet a visiting newspaper man, and to talk with him on current politics. The least sympathetic journalist must be impressed by the prince's air of easy affability and open-hearted frankness.

"My dear sir," he will say, "I *cannot* answer your question, or I *won't* answer it; but I shall never intentionally return you a false answer."

Nor does the chancellor differentiate between newspapers which support and those which oppose him. His treatment of political opponents is fundamentally different from Bismarck's. A striking feature of life in Germany is the transference of public antagonisms into the arena of social and private affairs. Prince Bismarck, for instance, remained on friendly terms with deputies only so long as they supported him. However intimate he might have been with them, all intercourse ceased on the day when they joined the opposition. It is quite otherwise with the present chancellor. As soon as Bülow returned to Berlin, he sought out the leading members of the opposition in the Reichstag, well know-

ing that personal courtesy blunts many a dangerous edge. Even toward the Socialists he carefully abstained from the harsh tones adopted by the Conservatives.

THE MIGHTY WRATH OF BISMARCK

Every one who opposed Bismarck, however sincerely, was branded as a *reichsfeind*—an enemy of the empire. Bülow, on the other hand, sees first the patriot and then the party man. The Titan who welded the empire with blood and iron wielded a Thor hammer to the end of his days; but where Bismarck exerted the full weight of his passionate temperament, Bülow always remains the polished gentleman, serene and imperturbable, from whose mouth words flow like honey. Bismarck, in his excitement, would struggle for words, nervously fumbling with his handkerchief, or hitching at the high collar of his uniform, with now and then a gulp of Moselle and water; Bülow is the suave and polished orator whose chief weapons are keen yet gentle sarcasm and irony. Perhaps he feels the same contempt for his inferiors which Bismarck displayed, but he is tactful enough to conceal it.

The first chancellor declared that he cared not a rap for popularity; the fourth lays the utmost value on the applause of the masses, and is at great pains to win their favor. He has a fine ear and a sharp eye for current popular opinion. He delights in parliamentary applause, too, and makes many sacrifices to the spirit of national chauvinism by repeating patriotic catchwords.

He is very fond of quotations, not only in his public speeches, but also in private conversation. Goethe is his favorite poet, but he draws at will upon the literature of France, Italy, England, and Spain. And he has humor, too. Where Bülow laughs, great Bismarck used to grow angry; and as he knew that anger was not good for him, he acquired the habit of rising ostentatiously and leaving his seat whenever Eugen Richter, his eloquent and merciless critic, began to speak.

As regards his foreign policy, Bülow is easily the ablest minister Germany ever had. He is rarely sensational or spectacular, yet he does not shrink on occasion from the boldest measures—witness the sudden occupation of Kiao-chau,

and the "breaking" of Théophile Delcassé in the Morocco business. His father was a great friend of Russia, and the present chancellor also strongly advocates the maintenance of good relations between his own government and that of the Czar.

GERMANY AGAINST BRITAIN

An Anglophile he cannot be called. Curiously enough, in spite of his wide travel, he has no practical knowledge of the British Empire and its institutions. At this moment, when Germany is straining every nerve to build a great navy which is avowedly designed to wrest from England the mastery of the seas, the position of the two powers is particularly delicate. Yet it is an undoubted fact that Anglo-German relations are far less strained to-day than they were a bare year ago. And this is due to chancellor and emperor working together.

Bülow keeps vigilant watch that no third person shall intrude between himself and the Kaiser; this was the main reason why he shook off Herr von Miquel. He walks with easy confidence on the polished floor of the court. He chooses as by instinct the right moment for withdrawing his own personality in order that that of his impulsive master may shine with the more effulgence. Had he not adopted a diplomatic career and become chancellor, he might have made a perfect director of court ceremonies.

It is clear that Bülow has been won over by the Kaiser to the new German dictum, "Our future is on the sea." All the world knows that the imperial navy, which was practically non-existent a few years ago, has been built up into a formidable fighting force, which is already quite or nearly equal to the fleet of any power save only Britain. The world has learned, too, from the indiscreet Prince Hohenlohe, that this great weapon has been forged "for offensive purposes."

"The apostle of the whetted sword" is a descriptive phrase that has been applied to Bülow. To borrow one of President Roosevelt's sayings, he is a man who treads softly and carries a big stick. Suave and conciliatory of tongue, his policy is entirely in accord with the aggressive ambitions of the political school now dominant in Germany.

WHERE POISON HAUNTS MAN'S DAILY WORK

BY WILLIAM HARD

THE HEAVY TOLL IN HUMAN LIFE AND HEALTH THAT MANY OF OUR GREAT MODERN INDUSTRIES EXACT FROM THEIR WORKERS

MODERN science, in the service of modern industry, has set itself the task of developing the "natural resources" of the earth. Some of these resources, like coal or stone, are comparatively simple and harmless. Others, like lead and phosphorus and arsenic, are fraught with great danger to the men who handle them; but all are needed by modern industry. Science, therefore, cannot distinguish between them. It must attack them all and bring them all into subjection.

Just as we must have coal for our furnaces and stone for our office-buildings, so we must have lead for the white paint that goes on our houses, phosphorus for the matches with which we start our fires, and arsenic for the tanning and the finishing of felt. And prosaic articles of daily use like matches and white paint and felt hats have behind them a background of picturesque, if not romantic, danger for the men and women who get them ready for the market.

THE FATE OF THE LEAD-WORKER

It is not often that the ordinary observer can go behind the scenes of this modern drama and stand in the factory in which an apparently innocent substance like white paint plays the rôle of a dangerous and successful villain. But it sometimes happens that the effects of white lead, and of other such substances, present themselves even to the ordinary observer in the course of his daily travels. For instance, as you go home from business the man across the aisle of your car smiles over a joke on the back page

of his newspaper. As his mirth broadens you notice that along his gums, looking like some hideous band of metal placed there by the dentist, there runs a distinct line of deep blue. That line is lead. That man works in lead—and lead works in him.

The street-car passes a factory. Out of its heat and roar come four or five dripping men. You notice that the perspiration on their bare arms shows greenish; and their hair, sprouting green from its roots, gives each man's head the appearance of a grotesque vegetable. That factory turns out a certain kind of brass.

The lead man across the aisle drops a button. His neighbor stoops to pick it up. As his fingers gather around the button they suddenly quiver and stop. Their master urges them on. They refuse to obey him. They will not come together. Their master—their former master—grins. When he first saw danger he saw it with terror. Now that he sees it every day, terror is distilled to ironic humor.

Turning toward the lead man, the humorist with the rebellious fingers conducts a little physical experiment. He tries to place the tip of his little finger on the tip of his thumb. When he has done his best, an amusing gap of half an inch remains. The lead man displays the blue line on his gums in an appreciative smile. He recognizes that gap. He knows the handiwork of dinitrobenzin. He is familiar with the consequences of helping to make certain explosives.

Copper colic, hatter's shakers, diver's paralysis, shoemaker's chest, miller's

itch, hammerman's palsy, potter's rot, shoddy fever—with these names, and many others, modern medicine tries to catch up with modern industry, the doctor endeavors to keep pace with the inventor.

CAISSON DISEASE, OR "THE BENDS"

The inventor has a happy thought. He will construct tunnels under compressed air. A year or two later the doctor is at his heels with a book about "caisson disease." Meanwhile, the engineer and the workman, more imaginative than the doctor, have announced that their new disease is "the bends."

The stranger who ventures under compressed air is likely to experience an automatic convulsion of terror. The weight of the atmosphere fills him with a vague sensation of unnaturalness and of foreboding. Ordinary air had rested upon him with a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch; and to this he had been accustomed from childhood. But the air used in the construction of a tunnel has been condensed till it has acquired twice or thrice as much weight.

Such air lays a heavy hand upon the stranger. It oppresses him with a weight of from thirty to forty-five pounds on every inch of his body. His head swims. His ear-drums quiver painfully under the assaults of an invisible pneumatic pugilist. He puts his hands over his ears. He feels like crouching beneath his punishment. His guides give him some advice. They tell him to hold his nose with his fingers and then try to expel his breath. He obeys. The air from his lungs and from his mouth runs through his Eustachian tubes and plunges against the interior of his ear-drums. In this way a pressure from within combats the pressure from without.

In a few minutes the stranger becomes more at ease. He may even begin to feel elated. A candle in compressed air burns brighter than a candle in ordinary air. A man's body, for the same reason, may become capable of abnormally brilliant exertion; but, like most abnormal brilliance, it brings its reaction.

Just in front of the stranger, where, between wooden lagging and clay sides, a concrete wall is being pounded home, an assistant engineer falls limp into a puddle on the flat bed of the bore. In an instant

his limpness is changed to tautness. He draws himself together, convulsed, till his feet meet his head. He has "the bends."

Sometimes, after proper treatment, he recovers completely. Sometimes his limbs are twisted and paralyzed forever. Sometimes he makes a partial recovery, to find that one of his legs has become three inches shorter than the other. Always he suffers, for many hours, the pains of an exquisite rheumatism.

The defiant irony of the dinitrobenzin man in the street-car is displayed with an even greater flaunting of foolhardiness by many men who work in compressed-air tunnels. When Ajax, in the old Greek fable, defied the lightning he established a very human precedent. The compressed-air man takes liberties with three atmospheres.

When the compressed-air man wishes to leave his tunnel he enters the compression-chamber, which stands between the tunnel and the outer air. The door between the compression-chamber and the tunnel is securely closed. A small hole leading to the outer air is slightly opened, and through this the compressed air escapes from the compression-chamber. The more slowly it is allowed to escape, the less danger is there that the compressed-air man will have convulsions.

When the Blackwall tunnel was built, in London, there was a rule devised by a wise management. Five minutes, it was said, must be consumed in letting the compressed air out of the compression-chamber into the outer air. Immediately the workmen in the tunnel invented a game. Who could get out of the compression-chamber quickest? The hole between the chamber and the outer air was opened to its widest extent, and the condensed air rushed out with a roar that terrorized the neighborhood. Finally some of the workmen managed to make their exit in thirty seconds. The first prize for this feat was paralysis; the consolation prizes were vomitings and convulsions.

From tunneling under the sea to ballooning over the clouds, the inventor and the doctor still pursue their way together. The French army has a balloonist corps. A few years ago the members of this corps found that their skins were being discolored. The brown of outdoor life was

being replaced by the yellowish green of jaundice. The inventor had supplied the balloon; it was left to the doctor to remove its consequences.

The doctor was summoned. He followed the scent of the inventor over all the devices that that ingenious individual had left behind him; and at last he overhauled his quarry. When a balloon was being inflated the soldier in charge of it was obliged to apply his nose to a certain little faucet and take a whiff from it. When this whiff yielded the familiar smell of arseniuretted hydrogen the man knew that the inflation of the balloon was complete. But together with his whiff of hydrogen he also inhaled a dyspeptic pain for his stomach and a yellowish-green pigment for his skin.

THE SLAVES OF KING LEAD

A mile or two from the aeronautic hero who rises to jaundice at the same moment at which he rises to heroism there may be found, in a cheap restaurant, a man who, most unheroically, is using his wrists instead of his fingers as he lifts a cup of coffee to his mouth. A moment or two later he drops his mouth into the hash that the waiter has set before him. He leaves his knife and his fork lying beside his plate on the table. In lifting cups and in eating food this man cannot make use of his fingers. He grasps cups with the insides of his wrists, or, sometimes, even with his elbows. He buries his nose in his food. All his bones, nerves, and muscles below his wrists might as well be on the other side of the world. He has wrist-drop.

Armand Gautier, reporting to the prefect of Paris, showed that thirty thousand persons in Paris alone were exposed to the fumes or to the dusts of lead. The restaurant patron, bent like a dog over his platter, was one of the thirty thousand.

In certain parts of the United States there is a proverbial comparison, produced by the common sense of the multitude, and not by the insight of any individual. It is: "As crazy as a painter."

Blue lines along the gums! Meals eaten with the wrists, or even directly by the mouth! "As crazy as a painter!" Lead—white lead, red lead, any kind of lead! Lead from the time when it is

taken out of the mine to the time when it is spread, in paint, on the side of a house! It is always a poison. Many men escape its effects; many men succumb to them. No one can be sure to which class he belongs.

From the wrists and the gums to the brain the spirit of lead creeps silently, invisibly, irresistibly. An English government inspector stood in the workroom of a white-lead factory. The floor was strewn with tan-bark. On the tan-bark stood large earthenware pots. Inside the pots the workmen had poured acetic acid. On top of the pots they had laid long strips of lead. The acetic acid rose in fumes to eat the lead. In time there was no longer any ordinary lead there. It had become "white lead"—carbonate of lead, the kind used in white paint.

When the workmen began to remove the carbonate of lead from the earthenware pots one robust young fellow fell to the floor in a faint. When he had been revived, he looked about him blankly. He was blind. A day or two later he was sent to an insane asylum. Lead-poisoning, plumbism, starting with colic, stopping for a moment at wrist-drop, and terminating with insanity, had with him run its full course.

The extent of the empire of lead may be judged from the list of workers mentioned by the United States Bureau of Labor as exposed to lead-poisoning. This list, given in a bulletin published in 1903, includes lead-miners, lead-smelters, workers in white-lead factories, printers, typesetters, brushmakers, enamel-workers, glass-workers, gold-workers, silver-workers, patent-leather workers, painters, lace-workers, wall-paper workers, joiners, potters, gilders, lead-platers, weavers, and brickmakers.

This does not mean that every worker in each of these trades will necessarily be poisoned. But it does mean that all of them, when employed in certain processes, are exposed to danger of lead-poisoning, and that many of them will succumb to it. Each worker may think that he will escape; but none can be sure that he is not among those destined to be attacked.

THIRTY-ONE INDUSTRIAL POISONS

In the same bulletin of the Bureau of Labor in which this list of lead trades

is given there is a further list of great significance—a catalogue of "industrial poisons." It names the most important of the dangerous substances that are commonly used in modern industry. There are thirty-one in all, and each of the thirty-one is used in from one to twenty different trades and occupations.

Mercury among dyers of artificial flowers, sulphuric acid fumes among the bleachers of wool, nitric-acid fumes among tin-plate workers—on and on the list runs through poison after poison and trade after trade. It is impossible to make any exact estimate of the number of men involved, but it is obvious that no figure could be considered which would fall below many hundreds of thousands for the United States alone.

One of the most interesting of the industrial poisons is bisulphide of carbon, to the effects of which many thousand men and women in America and in Europe are daily exposed. Like lead, this foe of those who handle it aspires from a tyranny over man's muscles to a tyranny over his brain. Unlike lead, it is agile, alert, sudden. Its fumes rise eagerly to the nostrils, and make their way to the brain with a celerity which sluggish lead cannot emulate.

Rubber must be vulcanized. The world needs vulcanized rubber for a thousand uses. Therefore, bisulphide of carbon, when it vulcanizes rubber, is indispensably useful. And, like many great men who are also indispensably useful, it leaves behind it a wake of sorrow and of suffering as well as of admiration.

A man is walking listlessly toward his work. Yesterday, with his lungs full of the fumes of bisulphide of carbon, he left the factory exhilarated; but by the time he reached home his dinner did not look attractive. He left it untasted and sank down on his bed. In an instant he was asleep. For ten hours he lay motionless. Then he woke with the feeling that for every hour of sleep he had wrapped another heavy bandage around his brain. Without breakfast, he said good-by to his family.

Now, however, as he approaches the factory, he begins to move more energetically. He enters. He snuffs the fumes of the bisulphide. He draws himself up. His eye brightens; his pulse

quickens. He has taken, in the form of bisulphide, the morning "corpse-reviver" which the vagrant voter, befriended by the political saloon-keeper, takes over the bar in the form of tinted alcohol.

That way madness lies—but more for women than for men. The nervous system of women, more delicately adjusted than that of men, is more constantly in a state of unstable equilibrium. Bisulphide pushes their reason from its base more quickly. Where a man is simply shaken to collapse, a woman may be spurred into insanity. In England the government officials have recorded cases in which women, frenzied by inhalations of bisulphide, have rushed blindly from their work and have thrown themselves out of the windows of factories head first to the street below.

CHROME, THE PRACTICAL JOKER

After such a scene a "chrome hole" has little claim to even a walking part in the tragedy of business. It is better fitted to serve as a touch of incidental pathos when the tragedy of business has been removed from the boards and has been replaced by its comedy.

On the nose, on a finger-knuckle, or at the base of a finger-nail, the "chrome hole" appears as a little ulcerous well. It is a slight personal memento left behind by the bichromates of sodium or of potassium as they pass through the factory on their way to give coloring-matter to women's dresses. The "chrome hole" is not fatal; but it is a highly efficient souvenir.

Its most lasting claim to recollection is found when it attacks the nose. It has a curious partiality for a certain part of the nose. It makes directly for the septum—the cartilage separating the two nostrils just above the lip. The "chrome hole" makes a neat and exact perforation of the septum. It begins at one side, eats its way through, comes out on the other side, and is gone. The pain is slight. The effect on the health is nothing. The main objection to the whole process is that it happens in the wrong country. Hindu women pay money to have their septums pierced for the insertion of highly ornamental rings. The occidental chrome-worker, not appreciating nose-rings, car-

ries around with him a gratuitous but absolutely useless nasal tunnel.

"ROGER" AND HIS VICTIMS

Chrome has the humor of the practical joker. Chlorin has the grisly grin of Mephistopheles. Lithe, greenish, it leaps in fumes from its furnace, bending over its victims with a pungent, penetrating, overpowering odor that seems like a burst of vaporous anger from the infernal regions. The English workmen, familiar and contemptuous, have given this Mephistopheles the homely name of "Roger."

When preparing to meet "Roger" the workman ties from ten to twenty thicknesses of flannel over his mouth. He puts goggles over his eyes. He ties paper around his clothes. The only part of him that protrudes from his armor is the tip of his nose. Thus accoutered, he steps into the big iron box in which his friend "Roger," curling and fuming over a bed of slaked lime, has been engaged in the useful task of making bleaching-powder.

As the workman shovels at the lime it emits constant puffs of "Roger"—of chlorin. Any one who has ever passed through a laboratory may have become acquainted with chlorin to the extent of one whiff. No second introduction is ever needed. When engineers and foremen and workmen have to renew their acquaintance with "Roger" from day to day and from year to year, it is not surprising that the careful governments of several European states have attempted to break off the intimacy between them. A sudden hug by "Roger" is death. A constant puffing of his breath into your lungs is slow decay for the lung-tissues. This is what lies behind almost all of the ordinary bleaching-powder so commonly used in every part of the civilized world.

England seems to realize better than ourselves how many human beings are vitally concerned in the operations of such weird and unfamiliar chemicals as bisulphide of carbon, bichromate of potassium, and chlorin. Certain English medical men have acquired great reputations because of their technical knowledge of the effects of industrial poisons. Perhaps the best known is Dr. Thomas Oliver. He has served on most of the official commissions that have

investigated the subject—on the Dangerous Trades Commission, on the Pottery Commission, on the White Lead Commission, and on the Lucifer Match Commission of the Home Office. The mere appointment of all these commissions shows the extent of the danger in England and the keen recognition of that danger by the British government.

As a result of his experience, Dr. Oliver has edited a book on "Dangerous Trades." This book contains nine hundred pages, and it traverses the whole field of industry. It is a convincing exhibit of the innumerable points at which the men and women of the industrial world are attacked by subtle and uncontrollable poisons.

Phosphorus, lead, chlorin, bichromate of potassium, bisulphide of carbon—these things, translated from chemical to human terms, mean daily physical danger for thousands of men and women in Europe and in America. Yet the men who face these subtle enemies are not heroes. The hero rises to a climax. In the cab of his locomotive he passes from perfect health to sudden death in a sharp moment. His task is high. His sacrifice is glorious. There is no glory, there is no climax of self-devotion, for the surveyor who is drawing lines and marking angles in a compressed-air tunnel. The only difference between him and the surveyor on the street-corner above him is that instead of breathing one atmosphere he is breathing three. Anybody can do that. And anybody who does it may to-day, or to-morrow, or next week, or next year, when the daily assaults of three atmospheres have at last reached the citadel of his constitution, fall fainting to the floor without any outburst of great endeavor, with only a final acceptance of gradually exhausted health.

That man is not a hero. He is only an illustration of the effect of nitrogen when forced into the human system under the pressure of three atmospheres. He is only a chemical reaction.

One of the most famous quotations in classical literature is: "*Sunt lacrimæ rerum*"—"There are tears in things." That is the epitaph of the man who encounters poison in his ordinary, daily work.

STORIETTES

Cluig's Last Appearance

THE quivering, dust-laden atmosphere, a hubbub of conversation, reckless boys and excited girls dashing through the ranks of sweltering, limp-collared adults, the bawling voices of venders, a litter of straw covering the ground, and the smell of animals—all this announced the great American circus.

The voice of a "barker" was heralding the initial performance.

"Ladies an' gen'elmen, the opening perfo'munce of the aftehnoon will be the stah act of Professah Cluig. He will make the marvelous and astounding death-leap from the platfo'm erected one hundred feet in mid aih!"

The crash of a band drowned the closing words of the speaker. The crowd scrambled excitedly toward a ladder which shot upward to a dizzy height. At its foot a man was standing—"Professor" Cluig. He was dressed in the costume of an acrobat, his bare muscular arms and shoulders bronzed by exposure to the sun. He and his wife were tumblers. To swell their small weekly stipend to a respectable figure, once each afternoon he ascended the tall ladder and made the "death-leap" to the net spread below.

This day closed the contract, and Cluig was glad it was over. There was a moment of griping horror, between the leaving of the ladder and the rebound from the net, to which he could not grow accustomed. It had paid, Cluig told himself, but he was glad that to-morrow he and Annette would be free. Already they had picked out a small farm which they could buy. It had a spring of sparkling water, an apple-tree growing by the door of the cottage, and a row of broad-leaved catalpas on either side of the gate.

The crowd was getting impatient. It was circling about, chattering and jostling, like some many-eyed monster.

Brown-faced country youths in hopelessly high collars, red ties, and lavender gloves; girls in dresses cut unwontedly low, whose necks showed fiery sunburns; smart dry-goods clerks and grocers' boys with flour still on their clothing—it was the same crowd which Cluig had seen a hundred times in a dozen different States.

The band blared, the crowd cheered. Nimbly Cluig ran up the ladder. Half-way up he stopped for breath, at the end of the four guy-ropes that held the ladder in position. He looked up at the frail platform from which he was to jump, then down at the expectant faces. A baby began to cry, and its mother tossed it in her arms, saying, "See! See the man!"

At the top, he sat down to compose himself before leaping. The circus hands were busy stretching and testing the net. Cluig turned toward the door of his tent and saw the flutter of Annette's red skirt. She blew him a kiss and disappeared. Annette never watched him make the leap. Always, when he came running in after the act, she started up, round-eyed and with parted lips, from the same corner of the tent.

To-day Cluig waited, with the dread of the leap stronger in him than he had ever felt it. The band played noisily, as if in protest against the insufferable heat. An impatient murmur came from below.

"Are you ready, professah?"

This was the signal from his prompter that all was in readiness below. Cluig arose slowly and stepped to the edge of the wicker platform. He looked again at his tent, but Annette had disappeared.

"The last jump," he said, nerving himself. "To-morrow we are free!"

The net spread to receive him looked far down and small—criminally small, considering the forfeit he would pay for a miscalculation. A miniature whirlwind springing up suddenly filled the air

with a cloud of dust and straw. Cluig waited for it to pass, and watched the people below him. The dust-storm was followed by a stiff breeze, which started a flapping of tents and cordage and a creaking of stays. At one side of the circus, in a small tent, there arose startled exclamations and a cry of "Fire!"

A moment later the tent was ablaze and a sheet of flame was running through an adjoining row of booths. The people stampeded toward the gates in wild confusion. The dry straw on the ground, acting like a train of gunpowder, led the fire swiftly from booth to tent.

Cluig turned to retreat, and stopped, frozen with horror. Flames were running along one of the guy-ropes that supported his ladder. The rope parted, and with a lurch that brought the heart into the throat of the man aloft the ladder sagged to a new position. Cluig began again to descend, but with his feet on the first round he could feel the ladder swaying backward. Concluding that the shifting of his weight was tipping it, he darted back to the extreme edge of the platform.

A cloud of smoke now hid everything below from sight. Bedlam had broken loose—a medley of elephant-trumpetings and of roars and howls from a score of other animals. Cluig crouched anxiously on the frame, listening to the discordant chorus and trying to peer through the smoke. Where was Annette? Were the other guy-ropes burning?

A shifting of the wind blew the smoke into another quarter, and objects below came into view. Dimly at first, then more distinctly, Cluig saw that the space which a few minutes before had been thronged with people was now vacant, save for a solitary figure—a woman, whose red skirt whirled about as she beat and stamped at the flames.

"Annette!" cried Cluig.

She could not hear him, but a moment later she glanced up and waved her hand. Then the flames reached the second guy-rope, and Annette leaped toward it and ran her hands through the living blaze in her efforts to extinguish it. The eager tongues on the ground, leaping at her red skirt, finally seized it, and she had to stop to drive them back.

This momentary delay gave the fire time to run up the rope beyond her reach; and with the parting of the second guy the ladder began to swing in the wind. Cluig clutched at the frame, as if this could save him, his starchy face staring down at Annette. She looked at him with an agony greater than his own, then darted under the ladder and braced with all her feeble strength against the iron frame, which was slowly tipping backward.

Her husband shouted a warning, but it was either unheard or unheeded. For an age-long minute the ladder stood, apparently on a balance. Cluig had closed his eyes and was trying to pray, but heart and brain were paralyzed by the suspense. Only a puff of wind was lacking to carry him over, but this puff did not come, and the ladder slowly inclined forward again.

Cluig brushed the beads of sweat from his brow; Annette sprang to action. The net had been partly burned, but not beyond repair. With nimble fingers she tied up the loose ends and drew the cords across the frame. She worked feverishly, tying, stretching, replacing. The confusion about her was forgotten; the cries of the animals, the shouts of the people, were unheeded. A crazed elephant dashed toward her, followed by three excited attendants. She did not look up, though she was directly in the animal's path. When within a few feet of her the elephant veered to one side, and went off, followed by its keepers. Then a fresh outbreak of the fire in a new quarter sent up a cloud of smoke that completely enveloped her.

When all was done that could be done, Annette waited for the air to clear. Twice it seemed as if the perpendicular ladder was going over, and with all her strength she braced against it. She could feel it wavering in the wind.

Again the smoke grew thinner. Cluig could see Annette standing below, and the net, dimly outlined. He saw her wave her hand, and her ringing cry came to him above the uproar:

"All ready! Jump!"

The ladder was tottering like a great pine to its fall. For an instant Cluig stood erect, measuring the distance, his eyes on the center of the net. Annette

stood like a statue in the smoke-wreaths, with staring eyes fixed on her husband. She saw the ladder swing back as he leaped, then fear blinded her. She neither saw nor heard while the man and the ladder fell; and when her husband, leaping from the net, caught her in his arms, the whirling blackness that ensued seemed but a natural sequence to the spell that held her.

The next day Cluig helped a little woman aboard an east-bound train. Her face was a marvel of patchwork, done in court-plaster, and her hands were bundled in white bandages.

They were bound for the little farm with its spring of sparkling water and the apple-tree beside the door. The business had paid—but Cluig had made his last appearance.

J. S. Ellis

By Help of Wireless

WHEN Professor Harrison Monroe married Phœbe Harper and started for Europe with her, the friends of both looked after their departing train with many misgivings.

"Goodness knows where they'll bring up," confided Tom Monroe, brother of the groom, to Sadie Harper, young sister of the bride. "Norman is one of the best chaps in the world, and one of the worst blunderers—and Phœbe isn't much better."

Sadie sighed. "I know," she answered. "I begged Phœbe to let me go to New York and see them safe on the steamer. But she wouldn't; said if she couldn't trust Norman to look after her she wouldn't have married him."

"And I asked the same thing of Norman! But he said he was entirely capable of going on his wedding-trip without a keeper. He was really huffy for a moment."

"Oh, well," returned the girl more cheerfully, "I don't see how they can go wrong, after all. Everything has been fixed for them—passage engaged, staterooms secured, baggage sent on ahead. How can they blunder?"

"I don't know, but they'll do it. Norman has never gone anywhere yet without getting into trouble, and he's not likely to begin now."

Meanwhile, in the hurrying train, the newly wedded pair laughed gently over their friends' forebodings.

"Do you know, Phœbe," remarked the professor, "Tom actually wanted to come with us to New York? He said he was afraid we should get lost. Really, I was quite put out with him. Just because I made one or two mistakes years ago is no reason why everybody should consider me likely to get into difficulties all the time."

"Of course not, dear. And yet people certainly do feel that way about both of us. I don't know how many cautioned me not to take the wrong steamer. If we should go astray, after all, those children will tease us to death."

"Impudent young jackanapes!" growled the professor.

"Well, after all, it shows they are fond of us. And we can't deny that we have made one or two blunders. Now, suppose we plan what to do in certain emergencies—for instance, if we get separated. How shall I find you?"

The professor smiled. "We won't get separated," he returned; "but if we do, you must just go to the steamer, and I'll join you there."

"Oh, of course! I'm so glad I asked you, for I'm sure I should have worn myself out searching for you. It takes a man to know what to do;" and Mrs. Monroe gazed admiringly at her husband, who expanded his chest complacently.

The train slowed down, stopped at a wayside station, and remained stationary long enough to excite the curiosity of the bridegroom, who rose to his feet.

"I think I'll just go and see whether we're likely to be delayed long," he remarked. "We mustn't miss the steamer, you know."

Proceeding to the end of the car, he stepped off and joined half a dozen men and boys who stood on the other track.

"Delay?" said one of them in answer to his question. "Oh, no, only for a minute. We're just waiting for an up freight to pass. She's coming now. See her smoke yonder?"

The professor looked, saw, and started back to his car. Just as he reached the platform, the glint of a pebble beyond the track caught his eye.

"Strange," he murmured. "That looks like—"

Crossing the track, he picked up the pebble and stood studying it, oblivious of the coming train, until, with a roar, the locomotive thrust between him and the platform of his car.

"Dear me," he muttered, throwing the pebble away, "that was very careless of me! I think I had better stop geologizing till I get home."

Impatiently he waited while the freight clanked its slow way along. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty-two cars he counted, and then the caboose whisked by, to leave him staring into vacancy. His train was gone; it had started as soon as the freight had entered the long switch, and was now a rapidly shrinking spot on the horizon. He was less than twenty miles from home, and he had lost his bride.

It was well that the professor's class in moral philosophy was not present to hear him express himself; but rage as he might, he had to stay at the wayside station for full two hours, and then take a slow train which brought him to New York at almost the very moment set for the sailing of his vessel.

Furiously he raced for the pier, only to see the Pavonia steaming out into the river.

"I can catch her before she gets down the bay, mister," said the captain of a tug who observed the professor's plight. "She won't speed up going down the channel, and I'll guarantee to put you aboard her for a hundred dollars."

"Done!" cried the professor, springing on board the boat. "Hurry! Don't lose a minute!"

The tug hurried, and though a stern chase is proverbially a long chase, she finally ranged alongside the big liner.

"Passenger to come aboard!" howled the captain through his megaphone.

An answering growl came from the steamer, and a long boom with a dangling whip on its end swung out over the tug.

"There you are, professor," called the captain. "Catch tight, and they'll yank you aboard in good shape. One hundred dollars, please! Thank you! Careful, now."

The professor looked doubtfully at the dangling rope. "But—but my wife may

not be on board," he said. "You'll wait and take me back if she isn't, won't you, captain?"

"Sure," responded the skipper, as he thrust the hundred dollars deep into his jeans. "Quick now!"

Professor Monroe landed on the Pavonia's deck awkwardly, but safely. His first demands were for the captain.

"Can't see the cap'n now, sir," responded a steward. "He's on the bridge. See him at dinner, sir."

"But I must—"

"Better see the purser, sir. He'll give you a stateroom."

"Where is he?"

The steward led the way, and the professor was soon pouring his tale of woe into the sympathetic ears of the purser, whose office it was to keep everybody in a good humor.

"Well, well, that's too bad," quoth that gentleman. "It certainly was tough luck. Lots of people get left the same way."

"But my wife!"

The purser shook his head. "I haven't seen her," he said.

"What—haven't seen her? Good Lord! Stop the ship. I must go back. Stop at once!"

The purser did not move. "I'm awfully sorry, professor," he said, "but you can't go back. There isn't any way to go. The pilot has gone, and your tug started back the minute you left her deck. I guess you're booked for a voyage with us."

The professor groaned. "Oh, what will my wife do all alone in New York?" he cried. "And she can't even communicate—"

"Oh, it isn't so bad as that," interrupted the purser comfortingly. "We've got all the comforts of a home on board, including the wireless."

"The wireless? Thank Heaven!"

"Now you just take a stateroom, and—"

"I've got a stateroom."

"Oh, of course! I forgot you said you had engaged your passage ahead. Let's see your ticket."

"My ticket!" The professor put his hand in his pocket, then withdrew it with a sudden recollection. "My wife has my ticket."

The purser's pleasant expression froze. "Ah, indeed!" he said dryly. "Well, I'll assign you a stateroom, then. We have a few vacant. The price is one hundred dollars—"

"All right—but the wireless!"

"In good time. One hundred, please."

The professor jerked out his pocket-book and slammed down the money. "Now, the wireless," he demanded.

The purser's face cleared. "Certainly," he said. "I'll assign you to room No. 50. Here's the key. Now come with me, and I'll show you the wireless office."

The professor found his message by no means easy to concoct. In addition to the tendency ingrained in every male American to compress a despatch into ten words, he had also to contend with the humiliating necessity of confessing that he had got into difficulties after his disdainful refusal of aid. However, needs must when a certain person drives, and at last the message was written.

Thomas Monroe, New Haven, Connecticut.—Carried off on Pavonia, leaving Phoebe in New York. Find her. Wire me, Room 50.—NORMAN.

He handed in the message and went to his stateroom, leaving the operator to grow goggle-eyed over it and over another message he had despatched fifteen minutes before. This earlier one read as follows:

Miss Sadie Harper, New Haven, Connecticut.—Dear Norman was left behind by accident, not at all his own fault. Do find the poor fellow and console him. I'll wait in London. Wire me where to go. My address on the Pavonia is Room 52.—PHOEBE.

For a moment the operator studied the two messages. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "It ain't my funeral," he muttered, as he shot the second message after the first. "The company don't pay me to save people telegraph-tolls!"

Half an hour afterward two stewards took two despatches to No. 50 and No. 52 respectively. The messages were practically identical. They read thus:

Professor Monroe, Room 50.—Phoebe is just beside you in Room 52.—TOM.

Mrs. Monroe, Room 52.—Norman is just beside you in Room 50.—SADIE.

A moment later the stateroom doors were flung wide open, and the professor and his wife rushed into each other's arms, laughing, questioning, and explaining. The purser, who chanced to be passing down the corridor, was surprised.

"Here, professor," he exclaimed, "this won't do! What do you mean by embracing this lady?"

"Embracing this lady! Good Heavens, sir! Why shouldn't I embrace this lady? She is my wife. We were married this morning. What did you mean by telling me she was not aboard?"

A slow grin dawned on the purser's face. "Your wife!" he exclaimed. "Why, sure! She did tell me that her husband had missed the boat, but she gave me her name as Mrs.—or perhaps she said Miss—Phoebe Harper. Is your name Harper or Monroe, madam?"

Phoebe looked at the professor, and the professor looked at Phoebe.

"I guess there is a pair of us, dear," said the latter humbly. "I forgot, and gave my maiden name!"

Crittenden Marriott

The Last Cartridge

ALL through the night the bear had been heard scratching upon the walls, testing now one side, now another, searching for entrance, maddened by hunger. From time to time there came an interval of silence; then the scratching commenced again and continued persistently.

No voice could have been heard through those hard-frozen snow-blocks. A strong man, perishing in the cold, might have shouted for help in vain through the long winter night and remained unanswered. Only the crepitation of those restless claws was audible, though once the occupants within seemed to hear the sound of a half-human wail.

The woman gripped her companion's arm with a shudder.

"Did you hear anything?" she whispered, with wide eyes. "A cry?"

Both listened intently.

"No, it was nothing. Hush, dear, you are trembling!"

"If it should get in!"

He patted her arm assuringly.

"A legion of bears could never force

these walls. Take courage, dear; to-morrow you will hear the pattering of the dogs' feet across the snow, and he will be back, with food and cartridges."

"If we had only one!" she said. "Strong as you are, it would be death to face those furious animals—even with that."

He had pulled from its sheath a rusty knife.

"For you," he whispered, "I would succeed even with this knife. Be calm, dear—there is no danger."

One grows accustomed to whispering in those solitudes. The loneliness is too profound for sound.

Inside the hut it was almost warm. The moisture had frozen the snow walls into opaque ice-blocks, and from the roof icicles hung everywhere. Above the flame of the large candle water dripped imperceptibly, hissing on the hot tallow.

But for their voices the sex of the two inmates might have been indiscernible. Their hair was hidden under great hoods of fur; from feet to waist they were wrapped in their loose sleeping-bags.

"It has stopped now," she whispered presently. "It must be growing light outside—it is eleven o'clock. Yesterday one could almost have read at midday. Soon the sun will appear again. Ah, this desolate winter!"

"Be brave, dear. To-morrow he should return with the dogs, and we will start for the vessel. We will sail southward, after the sun."

She shivered in the gloom. He had placed his arm round her, and their dancing shadows, enormous in size, mocked them grotesquely from the walls. In the silence the slow drip, drip of water from the roof was heard.

"Yes, to-morrow," said the woman. "And then—the end. Well, it had to come. He will return, and then—ah, I love you!"

She flung her arms round his neck and laid her head upon his shoulder. He raised her fur cap and patted her hair.

"Oh, how I hate him!" she whispered fiercely. "I wish I might never see him again. He drives me mad with his grave, questioning looks, his silence. He is old and selfish. He thinks nothing of me. He brings me here, into these terrible solitudes of ice and snow, and

leaves me—with you. Well, he is a fool; let him suffer and learn!"

"They say you love him devotedly. The papers—"

"Yes," she sneered mockingly, "always the papers! When I was a bride I first went north with him. I was only a girl, and he a middle-aged man, and I thought it heroic; my imagination was fired with romantic notions of duty. And now I have to accompany him every journey, to live up to my reputation. I did not care, till I met you; but now—oh, I hate him, I hate him!"

He remained quite silent, and presently she bent to look into his face, under the candle-light.

"I believe you—love him," she murmured.

"Yes," said the man, quietly and hopelessly, "I love him. I love him more than any man in the world—or any woman, excepting you. And I know that I am doing him the greatest wrong one man can do to his friend. You know how he saved my life upon the ice-floe."

"His reputation," she said sneeringly. "He was paid in fame. He got a good advertisement."

"You wrong him," said her companion gravely. "He is incapable of self-seeking. I think he is the simplest, noblest character I have ever known."

She twined her arms round his neck until she felt him respond to the intensity of her ardor.

"Do you love him, then, more than me?" she whispered.

"No!" he cried with sudden passion. "I need you more. Listen—will you come with me after the voyage is over?"

She nodded, nestling down into his furs.

"We will go south together, to Florida, to Cuba, to lands of perpetual sunshine, and leave these horrors behind forever. We will lie in the sun and watch the blue, open sea and the palmetto groves."

"Oh, if this voyage were over!" she answered. "If he might never return! Yes, I am wicked enough to wish the ice might engulf him, or that he might perish in the snow."

Outside the scratching commenced again. It persisted, low down toward the ground, beside the loose ice-blocks

which were piled up at the entrance, as if the bear sought to scratch through by tireless persistence.

"Ah, that terrible sound!" the woman cried. "I cannot endure it." She stepped out of her sleeping-bag and crossed the floor. Presently she stooped quickly, with a little cry.

"See," she exclaimed, "I have found a cartridge!" She came over eagerly and handed it to her companion. "Now you can shoot the bear," she whispered, opening the rifle-breech. "I will scrape the snow from the loophole, and you can pass your barrel through."

She took the knife and began to dig between two of the loose ice-blocks. The soft snow crumbled easily. A faint light filtered through the orifice.

"It is dawn," she whispered. "You can just see, distinguish—ah!" She dropped the knife; then stooped suddenly and picked it up. "Stop!" she cried in excitement. "No, shoot now, shoot! Quickly, before it goes!"

In the dim dawn a shaggy form was discernible, crouched upon the snow, ten paces distant. The man took careful aim. As he did so the figure rose, and, rearing itself, seemed to stretch out its limbs as if in supplication. Then, as the shot rang out, it fell, and a stream of bright blood spurted into the snow. The mournful howling of a dog was faintly audible.

The man inside gave a wild cry.

"Down with the ice-blocks!" he shouted to the terrified woman. "Quick, help me!"

Heedless of her bewildered words, he began lifting down the great blocks with frenzied movements, working with superhuman energy, till he had cleared a space wide enough to admit of exit. Then, leaping over, he ran toward the prone figure. The dog howled dismally beside it, and licked the blood that came from the wound.

"My captain!" he cried, flinging himself upon his knees; and, overcome by grief, he wept unreservedly.

The dying man opened his eyes and sought unavailingly to raise himself. His furs were frozen into a stiff matting of ice; his hair and beard, uncovered by any hood, were stiffer than steel, and his features had the bloodless aspect of a

face of wax. Exhausted, emaciated, his dogs all dead but one, his sleigh abandoned, he had struggled homeward alone.

"Take care of her," he whispered. "The ship—is safe. Andersen—will be here with the—second sleigh—to-morrow."

He closed his eyes and shuddered slightly. Then the limbs relaxed and the eyes opened.

Slowly the man rose from beside the body of his captain. The woman stood by his side, white with fear, raising her eyes dubiously in supplication.

"Ah!" she said, "this is terrible. I—"

He read her eyes.

"You knew!" he answered bitterly. "Murderess! I never want to see your face again!"

Victor Rousseau

Her Ring and His Dog

"ROSS! Oh, Ross Pryor!" The girl who did the calling stood on the top of a stile and looked about her. Below, toward the brook, the grass was atwinkle like her eyes. Behind her, the russet-plumed corn, in silver accouterments, clashed husky cymbals as its serried ranks swayed to the wind's command.

This was Ross Pryor's fishing-ground. Here he came every morning during his vacation. Champe was sure she would not miss him to-day, because she was a little afraid to face him. She turned a great, flashing diamond upon her finger, and it winked a wicked eye at her.

"Ross! Oh, Ross!"

A brindled dog, round of person and affable of expression, trotted into sight. A tall young fellow in rusty tweeds, thus betrayed by his four-footed companion, got to his feet, threw a rod and line into the willow covert, setting the cattails nodding, and made for deeper timber.

Instead of calling again, Champe, wise in her generation, caught Knuckles by one leg as he passed close and pinched that plump member. Perhaps it was a necessary cruelty, whatever the canine thought or his yelps proclaimed. Her judgment was justified. Ross could not resist the combined calls of his former sweetheart and his dog. He turned and gave her

sulky greeting, slowly retracing his steps.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, when he finally stood before her.

The girl looked up at him through her lashes and played with the dog. Knuckles, fatuous in his delight at the notice he was receiving, had taken to mumbling and biting her fingers.

"I want to bid you farewell forever, of course," she remarked demurely.

"Oh, chuck all that! I understand. The Lord knows it's an old enough story. One girl—two men—one fortune. Two made one—and a left-over! Why can't you take Bleeker Van Ness and his millions and let me alone? Why do you come down here—wearing his ring—and scare off my fish?"

His eye had caught the big diamond, as Champe intended that it should. She turned her hand to make it sparkle.

"I don't—I didn't—I'm not!" she exclaimed rather cryptically.

There was a moment of heavy silence. The girl relinquished her fingers to the mumbling of Knuckles, the man standing, hands in pockets, gazing dully down at her. After all, she was not having quite as much fun out of teasing Ross as usual.

A sudden tremor went through her slender body. She half sprang up, then crouched, and caught the brindled dog in frantic fingers.

"Oh, Ross! Help me hold the dog! He mustn't escape till he's cut open and I see it taken out. Oh, help me hold him!"

"What's the matter?" asked the young fellow, bending closer, touching her shoulder, and finally shaking her. "Do stop screaming, Champe! Let Knuckles go. Isn't it enough for you to torment the two-legged brute? Why should you want to squeeze the poor dog's paw and set him yelping, too?"

"I didn't," gasped Champe. "He's *swallowed my ring!*"

She held up a bare hand to confirm her words. Tears brimmed her eyes, her lips quivered. Pryor advanced a pace and picked up the little hand to look at it.

"Bleeker Van Ness's engagement-ring—the ring he gave you," he said under his breath.

"I told him it was entirely too big," half sobbed the girl. "But Knuckles oughtn't to have chewed it. He's a bad dog! We mustn't let him out of our sight one minute till he's cut open!"

Ross drew back and looked at her.

"Kill Knuckles? Well, by George, I like that! You women have no more heart than—"

"You don't understand," cried Champe, grasping the edge of his coat and trying distressfully to shake him with one hand. "Listen, Ross; that ring cost as much as five hundred dollars. Do hurry! Haven't you a knife in your pocket?"

"I see," said Knuckles's master, bending to pick up an object from the ground—a little thing which he stowed in the pocket of his vest. "Oh, I see. I wouldn't swallow your engagement—but he has swallowed your engagement-ring. Well, he always was a fool!"

"Don't talk—*don't stand there talking!*" The girl beat her hands together in feverish protest. "I want that ring! I can't live if it's lost. I never will let go of the dog till you cut him open!" Once more she clutched Knuckles till he yelped. "I can't trust him to any one else—and just think of having to sit here maybe for hours and hours and hold him this way! Knuckles—be quiet! Oh, he's slobbering! Watch for my ring, please, Ross! Could he chew it up?"

All at once she burst into such passionate sobs that Ross's anger was half melted. She put her head down against the offending Knuckles and wept unrestrainedly, shaking that brindled thief with her wo.

"Don't take it so hard, little girl," pleaded Ross. "I'll do anything you tell me to."

"Do it, then—do it before he dissolves my ring!"

"Your dog-gone ring," muttered the young fellow, as he reached for the repository of that ornament.

"What?" she said sharply.

"I mean your ring that will come when the dog is gone."

"Oh, you may take it as a joke if you want to, but it's no joke to me, I assure you, Mr. Ross Pryor! If I could only—only get it out!"

She thrust furtively and foolishly into

the animal's mouth with a tiny jeweled hairpin.

"Champe—I say—look out! He'll swallow that, too, and then I'll have to kill him twice."

"Ross, if you aren't serious, and don't do something quick, I'm going to carry this dog back to the house and get Bleecker Van Ness to come over and kill him."

"Get that chump Van Ness to kill my dog?"

His face was red with sudden anger. Champe broke down completely.

"Oh, Ross, please!" she begged. "Couldn't you feel around with your finger and locate a small hard substance, and cut it out that way?" She held the dog's mouth open invitingly. "You used to say you loved me—and now you're breaking my heart! Oh, Ross, if you care anything about me, get my ring out of your dog!"

He rose with sudden resolution.

"I will, Champe—I'll do it. Come on!"

She stumbled after him, carrying Knuckles herself, and he permitted her to do so, believing that the squirming burden would make its own appeal. A fat brindled bulldog is not an easy thing to transport, and it was some time before they stopped. Finally the guide faced about.

"Put him on the ground, Champe, and hold him hard," came the order. "Perhaps you'd better sit on his head. I'll have to cut his throat."

She dropped on her knees among the brambles and sweet-fern and grabbed the dog firmly. Knuckles selected this inauspicious moment to lick her hand as she held him. She went white at that, and trembled, but she held on.

Slowly Ross drew out a knife and whetted it with great care on his boot. Then he got down beside her and surreptitiously pinched the dog's tail.

"Oh, you mustn't hurt him!" screamed Champe, as the dog burst forth into a profusion of the most poignant yelps.

"Slice him up and not hurt him! Isn't that just like a woman?"

"Well, there's—there's chloroform or—or something!"

"There isn't any chloroform in my pockets, and Knuckles has got to be

killed right now," he replied resolutely. "You didn't use chloroform when you broke my heart. Hold him tight! Don't let him wriggle that way!" Then, to Knuckles: "Be still, you poor beggar."

"Oh, Ross, I can't! Oh, Ross, I can't!" She flung Knuckles into his arms and covered her face with her hands. "I can't—I just can't! You mustn't hurt him! I only let Bleecker Van Ness lend me that ring to tease you; and if it's lost—I never could raise five hundred dollars—I'll have to marry Bleecker, and I want you! What shall we do, Ross? You'll always remember that it was you I loved when I'm married to that horrid man, won't you? Stop! You mustn't hurt poor Knuckles! Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"Little girl," breathed Ross, loosening the riotous Knuckles and turning his attention to his sweetheart, "I'm so glad I keep a dog!"

She looked up at him with drowned, reproachful eyes. She watched the fat brindled dog inanely chasing a butterfly six feet above its nose.

"If this hadn't happened," she began in a low, sweet voice, "I was always going to be good afterward, anyhow. I never intended to tease you again—and then came this awful trouble. Good-by, Ross."

She put out a small, shaky hand. Ross took it, drew something from his pocket, and slipped it on the third finger of that little left.

"Oh," she shrieked, "my ring! Did Knuckles give it to you?"

"Did Knuckles give it to me?" Ross laughed unrestrainedly, then kissed her with an air of apology. "No, I picked it up back there at the stile," he confessed. "What are you going to do with it, now you have it safe?"

They both ignored the plain suggestion that Ross had had the ring from the first.

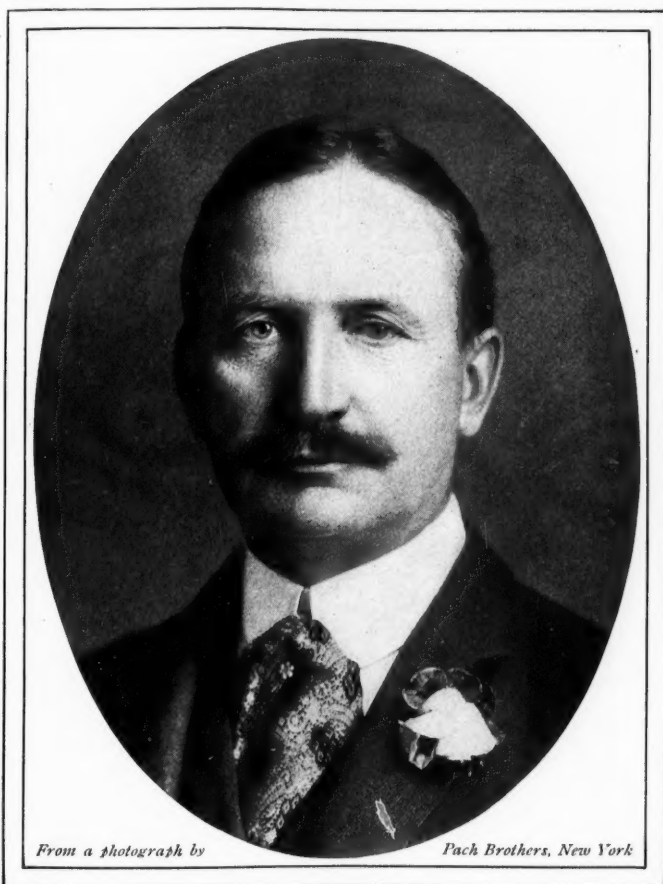
"I shall give it right straight back to Bleecker." His arm was around her. She nestled a comforted cheek on his shoulder. "This is the last—it's the end. I'll stop teasing—at least, I'll never risk it five hundred dollars' worth again!"

Caroline Wood Morrison

DARWIN KINGSLEY, INSURANCE MAN

A MAN WHO BELIEVES THAT LIFE INSURANCE
IS "THE FIRST BUSINESS OF THE WORLD"

THE recently elected president of the New York Life Insurance Company is perhaps best described as being first and last, heart and soul, an insurance man. He believes in the work that he has done and is doing, and his belief has almost the intensity of a religion. He is a college man, a Shakespearian scholar, he writes for the magazines, he reads much, he is a good speaker, and he possesses also a vein of genuine humor; but everything with him is made to bear directly upon his real vocation. "Life



insurance is a new evangel," he has declared. A published volume of his addresses and papers on the subject is entitled "The First Business of the World."

Mr. Kingsley began his connection with the New York Life in 1889, having previously served the State in the insurance department. He rose steadily through the grades of promotion in the company's service until, in June last, he became its head at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. His enthusiasm, energy, and affability have made him widely known as one who understands how to develop and increase the business of a corporation, and his mastery of detail makes him a fitting chief for a great institution which affects the interests of nearly half a million human beings and controls four hundred million dollars of actual assets.



ST. MARY'S AISLE IN DRYBURGH ABBEY, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE FINANCE OF LITERARY SHRINES

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD

THE GREAT SUMS PAID IN TRIBUTE BY PILGRIMS TO THE HOMES
OF FAMOUS AUTHORS—HOW STRATFORD LIVES ON THE NAME OF
SHAKESPEARE. AND AYR TRADES ON THE MEMORY OF BURNS

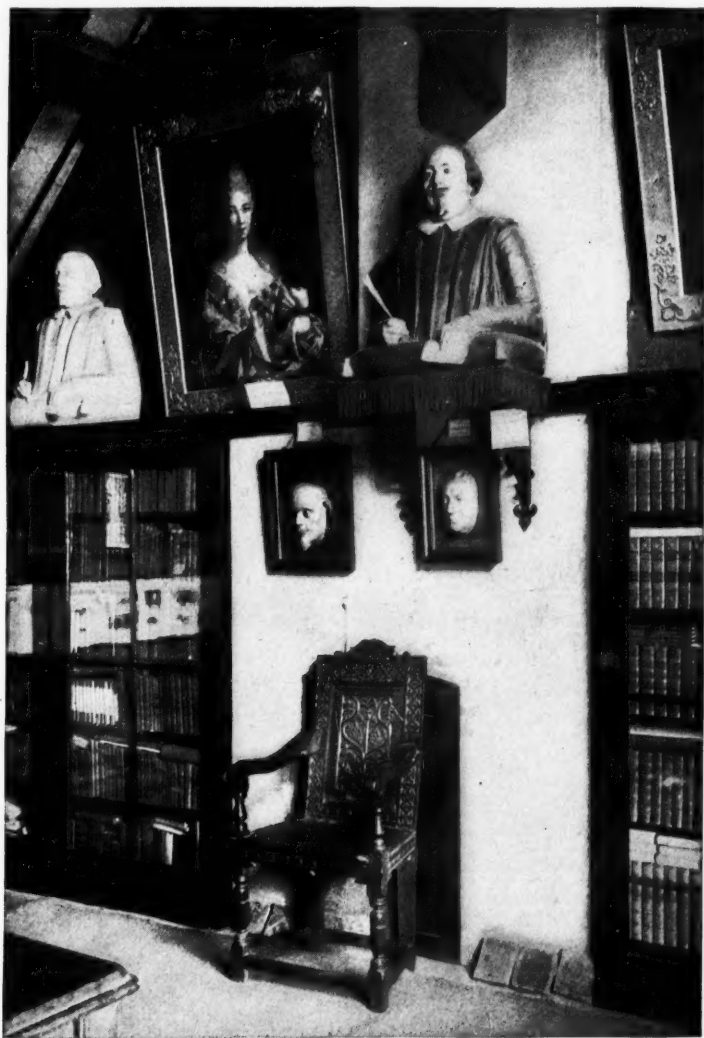
LOOKING back upon years of European travel and reverent visits to scenes hallowed by memories of the great masters of literature—the birth-place of Shakespeare at Stratford, of Burns at Ayr; Milton's home at Chalfont; the haunts of Scott at Abbotsford, of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, of

Dante at Florence and Ravenna—I hope I shall not be considered unduly mercenary if I suggest that an interesting phase of the subject is the financial aspect of these sentimental pilgrimages.

Coming down to dollars and cents, or to pounds, shillings, and pence, the money value of these literary shrines is

enormous. Some of them, indeed, furnish a considerable community with its principal means of support. Their visitors' books show huge catalogues of the names of men and women from every

grades, with minor places of rest and refreshment for the transient hour. We must estimate, too, admission fees to birthplaces and libraries, to baronial ruin and plowman's cottage. Nor must we



THE LIBRARY IN SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, WITH THE GREAT DRAMATIST'S CHAIR

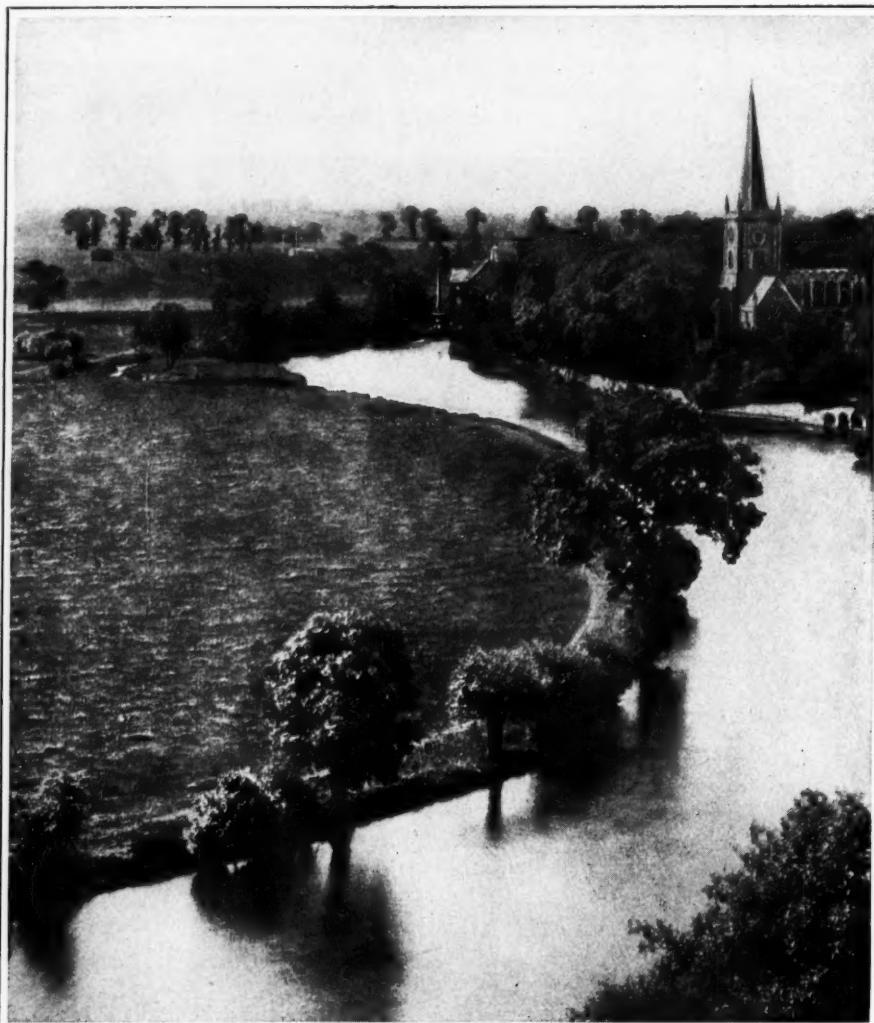
nation on earth, from Thackeray, Tennyson, and Browning to unknown Chinese literates, educated Hindus, and copper-hued Malagasy chieftains.

The unceasing stream of travel leaves money on all hands. There are steamers and railroads and coaches; there are hotels and inns and boarding-houses of all

forget the sums spent on photographs and souvenirs which these modern Meccas pour forth in limitless quantities.

THE SHRINE OF SHAKESPEARE

Greatest and most famous of them all, perhaps, is Stratford-on-Avon, the little Warwickshire town which is almost

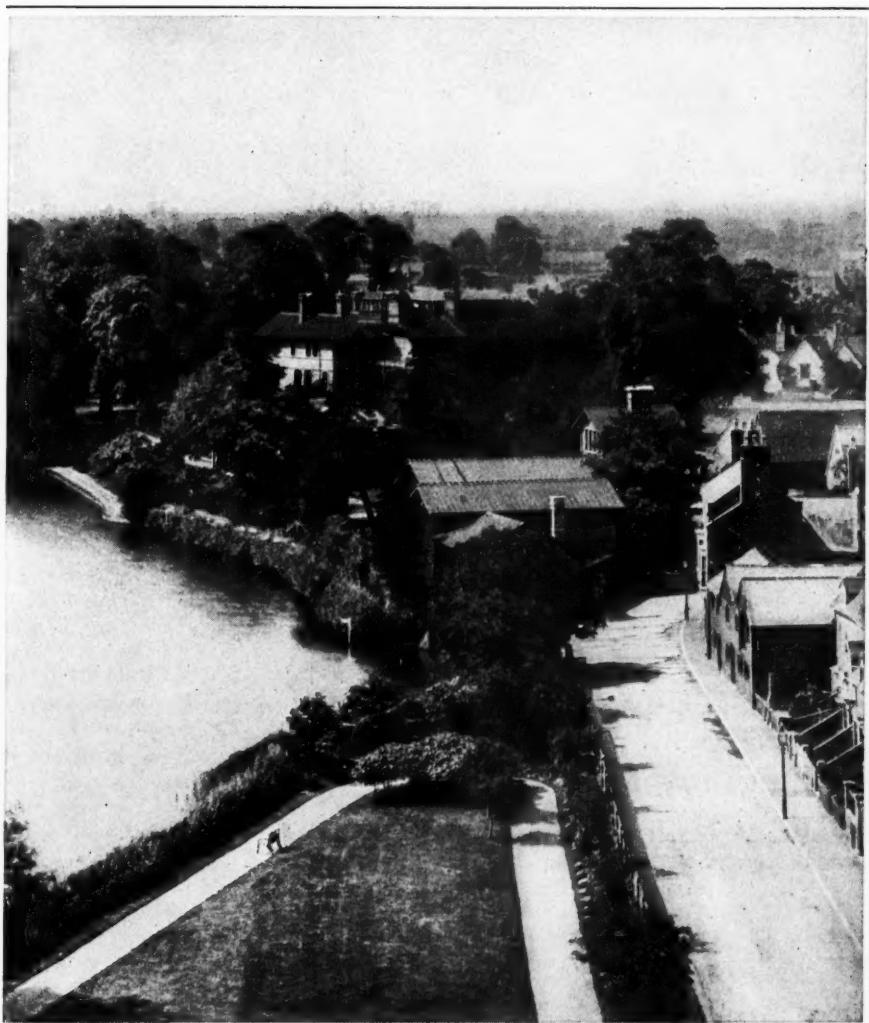


GENERAL VIEW OF STRATFORD AND THE RIVER AVON, FROM THE TOWER OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER—

the same to-day, with its ancient, timbered houses, elm-shaded and rose-embowered, as it was when Shakespeare, a few days before his death, entertained "rare" Ben Jonson at New Place. The curfew still rings at dusk; the town-crier still makes his rounds, bell in hand; and in October, during the annual "mop fair," oxen and sheep are still roasted whole as they were three centuries ago.

Nearly all visitors to Stratford pay sixpence—twelve cents—for admission to Shakespeare's birthplace, another sixpence to go into the museum, and a third

fee for admission to the Memorial Theater. Besides, there is a fourth sixpence for seeing the tombs of the poet and Anne Hathaway. Last year more than forty thousand persons paid to see the birthplace. Seven-eighths of them signed the book, and of these nearly one-third—about eleven thousand—registered from the United States, the remainder hailing from sixty-five countries all over the world. In sixpenny fees alone, we have here a total of pretty nearly four thousand pounds—twenty thousand dollars—annually; but this is only a small frac-



—ON THE LEFT IS HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED; THE STREET ON THE RIGHT IS SOUTHERN LANE

tion of the revenue that Stratford, and the railways that carry its army of pilgrims, draw from the magnet of Shakespeare's immortal name.

Once a year a Shakespeare Festival is held in the Memorial Theater, whose magnificence contrasts oddly with the quaintness of the simple old town. One ardent Shakespearian, C. E. Flower, contributed no less than twenty-five thousand pounds toward the Memorial—which, as every one knows, comprises a theater, a picture-gallery, and a library. The festival lasts a fortnight or three

weeks, and usually includes the poet's birthday—April 23. The trains to Stratford are thronged, and the town cannot contain all its guests, who overflow into quiet Leamington and stately Warwick, and even into busy Coventry.

Stratford-on-Avon beams genially upon the American, and with reason. Quite one-fourth of her visitors are our own countrymen; and a huge visitors' book is kept specially for Americans in Holy Trinity Church. The stained-glass window above the poet's tomb, representing the Seven Ages, was erected by American



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, IN WHICH, ACCORDING TO ACCEPTED TRADITION, THE GREAT DRAMATIST WAS BORN ON APRIL 23, 1564

subscribers. The late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, presented the town with a memorial fountain; and quite recently Nelson Morris, of Chicago, provided funds for the restoration of the old Harvard house, the home of John Harvard's mother, on High Street.

In the Red Horse Hotel, on Bridge Street, is the snug little sitting-room in which Washington Irving wrote his famous paper on Stratford. The chair in

which he sat and the poker with which he meditatively stirred the fire are still shown as "Geoffrey Crayon's throne and scepter." Of course, these Irving relics have been a gold-mine to successive landlords of the hostelry.

As Irving said, at Stratford the traveler's mind "refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare"; and the town practically lives upon the cult. Shakespeare is its trade-



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN

mark, so to speak. There is a Shakespeare Hotel, with rooms named after the plays; there are Shakespeare tea-rooms; Shakespeare busts meet us at every turn; not to speak of picture post-cards, plates and cups, handkerchiefs, colored models of the birthplace, and a thousand odds and ends more or less remotely connected with the poet's name and fame.

New Place, where Shakespeare spent his last years, was long ago demolished, but the conscientious pilgrim must pay

the cottage and inspect its relics. Then there is another fee for the cottage at Wilmcote where Mary Arden—Shakespeare's mother—was born; and you must pay for a carriage and guide to Charlecote, the ancient home of Sir Thomas Lucy, whom the poet satirized as *Justice Shallow*.

A little farther away is the majestic pile of Kenilworth, with its memories of Simon de Montfort and John of Gaunt, of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leices-



KENILWORTH CASTLE, ONE OF THE FINEST BARONIAL RUINS IN ENGLAND, A SPOT RICH IN HISTORICAL AND LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

sixpence to see the site of the mansion and a mulberry-tree said to be a scion of the one that the poet planted with his own hand. The original tree was cut down in 1756 by a tenant who disliked the importunities of visitors; but to this day men come to you on the streets of Stratford and offer you, in mysterious whispers, pipes, brooches, and toys made out of the last remaining fragments of its wood.

Scattered through the surrounding country are subsidiary shrines. More famous than many a royal palace is the long, low cottage where dwelt Anne Hathaway, in the village of Shottery, a mile from Stratford. The visitor may tread to-day the very footpath through the fields along which, no doubt, the lad Shakespeare often hurried to court his sweetheart; and for a fee, he may enter

ter, and Amy Robsart. Every year some forty thousand people pay sixpence apiece—a thousand pounds, collectively—to roam through the magnificent halls in which Leicester entertained his royal patroness, and which Cromwell's soldiers dismantled and ruined. The "small octangular chamber" on the second floor of the massive Mervyn's Tower, which Sir Walter Scott's famous romance assigned to Amy Robsart, is surely worth a second fee, though the castle pleasure, overlooked by its windows, has become a prosaic kitchen-garden.

THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

From Kenilworth Castle it is a natural transition, although a long railway journey, to the home of the author of "Kenilworth"—Abbotsford, the pic-



ABBOTSFORD, THE HOME THAT SIR WALTER SCOTT BUILT FOR HIMSELF ON THE BANKS OF THE TWEED

turesque mansion that Scott built for himself on the banks of the brawling Tweed. More than twenty thousand people paid a shilling apiece, last year, to see the house, which now belongs to the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, a great-granddaughter of the Wizard of the North. Most of them drove from Melrose station, three hundred and seventy miles from London on the so-called "Waverley Route" to Edinburgh.

The showrooms are the entrance-hall, with its fine carved oak from Dunfermline Palace; the dining-room, with its family portraits, including one of Sir Walter's great-grandfather, who refused to cut his beard after the execution of Charles I; the drawing-room, with Raeburn's portrait of Scott; the library, the armory, and the great novelist's study.

The drive from Melrose to Abbotsford



THE ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD, WITH ITS FINE OAK PANELING AND ANCIENT ARMOR



THE BURNS HOUSE AT DUMFRIES, IN WHICH THE PLOWMAN POET DIED ON
JULY 21, 1796

will cost the visitor six or eight shillings, and he will pay as much or more for an excursion to Dryburgh Abbey. Here, for another shilling fee, he may view the spot where the wizard lies buried, in company with Lady Scott, his eldest son, and John Gibson Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer. His resting-place under the shattered and ivy-covered walls of St. Mary's Aisle, the most interesting part of the ruined abbey, is a

fitting one for the great Scottish master of balladry and romance.

THE LAND OF ROBERT BURNS

But of all the literary shrines of Scotland the greatest and most sacred, and the most frequented by pilgrims, are those hallowed by the memory of Robert Burns.

The traveler from the south comes first to Dumfries, where the peasant poet



THE ROOM IN WHICH ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN ON JANUARY 25, 1759

spent his last years, and where he died in 1796. Here there are many things that must be seen, usually for a toll varying from threepence to sixpence. There is Burns's house in Bank Street, known by its inscription; there is the house in which he died, in Burns Street, and there is his grave in the churchyard of St. Michael's, covered by a mausoleum in the most tasteless of classical styles.

to-day, although the charge for admission is only twopence, it yields a considerable revenue. Last year's record showed nearly sixty thousand visitors, of whom 32,637 hailed from Scotland, 13,568 from England, and 5,324 from the United States. It is a little incongruous, in view of Burns's convivial proclivities, that a "temperance refreshment-room" should now be connected with it.



DOVE COTTAGE, AT GRASMERE, IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, WHICH WAS THE HOME OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH FROM 1799 to 1808

The vault contains the remains of his wife, Jean Armour.

But the real "Land of Burns" is farther north, with Ayr as its center. Here we see great traffic made with an honored name. A couple of miles out, at Alloway, we reach the scenes described in "Tam o' Shanter," and soon stand before the Burns cottage—a humble "bigging" consisting of two apartments only, the kitchen and the "spence," or sitting-room. Entering the low, thatched building we are shown the bunk in which the poet was born, his mother's old spinning-wheel, and some original manuscripts—part of "Tam o' Shanter" among them.

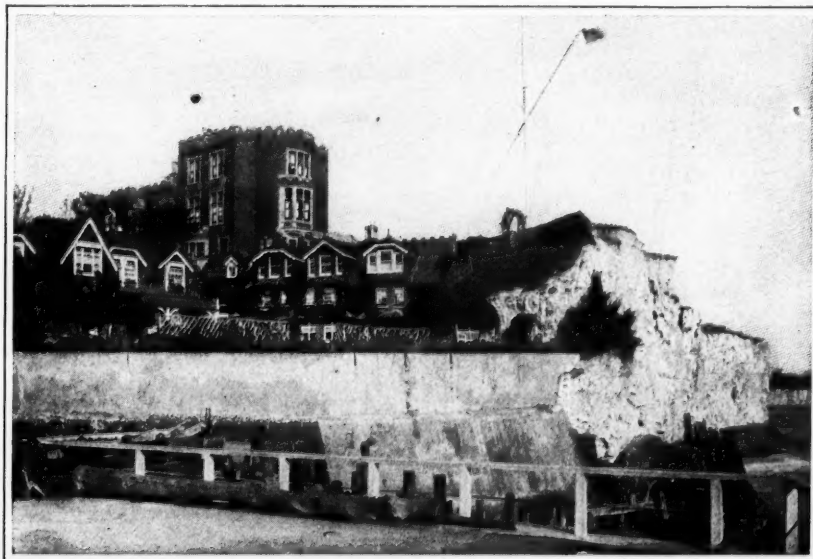
It was a long time before the owner of this cottage thought of exploiting its association with the plowman poet; but

A few hundred yards from the poet's birthplace is the Burns Arms Inn, where we pay threepence to descend to the side of the little River Doon and to inspect a shell grotto containing some unimportant relics. Another fee gives us a good view of the old bridge—the "Auld Brig o' Doon" over which *Tam o' Shanter* escaped from the witches. The village church—"Alloway's auld haunted kirk"—takes at least a shilling from us; and we shall be mean indeed if we do not buy an imitation antique snuff-box, made—or represented as having been made—from the timbers of this ruined shrine. It costs only twopence to enter the grounds, in which the Burns Monument stands, but we are invited to buy some trifle in the museum apartment on the ground floor.



THE BURNS COTTAGE AT ALLOWAY, NEAR AYR, THE BIRTHPLACE OF SCOTLAND'S FAVORITE POET

Within twenty-five miles of London, Chalfont St. Giles, whose existence and yet in a quiet and out-of-the-way rural district, is the tiny village of John Milton's modest country home. It



BLEAK HOUSE, AT BROADSTAIRS, CHARLES DICKENS'S SEASIDE RESIDENCE ON THE KENTISH COAST



JOHN MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES—HERE THE PURITAN POET FINISHED
"PARADISE LOST" AND WROTE "PARADISE REGAINED"

is a high-chimneyed cottage, with diamond-paned windows, and with old-fashioned flowers blooming in its ancient garden. The inevitable sixpence gives

admission to the room in which the Puritan poet finished "Paradise Lost" and began "Paradise Regained." The custodian is a civil, cheerful woman, who



A ROOM IN THE MILTON COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES

told me that in summer the place is visited by about two thousand people each month. Moreover, she sells a great many photographs. Many of the pilgrims pass a night in one of the village inns of Chalfont. Cyclists, too, come from far and near, and pay tribute for refreshments in the new tea-room just opposite Milton's cottage.

Another rustic abode that has become

miles farther down the valley, and which was the poet's home for the last thirty-three years of his life, is not a show-place, and does not admit visitors.

I have mentioned only a few of the many shrines to which a host of reverent pilgrims throngs each year, bringing golden tribute to enrich the custodians and their neighbors. Without going outside of England, I might speak of the



NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NEAR MANSFIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BYRON

a famous shrine is Dove Cottage at Grasmere, the rose-embowered nest to which Wordsworth brought his bride, Mary Hutchinson, in 1802. This charming little place has been made into a memorial museum, and brings in a considerable revenue in sixpenny entrance-fees, and from the sale of photographs and knickknacks. In a far corner of the village churchyard, behind the massive, barn-like church, the great poet lies beside the murmuring Rothay. The whole Grasmere valley, with its ring of craggy hills encircling its green meadows and its pretty lake, is full of memories of Wordsworth. Curiously enough, however, Rydal Mount, which lies a few

Dickens country, around Rochester, in Kent, with an outpost, as it were, at Broadstairs, in the shape of the original Bleak House; of Thomas Carlyle's house in Chelsea, open to any one who will pay a shilling to inspect it; of Byron's birthplace, Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire; of Haworth, the moorland village of the Brontës; of Elstow, the home of Bunyan; and of Devonshire, which counts among its local glories the associations of "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!" But lack of space prevents me from continuing the list of places that derive much of their present livelihood from the memories of the great poets and novelists of the past.

BRITISH DUKES WHO MARRIED PRINCESSES

THE HEADS OF THE TWO SCOTTISH HOUSES OF CAMPBELL AND DUFF,
WHO ARE BROTHER-IN-LAW AND SON-IN-LAW TO KING EDWARD VII

WHEN the announcement was made, in 1871, that Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, the Princess Louise, was to be married to a subject, all Britain buzzed with excitement. The match was not exactly popular, though just why, it was difficult to make out. Perhaps people felt that in some way it involved a lowering of the royal prestige. The late Richard Grant White, who was in England at the time, recorded a remark made to him by a nobleman at whose house he was a guest.

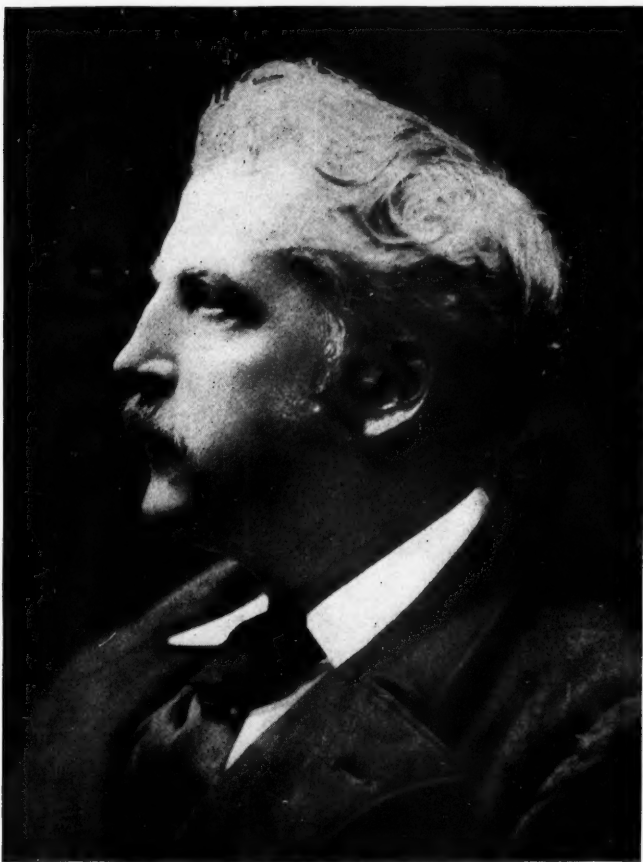
"I suppose," said this personage, "that the queen must feel a little as we should feel if a daughter of ours were to marry one of the upper servants!"

In Scotland, on the contrary, opinion was very different. The Marquis of Lorne, to whom the princess was affianced, was heir to the great dukedom of Argyll and to the headship of the historic house of Campbell; and Celtic feudal sentiment regarded the head of the Campbells as fully the equal of any king or queen. Indeed, the saying of an old Highlander, on the wedding-day, has been often quoted.



ALEXANDER WILLIAM GEORGE DUFF, FIRST DUKE OF FIFE, WHOSE
WIFE IS LOUISE VICTORIA ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF
GREAT BRITAIN, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD VII

From a photograph by Downey, London



JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, NINTH DUKE OF ARGYLL,
WHOSE WIFE IS THE PRINCESS LOUISE OF GREAT BRITAIN,
FOURTH DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London

"Ah," said he, "it's a proud woman the queen must be to-day, to think that her daughter is marrying the son of MacCallum More!"

In 1878, Lord Lorne went out to Canada as governor-general, and for five years he and the princess held a semiroyal court at Ottawa. Later, he returned to England and sought an election to the House of Commons; but he was defeated, and even suffered some indignities during his canvass. In 1900, he succeeded to his father's dukedom, with all the hereditary dignities of Admiral of the Western Isles, Master of the Royal Household in Scotland, and many other posts of historic interest and picturesqueness. He and his royal wife have no children, and the heir to his titles is his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell.

The marriage of the Earl of Fife to another Princess Louise, the daughter of the present king, in 1889, created less discussion, though this match, like the other, was hardly popular. The Earl of Fife was created a duke, to make his rank more near to that of his wife. But Englishmen speculated as to the possibility of the royal succession failing through the male line and descending to a child of the Duke of Fife, whose family name is Duff. The idea that Great Britain might one day be ruled by the house of Duff was regarded with a distinct lack of enthusiasm. Such a thing has become practically impossible now, in view of the large family of the present Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Fife has a handsome fortune, chiefly derived from banking, and is a large land-owner, having estates which contain a quarter of a million acres. He has no son, but by "special remainder"—that is, by a special provision in the terms of his patent of dukedom—his title will descend to the elder of his two daughters.

AN AMERICAN CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

JAY GOULD, A COLUMBIA FRESHMAN, WHO DEFEATED THE BEST ENGLISH PLAYERS IN THE AMATEUR COURT-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

WHEN young Jay Gould recently defeated Eustace Miles at court-tennis, in London, he became, for the time, the amateur champion of the world in that fascinating game. Mr. Gould, who is the son of George Gould, is only eighteen years old, while his opponent is thirty-nine—a veteran, but by no means too old for tennis, which requires not merely nimbleness and speed, but experience, judgment, and well-trained muscles. In point of fact, Mr. Miles's play was described by those who witnessed it as "miraculous" in some of the sets; but Mr. Gould won out in the series. The London *Times* said of him:

This young American deserves the very highest credit for vanquishing the best man we have to put against him, after he had easily beaten all our other best players in the previous tournament.

There must be something particularly gratifying to Mr. Gould in the fact of his brilliant victory in court-tennis. Englishmen have always regarded this as especially their own game, and one, by a sort of tradition, set apart for the aristocracy. They have, however, shown their national sportsmanship and fair play in generously applauding the youthful American student—Mr. Gould

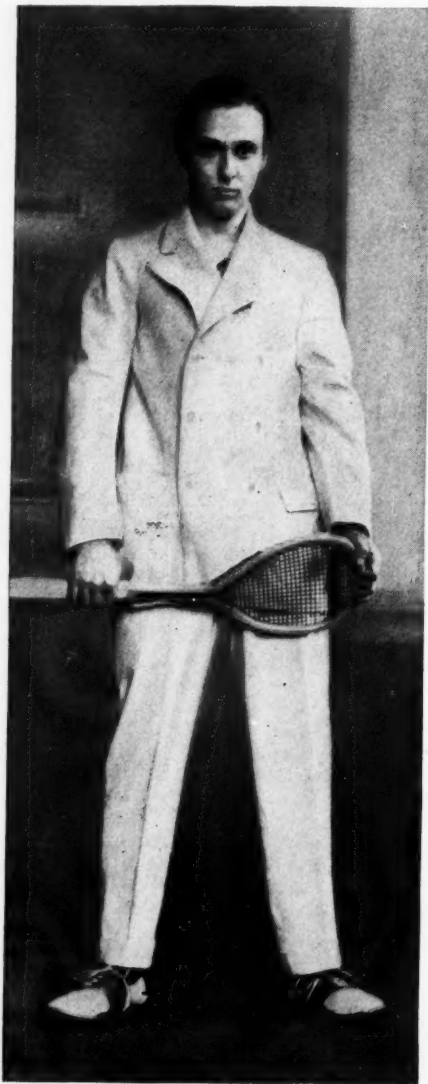
is a freshman at Columbia—who has wrested the highest honors from their chosen champion.

Mr. Gould's triumph in London may have an interesting effect on the next American court-tennis championship, which will be

fought out in March, 1908, at the New York Racquet and Tennis Club. It is stated that his college work will prevent him from crossing the Atlantic to defend his English title, and in consequence several of the leading British players are said to be planning a trip to New York in order to get a chance of meeting him. This would make the American event practically a world championship.

Interest in court-tennis is likely to have another stimulus in the shape of a visit from Peter Latham, the veteran expert who from 1895 to 1905 held the professional championship, and who recently regained the title from a younger rival, C. Fairs. All in all, the game seems to be about to enjoy something of a "boom" in America.

This present year, by the way, will be somewhat unpleasantly memorable in the annals of British sport for the number of championships carried off by foreign athletes who have made England their hunting-ground.



JAY GOULD, SECOND SON OF GEORGE GOULD, AND GRANDSON AND NAMESAKE OF THE FAMOUS RAILROAD KING

THE PRIMA DONNA*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF
THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

MMARGARITA DE CORDOVA, the great prima donna—an English girl whose real name is Margaret Donne—is returning to Europe on the *Leofric*, after singing at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

One of the last nights of the opera season was marked by a sensational incident. An explosion outside the Metropolitan shook the building and put out the lights. The audience began to stampede for the doors, and a few were injured in the crush; but the panic was stayed by the presence of mind of Mme. Cordova, who continued to sing until the lights were relit.

The house had been quietly emptied, and the prima donna was starting homeward, when Paul Griggs, a veteran literary man and an old friend of Mme. Cordova, called her into the manager's room, to which he had carried a girl who had been found lying insensible in one of the exits. Griggs had recognized her as a Miss Ida Bamberger, who was to have been married, a couple of days later, to Rufus Van Torp, a millionaire New York financier, head of the Nickel Trust. She was at the point of death, apparently from shock or heart failure. Before the end she told Mme. Cordova that she wished to entrust her with a secret, which must be divulged to no one but Mr. Van Torp; but all that the dying girl could whisper was "He did it"—a message which the prima donna did not understand.

When Mme. Cordova goes aboard the *Leofric*, Schreiermeyer, the manager, comes with Pompeo Stromboli, the Italian tenor, and some of the other singers, to bid her *bon voyage*. Stromboli chaffs her about the flowers and sweets which a certain "Tom" has sent to her stateroom. As the ship moves out she sees that Rufus Van Torp is among the passengers. This is an unwelcome surprise, as she knows and dislikes the millionaire, and resents the unwelcome attentions he has thrust upon her. She appeals to Paul Griggs, who is also on the steamer, to help her to avoid Van Torp; then she goes down to her room.

IV

MMARGARET had forgotten Signor Stromboli and what he had said, for her thoughts had been busy with a graver matter; but she smiled when she saw the big bunch of dark-red carnations in a water-jug on the table, and the little cylinder-shaped parcel which certainly contained a dozen little boxes of the chocolate *oublies* she liked, and the telegram, with its impersonal-looking address, waiting to be opened by her after having been opened, read, and sealed again by her thoughtful maids. Such trifles as the latter circumstance did not disturb her in the least, for though she was only a young woman of

four-and-twenty, a singer and a musician, she had a philosophical mind, and considered that if virtue has nothing to do with the greatness of princes, moral worth need not be a clever lady's-maid's strong point.

"Tom" was her old friend Edmund Lushington, one of the most distinguished of the younger writers of the day. He was the only son of the celebrated soprano, Mme. Bonanni, now retired from the stage, by her marriage with an English gentleman of the name of Goodyear, and he had been christened Thomas. His mother had had his name legally changed when he was a child, thinking that it would be a disadvantage to him to be known as her son, as indeed

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it might have been at first. Even now the world did not know the truth about his birth, but it would not have cared, since he had won his own way.

Margaret meant to marry him if she married at all, for he had been faithful in his devotion to her for nearly three years; and his rivalry with Constantine Logotheti, her other serious adorer, had brought some complications into her life. But on mature reflection she was sure that she did not wish to marry any one for the present. So many of her fellow singers had married young and married often, evidently following the advice of a great American humorist, and mostly with disastrous consequences, that Margaret preferred to be an exception, and to marry late, if at all.

In the glaring light of the twentieth century it at last clearly appears that marriageable young women have always looked upon marriage as the chief means of escape from the abject slavery and humiliating dependence hitherto imposed upon virgins between fifteen and fifty years old. Shakespeare lacked the courage to write the "Seven Ages of Woman," a matter the more to be regretted as no other writer has ever possessed enough command of the English language to describe more than three out of the seven without giving offense—namely, youth, which lasts from sixteen to twenty; perfection, which begins at twenty and lasts till further notice; and old age, which women generally place beyond seventy.

If Shakespeare had dared, he would have described with poetic fire the age of the girl who never marries. But this is a digression. The point is that the truth about marriage is out, since the modern spinster has shown the sisterhood how to live, and an amazing number of women look upon wedlock as a foolish thing, vainly imagined, never necessary, and rarely amusing.

The state of perpetual unsanctified virginity, however, is not for poor girls, nor for operatic singers, nor for kings' daughters, none of whom, for various reasons, can live, or are allowed to live, without husbands. Unless she be a hunchback, an unmarried royal princess is almost as great an exception as a white raven or a cat without a tail; a prima donna without a husband alive,

dead, or divorced is hardly more common; and poor girls marry to live. But give a modern young woman a decent social position, with enough money for her wants and an average dose of assurance, and she becomes so fastidious in the choice of a mate that no man is good enough for her till she is too old to be good enough for any man.

In respect to her art, Margarita de Cordova was in all ways a thorough artist, endowed with the gifts, animated by the feelings, and afflicted with the failings that usually make up an artistic nature. But Margaret Donne was a sound and healthy English girl who had been brought up in the right way by a very refined and cultivated father and mother, who loved her devotedly. If they had lived she would not have gone upon the stage; for, as her mother's friend Mrs. Rushmore had often told her, the mere thought of such a life for their daughter would have broken their hearts. She was a grown woman now, and high on the wave of increasing success and celebrity, but she still had a childish misgiving that she had disobeyed her parents and done something very wrong, just as when she had surreptitiously got into the jam-cupboard at the age of five.

Yet there are old-fashioned people alive even now who might think that there was less harm in becoming a public singer than in keeping Edmund Lushington "dangling on a string" for two years and more. Those things are matters of opinion.

Margaret would have answered that if he dangled it was his misfortune and not her fault, since she never, in her own opinion, had done anything to keep him, and would not have been broken-hearted if he had gone away, though she would have missed his friendship very much. Of the two, the man who had disturbed her maiden peace of mind was Logotheti, whom she feared and sometimes hated, but who had an inexplicable power over her when they met—the sort of fateful influence which honest Britons commonly ascribe to all foreigners with black hair, good teeth, diamond studs, and the other outward signs of wickedness.

Twice, at least, Logotheti had behaved

in a manner positively alarming, and on the second occasion he had very nearly succeeded in carrying her off bodily from the theater to his yacht, a fate from which Lushington and his mother had been instrumental in saving her. Such doings were shockingly lawless, but they showed a degree of recklessly passionate admiration which was flattering from a young financier who was so popular with women that he found it infinitely easier to please than to be pleased.

Perhaps if Logotheti could have put on a little Anglo-Saxon coolness Margaret might have married him by this time. Perhaps she would have married Lushington if he could have suddenly been animated by a little Greek fire. As things stood, she told herself that she did not care to take a man who meant to be not only her master but her tyrant, nor one who seemed more inclined to be her slave than her master.

Meanwhile, however, it was the Englishman who kept himself constantly in mind with her by an unbroken chain of small attentions that often made her smile but sometimes really touched her. Any one could cable "Pleasant voyage" and sign the telegram "Tom," which gave it a friendly and encouraging look, because somehow "Tom" is a cheerful, plucky little name, very unlike "Edmund." But it was quite another matter, being in England, to take the trouble to have carnations of just the right shade fresh on her cabin table at the moment of her sailing from New York, and beside them the only sort of chocolates she liked. That was more than a message—it was a visit, a presence, a real reaching out of hand to hand.

Logotheti, on the contrary, behaved as if he had forgotten Margaret's existence as soon as he was out of her sight; and they now no longer met often, but when they did he had a way of taking up the thread as if there had been no interval. This was almost as effective as his rival's method, for it produced the impression that he had been thinking of her only, and of nothing else in the world since the last meeting, and could never again give a thought to any other woman. He never wrote to her, he never telegraphed good wishes for a journey or a performance, he never sent

her so much as a flower; he acted as if he were really trying to forget her, as perhaps he was. But when they met, he was no sooner in the same room with her than she felt the old disturbing influence which she feared and yet somehow desired in spite of herself.

Margaret sat some time in her little sitting-room reflecting on these things, for she knew that before many days were past she must meet her two adorers; and when she had thought enough about both she gave orders to her maids about arranging her belongings. By and by she went to luncheon, and found herself alone at some distance from the other passengers, next to the captain's empty seat; but she was rather glad that her neighbors had not come to table, for she got what she wanted very quickly.

Then she took a book and went on deck again. Alphonsine found her chair on the sunny side, installed her in it very comfortably, and covered her up; and to her own surprise she felt that she was very sleepy; so that just as she was wondering why, she dozed off and began to dream that she was *Isolde*, on board of *Tristan's* ship, and that she was singing the part, though she had never sung it and probably never would.

When she opened her eyes again there was no land in sight, and the big steamer was going quietly, with scarcely any roll. She looked aft, and saw Paul Griggs leaning against the rail, smoking. She turned her head the other way, and found that the chair next to her own on that side was occupied by a very pleasant-looking young woman, who was showing the pictures in a book to a beautiful little girl who stood beside her.

The lady had a very quiet, healthy face and smooth, brown hair, and was simply and sensibly dressed. Margaret at once decided that she was not the child's mother, nor an elder sister, but some one who had charge of her, though not exactly a governess. The child was about nine years old; she had a quantity of golden hair that waved naturally, and a spiritual face with deep violet eyes, a broad, white forehead, and a pathetic little mouth.

She examined each picture, and then looked up quickly at the lady, keeping

her wide eyes fixed on the latter's face with an expression of watchful interest. The lady explained each picture to her, but in such a soft whisper that Margaret could not hear a sound. Yet the child evidently understood every word easily. It was natural to suppose that the lady spoke under her breath in order not to disturb Margaret while she was asleep.

"It is very kind of you to whisper," said the prima donna graciously, "but I am awake now."

The lady turned with a pleasant smile.

"Thank you," she answered.

The child did not notice Margaret's little speech, but looked up from the book for the explanation of the next picture.

"It is the inside of the Colosseum in Rome, and you will see it before long," said the lady very distinctly. "I have told you how the gladiators fought there, and how St. Ignatius was sent all the way from Antioch to be devoured by lions there, like many other martyrs."

The little girl watched her face intently, nodded gravely, and looked down at the picture again, but said nothing. The lady turned to Margaret.

"She was born deaf and dumb," she said quietly, "but I have taught her to understand from the lips, and she can already speak quite well. She is very clever."

"Poor little thing!" Margaret looked at the girl with increasing interest. "Such a little beauty, too! What is her name?"

"Ida—"

The child had turned over the pages to another picture, and now looked up for the explanation of it. Griggs had finished his cigar, and came and sat down on Margaret's other side.

V

THE Leofric was three days out, and therefore half-way over the ocean, for she was a fast boat, but so far Griggs had not been called upon to hinder Mr. Van Torp from annoying Margaret. Mr. Van Torp had not been on deck; in fact, he had not been seen at all since he had disappeared into his cabin a quarter of an hour before the steamer had left the pier. There was a good deal of curiosity about him among the passengers, as there would have been about the

famous prima donna if she had not come punctually to every meal, and if she had not been equally regular in spending a certain number of hours on deck every day.

At first every one was anxious to have what people call a "good look" at her, because all the usual legends were already repeated about her wherever she went. It was said that she was really an ugly woman of thirty-five who had been married to a Spanish count of twice that age, and that he had died leaving her penniless, so that she had been obliged to support herself by singing.

Others were equally sure that she was a beautiful escaped nun, who had been forced to take the veil in a convent in Seville by cruel parents, but who had succeeded in getting herself carried off by a Polish nobleman disguised as a priest. Every one remembered the marvelous voice that used to sing so high above all the other nuns behind the lattice on Sunday afternoons at the church of the Dominican Convent. That had been the voice of Margarita de Cordova, and she could never go back to Spain, for if she did the Inquisition would seize upon her, and she would be tortured and probably burned alive to encourage the other nuns.

This was very romantic, but unfortunately there was a man who said he knew the plain truth about her, and that she was just a good-looking Irish girl whose father used to play the flute at a theater in Dublin, and whose mother kept a sweet-shop in Queen Street. The man who knew this had often seen the shop, which was conclusive.

Margaret showed herself daily, and the myths lost value, for every one saw that she was neither an escaped Spanish nun nor the gifted offspring of a Dublin flute-player and a female retailer of bull's-eyes and butter-scotch, but just a handsome, healthy, well-brought-up young Englishwoman, who called herself Miss Donne in private life.

But gossip, finding no hold upon her, turned and rent Mr. Van Torp, who dwelt within his tent like Achilles, but whether brooding or seasick no one was ever to know. The difference of opinion about him was amazing. Some said he had no heart, since he had not even wait-

ed for the funeral of the poor girl who was to have been his wife. Others, on the contrary, said that he was broken-hearted, and that his doctor had insisted upon his going abroad at once, doubtless considering, as the best practitioners often do, that it is wisest to send a patient who is in a dangerous condition to distant shores, where some other doctor will get the credit of having killed him or driven him mad.

Some said that Mr. Van Torp was concerned in the affair of that Chinese loan, which, of course, explained why he was forced to go to Europe in spite of the dreadful misfortune that had happened to him. The man who knew everything hinted darkly that the supposed millionaire was not really solvent, and that he had perhaps left the country just at the right moment.

"That is nonsense," said Miss More to Margaret in an undertone, for they had both heard what had just been said.

Miss More was the lady in charge of the pretty deaf child, and the latter was curled up in the next chair with a little piece of crochet-work. Margaret had soon found out that Miss More was a very nice woman, after her own taste, who was given neither to flattery nor to prying, the two faults from which celebrities are generally made to suffer most by fellow travelers who make their acquaintance. Miss More was evidently delighted to find herself placed on deck next to the famous singer, and Margaret was so well satisfied that the deck steward had already received a preliminary tip, with instructions to keep the chairs together during the voyage.

"Yes," said Margaret, in answer to Miss More's remark. "I don't believe there is the least reason for thinking that Mr. Van Torp is not immensely rich. Do you know him?"

"Yes."

Miss More did not seem inclined to enlarge upon the fact, and her face was thoughtful after she had said the one word; so was Margaret's tone when she answered:

"So do I."

Each of the young women understood that the other did not care to talk of Mr. Van Torp. Margaret glanced sidewise at her neighbor and wondered vaguely

whether the latter's experience had been at all like her own, but she could not see anything to make her think so. Miss More had a singularly pleasant expression, and a face that made one trust her at once; but she was far from beautiful, and would hardly pass for pretty beside such a good-looking woman as Margaret, who, after all, was not what people call an out-and-out beauty.

It was odd that the quiet, ladylike teacher should have answered monosyllabically in that tone. She felt Margaret's sidelong look of inquiry and turned half round, after glancing at little Ida, who was very busy with her crochet.

"I'm afraid you may have misunderstood me," she said, smiling. "If I did not say any more, it is because he himself does not wish people to talk of what he does."

"I assure you, I'm not curious," Margaret answered, smiling, too. "I'm sorry if I looked as if I were."

"No—you misunderstand me, and it was a little my fault. Mr. Van Torp is doing something very, very kind which it was impossible that I should not know of, and he has asked me not to tell any one."

"I see," Margaret answered. "Thank you for telling me. I am glad to know that he—"

She checked herself. She detested and feared the man, for reasons of her own, and she found it hard to believe that he could do something "very, very kind" and yet not wish it to be known. He did not strike her as being the kind of person who would go out of his way to hide his light under a bushel. Yet Miss More's tone had been quiet and earnest. Perhaps he had employed her to teach some poor deaf and dumb child, like little Ida. Her words seemed to imply this, for she had said that it had been impossible that she should not know; that is, he had been forced to ask her advice or help, and her help and advice could only be considered indispensable where her profession as a teacher of the deaf and dumb was concerned.

Miss More was too discreet to ask the question which Margaret's unfinished sentence suggested, but she would not let the speech pass quite unanswered.

"He is often misjudged," she said.

"In business he may be what many people say he is. I don't understand business! But I have known him to help people who needed help badly, and who never guessed that he even knew their names."

"You must be right," Margaret answered.

She remembered the last words of the girl who had died in the manager's room at the theater. There had been a secret. The secret was that Mr. Van Torp had done the thing, whatever it was. She had probably not known what she was saying, but it had been on her mind to say that Mr. Van Torp had done it, the man she was to have married. Margaret's first impression had been that the thing done must have been something very bad, because she herself disliked the man so much; but Miss More knew him, and since he often did "very, very kind things," it was possible that the particular action of which the dying girl was thinking might have been a charitable one; possibly he had confided the secret to her.

Margaret smiled rather cruelly at her own superior knowledge of the world—yes, he had told the girl about that "secret" charity in order to make a good impression on her! Perhaps that was his favorite method of interesting women; if it was, he had not invented it. Margaret thought she could have told Miss More something which would have thrown another light on Mr. Van Torp's character. Her reflections had led her back to the painful scene at the theater, and she remembered the account of it the next day, and the fact that the girl's name had been Ida. To change the subject, she asked her neighbor an idle question.

"What is the little girl's full name?" she inquired.

"Ida Moon," answered Miss More.

"Moon?" Margaret turned her head sharply. "May I ask if she is any relation of the California Senator who died last year?"

"She is his daughter," said Miss More quietly.

Margaret laid one hand on the arm of her chair and leaned forward a little, so as to see the child better.

"Really!" she exclaimed, rather de-

liberately, as if she had chosen that particular word out of a number that suggested themselves. "Really!" she repeated, still more slowly, and then leaned back again and looked at the gray waves.

She remembered the notice of Miss Bamberger's death. It had described the deceased as the only child of Hannah Moon by her former marriage with Isidore Bamberger. But Hannah Moon, as Margaret happened to know, was now the widow of Senator Alvah Moon. Therefore, the little deaf child was the half-sister of the girl who had died at the theater in Margaret's arms, and had been christened by the same name. Therefore, also, she was related to Margaret, whose mother had been the California magnate's cousin.

"How small the world is!" Margaret said in a low voice. She wondered whether little Ida had ever heard of her half-sister, and what Miss More knew about it all. "How old is Mrs. Moon?" she asked.

"I fancy she must be forty, or near that. I know that she was nearly thirty years younger than the Senator, but I never saw her."

"You never saw her?" Margaret was surprised.

"No," Miss More answered. "She is insane, you know. She went quite mad soon after the little girl was born. It was very painful for the Senator. Her delusion was that he was her divorced husband, Mr. Bamberger, and when the child came into the world she insisted that it should be called Ida, and that she had no other. Mr. Bamberger's daughter was Ida, you know. It was very strange. Mrs. Moon was convinced that she was forced to live her life over again, year by year, as an expiation for something she had done. The doctors say it is a hopeless case. I really think it shortened the Senator's life."

Margaret did not think that the world had any cause to complain of Mrs. Moon on that account.

"So this child is quite alone in the world?" she said.

"Yes. Her father is dead and her mother is in an asylum."

"Poor little thing!"

The two young women were leaning back in their chairs, their faces turned

toward each other as they talked, and Ida was still busy with her crochet.

"Luckily, she has a sunny nature," said Miss More. "She is interested in everything she sees and hears." She laughed a little. "I always speak of it as hearing," she added, "for it is quite as quick when there is light enough. You know that, since you have talked with her."

"Yes. But in the dark, how do you make her understand?"

"She can generally read what I say by laying her hand on my lips; but besides that, we have the deaf and dumb alphabet, and she can feel my fingers as I make the letters."

"You have been with her a long time, I suppose," Margaret said.

"Since she was three years old."

"California is a beautiful country, isn't it?" asked Margaret after a pause.

She put the question idly, for she was thinking how hard it must be to teach deaf and dumb children. Miss More's answer surprised her.

"I have never been there."

"But, surely, Senator Moon lived in San Francisco?" Margaret said.

"Yes. But the child was sent to New England when she was three, and never went back again. We have been living in the country near Boston."

"And the Senator used to pay you a visit now and then, of course, when he was alive. He must have been pleased by the success of your teaching."

Though Margaret felt that she was growing more curious about little Ida than she often was about any one, it did not occur to her that the question she now suggested rather than asked was an indiscreet one, and she was surprised by her companion's silence.

She had already discovered that Miss More was one of those literally truthful people who never let an inaccurate statement pass their lips, and who will be obstinately silent rather than answer a leading question, quite regardless of the fact that silence is sometimes the most direct answer that can be given. On the present occasion Miss More said nothing and turned her eyes to the sea, leaving Margaret to make any deduction she pleased; but only one suggested itself—namely, that the deceased Senator

had taken very little interest in the child of his old age, and had felt no affection for her. Margaret wondered whether he had left her rich, but Miss More's silence told her that she had already asked too many questions.

She glanced down the long line of passengers beyond Miss More and Ida. Men, women, and children lay side by side in their chairs, wrapped and propped like a row of stuffed specimens in a museum. They were not interesting, Margaret thought; for those who were awake all looked discontented, and those who were asleep looked either ill or apoplectic. Perhaps half of them were crossing because they were obliged to go to Europe for one reason or another; the other half were going in an aimless way, because they had got into the habit while they were young, or had been told that it was the right thing to do, or because their doctors sent them abroad to get rid of them.

The gray light from the waves was reflected on the immaculate and shiny white paint, and shed a cold glare on the commonplace faces and on the plaid rugs, and on the vivid magazines which many of the people were reading, or pretending to read; for most persons only look at the pictures nowadays, and read the advertisements. A steward in a very short jacket was serving perfectly unnecessary cups of weak broth on a big tray, and a great number of the passengers took some, with a vague idea that the company's feelings might be hurt if they did not, or else that they would not be getting their money's worth.

Between the railing and the feet of the passengers, which stuck out over the foot-rests of their chairs to different lengths according to the height of the possessors, certain energetic people walked ceaselessly up and down the deck, sometimes flattening themselves against the railing to let others who met them pass by, and sometimes, when the ship rolled a little, stumbling against an outstretched foot or two without making any elaborate apology for doing so.

Margaret only glanced at the familiar sight, but she made a little movement of annoyance almost directly, and took up the book that lay open and face downward on her knee; she became absorbed

in it so suddenly as to convey the impression that she was not really reading at all.

She had seen Mr. Van Torp and Paul Griggs walking together and coming toward her.

The millionaire was shorter than his companion, and more clumsily made, though not by any means a stout man. Though he did not look like a soldier, he had about him the very combative air which belongs to so many modern financiers of the Christian breed. There were the bulldog jaw, the iron mouth, and the aggressive blue eye of the man who takes and keeps by force rather than by astuteness. Though his face had lines in it and his complexion was far from brilliant, he looked scarcely forty years of age, and his short, rough, sandy hair had not yet begun to turn gray.

He was not ugly, but Margaret had always seen something in his face that repelled her. It was some lack of proportion somewhere, which she could not precisely define; it was something that was not in the common type of faces, but that was disquieting rather than interesting. Instead of wondering what it meant, those who noticed it wished it were not there.

Margaret was sure she could distinguish his heavy step from Griggs's when he was near her, but she would not look up from her book till he stopped and spoke to her.

"Good morning, Mme. Cordova. How are you this morning?" he inquired, holding out his hand. "You didn't expect to see me on board, did you?"

His tone was hard and businesslike, but he lifted his yachting-cap politely as he held out his hand. Margaret hesitated a moment before taking it, and when she moved her own he was already holding his out to Miss More.

"Good morning, Miss More. How are you this morning?"

Miss More leaned forward and put down one foot as if she would have risen in the presence of the great man, but he pushed her back by her hand which he held, and proceeded to shake hands with the little girl.

"Good morning, Miss Ida. How are you this morning?"

Margaret felt sure that if he had sha-

ken hands with a hundred people he would have repeated the same words to each without any variation. She looked at Griggs imploringly, and glanced at his vacant chair on her right side. He did not answer by sitting down, because the action would have been too like deliberately telling Mr. Van Torp to go away, but he began to fold up the chair as if he were going to take it away. Then he seemed to find that there was something wrong with one of its joints, and altogether it gave him a good deal of trouble, and made it quite impossible for the great man to get any nearer to Margaret.

Little Ida had taken Mr. Van Torp's proffered hand, and had watched his hard lips when he spoke. She answered quite clearly and rather slowly, in the somewhat monotonous voice of those born deaf who have learned to speak:

"I'm very well, thank you, Mr. Van Torp. I hope you are quite well."

Margaret heard, and saw the child's face, and at once decided that if the little girl knew of her own relationship to Ida Bamberger, she was certainly ignorant of the fact that her half-sister had been engaged to Mr. Van Torp when she had died so suddenly less than a week ago. Little Ida's manner strengthened the impression in Margaret's mind that the millionaire was having her educated by Miss More. Yet it seemed impossible that the rich old Senator should not have left her well provided for.

"I see you've made friends with Mme. Cordova," said Mr. Van Torp. "I'm very glad, for she's quite an old friend of mine, too."

Margaret made a slight movement, but said nothing. Miss More saw her annoyance, and intervened by speaking to the financier.

"We began to fear that we might not see you at all on the voyage," she said, in a tone of some concern. "I hope you have not been suffering again."

Margaret wondered whether she meant to ask if he had been seasick; what she said sounded like an inquiry about some more or less frequent indisposition, though Mr. Van Torp looked as strong as a plowman.

In answer to the question he glanced at Miss More and shook his head.

"I've been too busy to come on deck," he said rather curtly, and he turned to Margaret again. "Will you take a little walk with me, Mme. Cordova?" he asked.

Not having any valid excuse for refusing, Margaret smiled, for the first time since she had seen him on deck.

"I'm so comfortable!" she answered. "Don't make me get out of my rug!"

"If you'll take a little walk with me I'll give you a pretty present," said Mr. Van Torp playfully.

Margaret thought it best to laugh and shake her head at this singular offer. Little Ida had been watching them both.

"You'd better go with him," said the child gravely. "He makes lovely presents."

"Does he?" Margaret laughed again.

"A fortress that parleys, or a woman who listens, is lost," put in Griggs, quoting an old French proverb.

"Then, I won't listen," Margaret said.

Mr. Van Torp planted himself more firmly on his sturdy legs, for the ship was rolling a little.

"I'll give you a book, Mme. Cordova," he said.

His habit of constantly repeating the name of the person with whom he was talking irritated her extremely. She was not smiling when she answered.

"Thank you. I have more books than I can possibly read."

"Yes, but you have not the one I will give you, and it happens to be the only one you want."

"But I don't want any book at all! I don't want to read!"

"Yes, you do, Mme. Cordova. You want to read this one, and it's the only copy on board, and if you'll take a little walk with me I'll give it to you."

As he spoke he very slowly drew a new book from the depths of the wide pocket in his overcoat, but only far enough to show Margaret the first words of the title, and he kept his aggressive blue eyes fixed on her face. A faint blush came into her cheeks at once, and he let the volume slip back. Griggs, being on his other side, had not seen it, and it meant nothing to Miss More.

To the latter's surprise, Margaret pushed her heavy rug from her knees and let her feet slip from the chair to

the ground. Her eyes met Griggs's as she rose, and seeing that his look asked her whether he was to carry out her previous instructions and walk beside her, she shook her head.

"Nine times out of ten proverbs are true," he said in a tone of amusement.

VI

MR. VAN TORP'S hard face expressed no triumph when Margaret stood beside him ready to walk. She had yielded, as he had been sure she would; he turned from the other passengers to go round to the weather side of the ship, and she went with him submissively. Just at the point where the wind and the fine spray would have met them if they had gone on, he stopped in the lee of a big ventilator. There was no one in sight of them now.

"Excuse me for making you get up," he said. "I wanted to see you alone for a moment." Margaret said nothing in answer to this apology, and she met his fixed eyes coldly. "You were with Miss Bamberger when she died," he went on. Margaret bent her head gravely in assent. His face was as expressionless as a stone. "I thought she might have mentioned me before she died," he said slowly.

"Yes," Margaret answered after a moment's pause; "she did."

"What did she say?"

"She told me that it was a secret, but that I was to tell you what she said, if I thought it best."

"Are you going to tell me?"

It was impossible to guess whether he was controlling any emotion or not; but if the men with whom he had done business where large sums were involved had seen him now and had heard his voice they would have recognized the tone and the expression.

"She said, 'He did it,'" Margaret answered slowly, after a moment's thought.

"Was that all she said?"

"That was all. A moment later she was dead. Before she said it, she told me it was a secret, and she made me promise solemnly never to tell any one but you."

"It's not much of a secret, is it?" As he spoke, Mr. Van Torp turned his eyes

from Margaret's at last and looked at the gray sea beyond the ventilator.

"Such as it is, I have told it to you because she wished me to," answered Margaret. "But I shall never tell any one else. It will be all the easier to be silent, as I have not the least idea of what she meant."

"She meant our engagement," said Mr. Van Torp in a matter-of-fact tone. "We had broken it off that afternoon. She meant that it was I who did it, and so it was. Perhaps she did not like to think that when she was dead people might call her heartless and say she had thrown me over; and no one would ever know the truth except me, unless I chose to tell—me and her father."

"Then, you were not to be married, after all?" Margaret showed her surprise.

"No. I had broken it off. We were going to let it be known the next day."

"On the very eve of the wedding?"

"Yes." Mr. Van Torp fixed his eyes on Margaret's again. "On the very eve of the wedding," he said, repeating her words.

He spoke very slowly and without emphasis, but with the greatest possible distinctness. Margaret had once been taken to see a motor-car manufactory, and she remembered a machine that clipped bits off the end of an iron bar, inch by inch, smoothly and deliberately. Mr. Van Torp's lips made her think of that; they seemed to cut the hard words, one by one, in lengths.

"Poor girl!" she sighed, and looked away.

The man's face did not change, and if his next words echoed the sympathy she expressed, his tone did not.

"I was a good deal cut up myself," he observed coolly. "Here's your book, Mme. Cordova."

"No!" Margaret answered, with a little burst of indignation. "I don't want it. I won't take it from you!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Van Torp without the least change of manner. "It's your friend Mr. Lushington's latest, you know, and it won't be out for ten days. I thought you would like to see it, so I got an advance copy before it was published."

He held the volume out to her, but she

would not even look at it, nor answer him.

"How you hate me! Don't you, Mme. Cordova?"

Margaret still said nothing. She was considering how she could best get rid of him. If she simply brushed past him and went back to her chair on the lee side he would follow her and go on talking to her as if nothing had happened; and she knew that in that case she would lose control of herself before Griggs and Miss More.

"Oh, well," he went on, "if you don't want the book, I don't. I can't read novels myself, and I dare say it's trash, anyhow."

Thereupon, with a quick movement of his arm and hand, he sent Mr. Lushington's latest novel flying over the lee rail, fully thirty feet away, and it dropped out of sight into the gray waves. He had been a good baseball pitcher in his youth.

Margaret bit her lip, and her eyes flashed.

"You are quite the most disgustingly brutal person I ever met," she said, no longer able to keep down her anger.

"No," he answered calmly. "I'm not brutal; I'm only logical. I took a great deal of trouble to get that book for you, because I thought it would give you pleasure, and it wasn't a particularly legal transaction by which I got it, either. Since you didn't want it, I wasn't going to let anybody else have the satisfaction of reading it before it was published, so I just threw it away because it is safer in the sea than knocking about in my cabin. If you hadn't seen me throw it overboard you would never have believed that I had. You're not much given to believing me, anyway. I've noticed that. Are you, now?"

"Oh, it was not the book!"

Margaret turned from him and made a step forward, so that she faced the sharp wind. It cut her face, and she felt that the little pain was a relief. He came and stood beside her, with his hands deep in the pockets of his overcoat.

"If you think I'm a brute on account of what I told you about Miss Bamberger," he said, "that's not quite fair. I broke off our engagement because I found out that we were going to make each

other miserable, and we should have had to divorce in six months; and if half the people who are just going to get married would do the same thing there would be a lot more happy women in the world, not to say men! That's all, and she knew it, poor girl, and was just as glad as I was when the thing was done. Now, what is there so brutal in that, Mme. Cordova?"

Margaret turned on him almost fiercely.

"Why do you tell me all this?" she asked. "For Heaven's sake, let poor Miss Bamberger rest in her grave!"

"Since you ask me why," answered Mr. Van Torp, unmoved, "I tell you all this because I want you to know more about me than you do. If you did, you'd hate me less. That's the plain truth. You know very well that there's nobody like you, and that if I'd judged I had the slightest chance of getting you I would no more have thought of marrying Miss Bamberger than of throwing a million dollars into the sea after that book, or ten million, and that's a great deal of money."

"I ought to be flattered," said Margaret, with scorn, still facing the wind.

"No. I'm not given to flattery, and money means something real to me, because I've fought for it and got it. Your regular young lover will always call you his precious treasure, and I don't see much difference between a precious treasure and several million dollars. I'm logical, you see. I tell you I'm logical, that's all."

"I dare say. I think we have been talking here long enough. Shall we go back?"

She had got her anger under again. She detested Mr. Van Torp, but she was honest enough to realize that for the present she had resented his saying that Lushington's book was probably trash much more than what he had told her of his broken engagement. She turned and came back to the ventilator, meaning to go round to her chair, but he stopped her.

"Don't go yet, please!" he said, keeping beside her. "Call me a disgusting brute, if you like. I sha'n't mind it, and I dare say it's true in a kind of way. Business isn't very refining, you know,

and it was the only education I got after I was sixteen. I'm sorry I called that book rubbish, for I'm sure it's not. I've met Mr. Lushington in England several times; he's very clever, and he's got a first-rate position. But, you see, I didn't like your refusing the book after I'd taken so much trouble to get it for you. Perhaps if I hadn't thrown it overboard you'd take it now that I've apologized. Would you?"

His tone had changed at last, as she had known it to change before in the course of an acquaintance that had lasted more than a year. He put the question almost humbly.

"I don't know," Margaret answered, relenting a little in spite of herself. "At all events, I'm sorry I was so rude. I lost my temper."

"It was very natural," said Mr. Van Torp meekly, but not looking at her, "and I know I deserved it. You really would let me give you the book now if it were possible, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps." She thought that as there was no such possibility it was safe to say as much as that.

"I should feel so much better if you would," he answered. "I should feel as if you'd accepted my apology. Won't you say it, Mme. Cordova?"

"Well—yes—since you wish it so much," Margaret replied, feeling that she risked nothing.

"Here it is, then," he said, to her amazement, producing the new novel from the pocket of his overcoat, and enjoying her surprise as he put it into her hand.

It looked like a trick of sleight of hand, and she took the book and stared at him as a child stares at the conjurer who produces an apple out of its ear.

"But I saw you throw it away," she said in a puzzled tone.

"I got two while I was about it," said Mr. Van Torp, smiling without showing his teeth. "It was just as easy, and it didn't cost me any more."

"I see! Thank you very much."

She knew that she could not but keep the volume now, and in her heart she was glad to have it, for Lushington had written to her about it several times since she had been in America.

"Well, I'll leave you now," said the

millionaire, resuming his stony expression. "I hope I've not kept you too long."

Before Margaret had realized the idiotic conventionality of the last words, her companion had disappeared and she was left alone. He had not gone back in the direction whence they had come, but had taken the deserted windward side of the ship, doubtless with the intention of avoiding the crowd.

Margaret stood still for some time in the lee of the ventilator, holding the novel in her hand and thinking. She wondered whether Mr. Van Torp had planned the whole scene, including the sacrifice of the novel. If he had not, it was certainly strange that he should have had the second copy ready in his pocket.

Lushington had once told her that great politicians and great financiers were always great comedians, and now that she remembered the saying it occurred to her that Mr. Van Torp reminded her of a certain type of American actor, a type that has a heavy jaw and an aggressive eye, and strongly resembles the portraits of Daniel Webster. Now, Daniel Webster had a wide reputation as a politician, but there is reason to believe that the numerous persons who lent him money and never got it back thought him a financier of undoubted ability, if not a comedian of talent. There were giants in those days.

The English girl, breathing the clean air of the ocean, felt as if something had left a bad taste in her mouth; and the famous young singer, who had seen in two years what a normal Englishwoman would neither see, nor guess at, nor wish to imagine in a lifetime, thought she understood tolerably well what the bad taste meant. Moreover, Margaret Donne was ashamed of what Margarita de Cordova knew, and Cordova had moments of sharp regret when she thought of the girl who had been herself, and had lived under good Mrs. Rushmore's protection, like a flower in a glass-house.

She remembered, too, how Lushington and Mrs. Rushmore had warned her and entreated her not to become an opera-singer. She had taken her future into her own hands, and had soon found out what it meant to be a celebrity on the stage; and she had seen only too clearly

where she was classed by the women who would have been her companions and friends if she had kept out of the profession. She had learned by experience, too, how little real consideration she could expect from men of the world, and how very little she could really exact from such people as Mr. Van Torp; still less could she expect to get it from persons like Schreiermeyer, who looked upon the gifted men and women he engaged to sing as so many head of cattle, to be driven more or less hard according to their value, and to be turned out to starve the moment they broke down.

That fate is sure to overtake the best of them sooner or later. The career of a great opera-singer is rarely more than half as long as that of a great tragedian, and even when a prima donna or a tenor makes a fortune, the decline of their glory is far more sudden and sad than that of actors generally is. *Lady Macbeth* is as great a part as *Juliet* for an actress of genius, but there are no "old parts" for singers; the soprano dare not turn into a contralto with advancing years, nor does the unapproachable *Par-sifal* of eight-and-twenty turn into an incomparable *Amfortas* at fifty.

For the actor, it often happens that the first sign of age is fatigue; in the singer's day, the first shadow is an eclipse, the first false note is disaster, the first breakdown is often a heart-rending failure that brings real tears to the eyes of younger comrades. The exquisite voice does not grow weak and pathetic and ethereal by degrees, so that we still love to hear it, even to the end; far more often it is suddenly flat or sharp by a quarter of a tone throughout whole acts, or it breaks on one note in a discordant shriek that is the end. Down goes the curtain then, in the middle of the great opera, and down goes the great singer forever into tears and silence. Some of us have seen that happen, many have heard of it; few can think without real sympathy of such mortal suffering and distress.

Margaret realized all this without any illusion; but there was another side to the question. There was success, glorious and far-reaching, and beyond her brightest dreams; there was the certainty that she was among the very first, for the

deafening ring of universal applause was in her ears; and, above all, there was youth. Sometimes it seemed to her that she had almost too much, and that some dreadful thing must happen to her; yet if there were moments when she faintly regretted the calmer, sweeter life she might have led, she knew that she would have given that life up, over again and over again, for the splendid joy of holding thousands spellbound while she sang.

She had the real lyric artist's temperament, for that breathless silence of the many while her voice rang out alone, and trilled and died away to a delicate musical echo, was more to her than the roar of applause that could be heard through the walls and closed doors in the street outside. To such a moment as that *Faustus* himself would have cried "Stay!" though the price of satisfied desire were his soul. And there had been many such moments in Cordova's life. They satisfied something much deeper than greedy vanity and stronger than hungry ambition. Call it what you will, according to the worth you set on such art, it is a longing which only artists feel, and to which only something in themselves can answer. To listen to perfect music is a feast for gods, but to be the living instrument beyond compare is to be a god oneself.

Of our five senses, sight calls up visions divine as well as earthly, but hearing alone can link body, mind, and soul with higher things, by the word and by the word made song. The mere memory of hearing when it is lost is still enough for the ends of genius; for the poet and the composer touch the blind most deeply, perhaps, when other senses do not count at all; but a painter who loses his sight is as helpless in the world of art as a dismantled ship in the middle of the ocean.

VII

SOME of these thoughts passed through Margaret's brain as she stood beside the ventilator with her friend's new book in her hand, and although her reflections were not new to her, it was the first time she clearly understood that her life had made two natures out of her original self, and that the two did not always agree. She felt that she was not halved

by the process, but doubled. She was two women instead of one, and each woman was complete in herself. She had not found this out by any elaborate self-study, for healthy people do not study themselves. She simply felt it, and she was sure it was true, because she knew that each of her two selves was able to do, suffer, and enjoy as much as any one woman could. The one might like what the other disliked and feared, but the contradiction was open and natural, not secret or morbid.

The two women were called, respectively, Mme. Cordova and Miss Donne. Miss Donne thought Mme. Cordova very showy, and much too tolerant of vulgar things and people, if not a little touched with vulgarity herself. On the other hand, the brilliantly successful Cordova thought Margaret Donne a good girl, but rather silly. Miss Donne was very fond of Edmund Lushington, the writer, but the prima donna had a distinct weakness for Constantine Logotheti, the Greek financier who lived in Paris, and who wore too many rubies and diamonds.

On two points, at least, the singer and the modest English girl agreed, for they both detested Rufus Van Torp, and each had positive proof that he was in love with her, if what he felt deserved the name.

For in very different ways she was really loved by Lushington and by Logotheti; and since she had been famous she had made the acquaintance of a good many very high and imposing personages, whose names are to be found in the first and second part of the "Almanach de Gotha," in the Olympian circle of the reigning or the supernal regions of the serene mediatized, far above the common herd of dukes and princes; they had offered her a share in the overflowing abundance of their admiring protection; and then had seemed surprised, if not deeply moved, by the independence she showed in declining their intimacy. Some of them were frankly and contentedly cynical; some were of a brutality compared with which the tastes and manners of a bargee would have seemed lady-like; some were as refined and sensitive as English old maids, though less scrupulous and much less shy; the one was as

generous as an Irish sailor, the next was as mean as a Normandy peasant; some had offered her rivers of rubies, and some had proposed to take her incognito for a drive in a cab, because it would be so amusing—and so inexpensive. Yet in their families and varieties they were all of the same species, all human, and all subject to the ordinary laws of attraction and repulsion. Rufus Van Torp was not like them.

Neither of Margaret's selves could look upon him as a normal human being. At first sight there was nothing so very unusual in his face, certainly nothing that suggested a monster; and yet, whatever mood she chanced to be in, she could not be with him five minutes without being aware of something undefinable that always disturbed her profoundly, and sometimes became positively terrifying. She always felt the sensation coming upon her after a few moments, and when it had actually come she could hardly hide her repulsion till she felt, as today, that she must run from him, without the least consideration of pride or dignity. She might have fled like that before a fire or a flood, or from the scene of an earthquake, and more than once nothing had kept her in her place but her strong will and healthy nerves. She knew that it was like the panic that seizes people in the presence of an appalling disturbance of nature.

Doubtless, when she had talked with Mr. Van Torp just now, she had been disgusted by the indifferent way in which he spoke of poor Miss Bamberger's sudden death; it was still more certain that what he said about the book, and his very ungentlemanly behavior in throwing it into the sea, had roused her justifiable anger. But she would have smiled at the thought that an exhibition of heartlessness or the most utter lack of manners could have made her wish to run away from any other man. Her life had accustomed her to people who had no more feeling than Schreiermeyer and no better manners than Pompeo Stromboli. Van Torp might have been on his very best behavior that morning, or at any of her previous chance meetings with him; sooner or later she would have felt that same absurd and unreasoning fear of him, and would have found it very hard

not to turn and make her escape. His face was so stony and his eyes were so aggressive; he was always like something dreadful that was just going to happen.

Yet Margarita de Cordova was a brave woman, and had lately been called a heroine because she had gone on singing after that explosion till the people were quiet again; and Margaret Donne was a sensible girl, justly confident of being able to take care of herself where men were concerned. She stood still and wondered what there was about Mr. Van Torp that could frighten her so dreadfully.

After a little while she went quietly back to her chair, and sat down between Griggs and Miss More. The elderly man rose and packed her neatly in her plaid, and she thanked him. Miss More looked at her and smiled vaguely, as even the most intelligent people do sometimes. Then Griggs got into his own chair again and took up his book.

"Was that right of me?" he asked presently, so low that Miss More did not hear him speak.

"Yes," Margaret answered under her breath, "but don't let me do it again, please."

They both began to read, but after a time Margaret spoke to him again without turning her eyes.

"He wanted to ask me about that girl who died at the theater," she said, just audibly.

"Oh—yes!"

Griggs seemed so vague that Margaret glanced at him. He was looking at the inside of his right hand in a meditative way, as if it recalled something. If he had shown more interest in what she said she would have told him what she had just learned about the breaking off of the engagement, but he was evidently absorbed in thought, while he slowly rubbed that particular spot on his hand, and looked at it again and again, as if it recalled something.

Margaret did not resent his indifference, for he was much more than old enough to be her father; he was a man whom all younger writers looked upon as a veteran; he had always been most kind and courteous to her when she had met him, and she freely conceded him the right to be occupied with his own

thoughts and not with hers. With him she was always Margaret Donne, and he seldom talked to her about music, or of her own work. Indeed, he so rarely mentioned music that she fancied he did not really care for it, and she wondered why he was so often in the house when she sang.

Mr. Van Torp did not show himself at luncheon, and Margaret began to hope that he would not appear on deck again till the next day. In the afternoon the wind dropped, the clouds broke, and the sun shone brightly. Little Ida, who was tired of doing crochet-work and had looked at all the books that had pictures, came and begged Margaret to walk round the ship with her. It would please her small child's vanity to show everybody that the great singer was willing to be seen walking up and down with her, although she was quite deaf and could not hope ever to hear music. It was her greatest delight to be treated before every one as if she were just like other girls, and her cleverness in watching the lips of the person with her without seeming too intent was wonderful.

They went the whole length of the promenade-deck, as if they were reviewing the passengers, bundled and packed in their chairs, and the passengers looked at them both with so much interest that the child made Margaret come all the way back again.

"The sea has a voice, too, hasn't it?" Ida asked, as they paused and looked over the rail.

She glanced up quickly for the answer, but Margaret did not find one at once.

"Because I've read poetry about the voices of the sea," Ida explained. "And in books they talk of the music of the waves, and then they say the sea roars and thunders in a storm. I can hear thunder, you know. Did you know that I could hear thunder?"

Margaret smiled and looked interested.

"It bangs in the back of my head," said the child gravely. "But I should like to hear the sea thunder. I often watch the waves on the beach, as if they were lips moving, and I try to understand what they say. Of course, it's play, because one can't, can one? But

I can only make out 'Boom, ta-ta-ta,' getting quicker and weaker to the end, you know, as the ripples run up the sand."

"It's very like what I hear," Margaret answered.

"Is it, really?" Little Ida was delighted. "Perhaps it's a language, after all, and I shall make it out some day. You see, until I know the language people are speaking, their lips look as if they were talking nonsense. But I'm sure the sea could not really talk nonsense all day for thousands of years."

"No, I'm sure it couldn't!" Margaret was amused. "But the sea is not alive," she added.

"Everything that moves is alive," the child said, "and everything that is alive can make a noise, and the noise must mean something. If it didn't, it would be of no use, and everything is of some use. So, there!"

Delighted with her own argument, the beautiful child laughed and showed her even teeth in the sun.

They were standing at the end of the promenade-deck, which extended twenty feet abaft the smoking-room and took the whole beam; above the latter, as in most modern ships, there was the boat-deck, to the after part of which passengers had access. Standing below, it was easy to see and talk with any one who looked over the upper rail.

Ida threw her head back and looked up as she laughed, and Margaret laughed good-naturedly with her, thinking how pretty she was. But suddenly the child's expression changed, her face grew grave, and her eyes fixed themselves intently on some point above.

Margaret looked in the same direction, and saw that Mr. Van Torp was standing alone up there, leaning against the railing, and evidently not seeing her, for he gazed fixedly into the distance; and as he stood there his lips moved as if he were talking to himself.

Margaret gave a little start of surprise when she saw him, but the child watched him steadily, and a look of fear stole over her face. Suddenly she grasped Margaret's arm.

"Come away! Come away!" she cried in a low tone of terror.

(To be continued)

A FAMOUS AMERICAN SINGER

BY MORRIS BACHELLER

THE CAREER AND PERSONALITY OF EMMA EAMES, ONE OF
THE TWO AMERICAN PRIMA DONNAS WHO STAND IN
THE FIRST RANK OF OPERATIC ARTISTS

"I HAVE never done anything in my life but work. I cared for other pleasures just as any girl does, but I have always foregone them."

So said Emma Eames, eight years ago, in answer to a question, and the words reveal the spirit which animates the true creative artist. It is a wide-spread but entirely mistaken fancy that the artistic life is one of idleness and irresponsibility, and that the artist trusts mainly to impulse, to flashes of inspiration, and to the gifts of inborn genius. On the contrary, the gospel of achievement is always the gospel of hard, exacting work, of sacrifice and self-denial—all accepted gladly, so that the God-given power may attain its full perfection of development.

And it is because Mme. Eames has viewed her own vocation with such reverent seriousness that she attained, while still a girl, so enviable a success. The words which have just been quoted serve also to explain the range and breadth of her achievement. Born at Shanghai, in China, where her father was one of the judges of the International Court, she was brought, when only five years of age, back to the town of Bath, in Maine, which was her parents' home, and thence, as a young girl, she removed to Boston, where began the musical career which she has since pursued so brilliantly. For a time she sang in concert, and in the choirs of several churches. Her great promise led to her studying under that marvelous vocal teacher, Mathilde Marchesi, whose salon in Paris was long a musical center of

extraordinary inspiration, and among whose other pupils were Calvé, Melba, Sibyl Sanderson, and Etelka Gerster.

A PROTÉGÉE OF GOUNOD

It was while she was a pupil of Mme. Marchesi that the young American vocalist met Charles Gounod, then an old man of seventy-one, wearing, with a serene and gentle dignity, the laurels of his well-won fame. Gounod admired intensely the voice and also the earnest purpose of the new aspirant for operatic honors. He watched her working, working, working, with indomitable energy—studying difficult scores, learning the secrets of voice-production, and mastering dramatic action, diction, and the languages which a singer must know well before she can satisfy the critical audience of the world's great opera-houses.

Her incessant work brought her a swift reward. After only two years of study her teachers declared her ready to blossom forth as a prima donna, and Gounod himself arranged her Parisian début, selecting her for the rôle of *Juliette* in his own opera, in which part she replaced that marvelous singer, Adelina Patti.

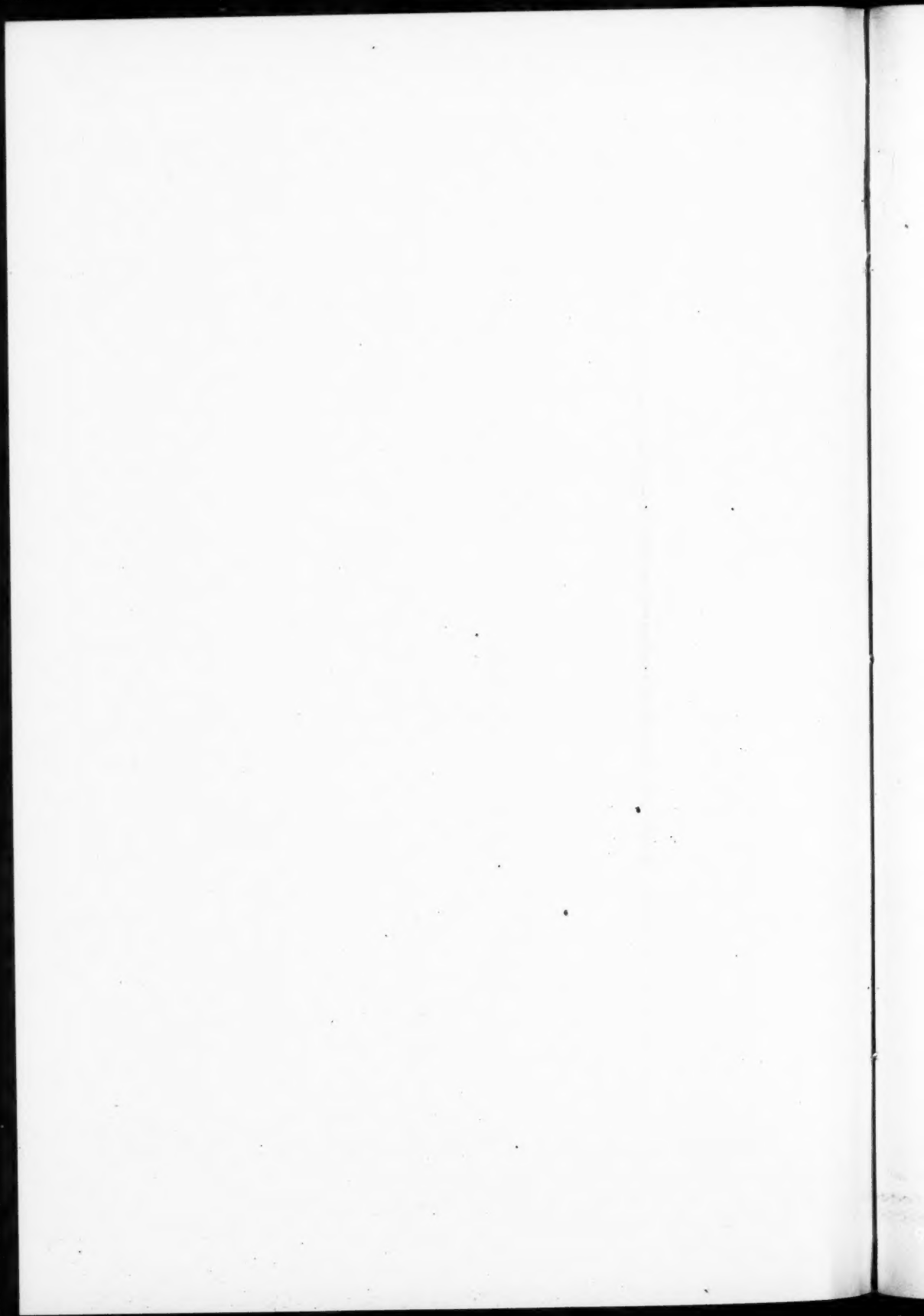
Her success was instantaneous. For two years she sang in Paris, and then she made her first appearance in London at Covent Garden, in 1891, coming to New York in the same year.

MME. EAMES'S REPERTORY

In recent years Mme. Eames has sung only a limited number of rôles during



EMMA EAMES, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA
From her latest photograph—copyright, 1907, by Falk, New York



the operatic seasons in New York—the principal ones being *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Aida*, *Floria Tosca*, *Elsa* in *Lohengrin*, and *Elisabeth* in "Tannhäuser"; yet it remains true that her repertory is a wide and varied one. Here again her belief in the virtue of hard work is clearly seen. Many prima donnas think it sufficient to have mastered the scores of half a dozen operas; and, indeed, the acquisition of so many parts is a task of tremendous difficulty. But Mme. Eames has a much longer list of characters of which she is mistress, and some of which she herself created—*Colombe* in Saint-Saëns's "Ascanio"; *Zaire* in the opera of that name by De la Nux; and *Giselle* in the masterpiece of César Franck.

Besides the characters already mentioned, she has sung also in "Otello," as the *Contessa* in "Le Nozze di Figaro," in "Falstaff," as *Michaela* in "Carmen," in "Werther," in "The Light of Asia," in "Il Ballo in Maschera," and in several of the Wagnerian operas. She is as well known in Madrid and Monte Carlo as in London and New York; everywhere she is in demand as a concert-singer; and unquestionably she stands in the very front rank of modern vocalists.

Her success is due, as has been said, to her natural gifts, to her patient and unceasing effort, and not least to the noble conception of her art which she received under the influence of Gounod. To her, as to him, "music is the one divine language upon earth," and to interpret all its subtleties the artist must be sincere.

"Sing a part as you feel it," the great

Parisian master was wont to say to her. "Do not sing it as I say / I feel it, but be in it yourself."

THE GIFTS OF A GREAT SINGER

And Mme. Eames has never lost the inspiration of this precept. She has always been herself, classic in the serene and glorious splendor of her voice; and classic also in the regal beauty of her face and form. Her singing resembles the acting of the Théâtre Français. It is grandly simple in its perfect art. It has none of the tricks, the forced effects, the ephemeral devices to win a purely popular applause; but by its conformity to the great traditions of the nobler music it masters at once the senses and the soul. Her voice is of a golden *timbre*, the fit expression of a strong and appealing personality. Her face is one which indicates both tenderness and power—an irresistible combination. Her figure has stateliness and grace. Her hair is dark; her eyes are blue. As *Marguerite* or as *Juliette*, she makes an impression not to be forgotten. There is but one other American singer—Mme. Nordica—who can claim equal rank with her in the golden world of opera.

One could wish that Massenet would compose a "Phèdre" after the manner of his famous orchestral introduction to Racine's great drama of that name, and that Mme. Eames would consent to create the title-rôle. Her wonderfully classic spirit, her purity of voice, and her grandly imposing presence would find their truest and altogether perfect expression in a character like this, and in such music as Massenet would give her to interpret.

THE HEART-BEAT OF A CITY

EACH day the living tide throbs in and out—
A rush of human atoms to and fro;
Some carry healing—health and hope and truth—
And some a secret poison, as they go.
Some feed the hungry veins through which they pour,
And unto life bring new life—flame to flame;
While others, ruled by wolfish passions, rend
The very heart whence their own being came.
In love and hate these fluent atoms strive,
Flung back and forth by Time's insistent breath;
For weal or wo the fitful torrent runs—
The blood that gives the city life—or death!

Herbert N. Casson

LIGHT VERSE

WAYSIDE WEATHER

WHEN whipping winds and russet leaves
Dance down the brush-lined autumn
highways,
When thin smoke curls from chimneyed
eaves,
And woodcocks drum in woodland
byways,
My pack is slung, my fire is laid,
My staff and I fare forth together
Where blithe birds greet in serenade
The glory of the wayside weather.

A tankard on the smoke-etched wall,
A pipe beside the fire together,
And, on the morn, the high-road's call
Through shrill winds to the wayside
weather!

Hilltop to hilltop sweeps untrod—
The hedges flame with tiger-lilies;
Far fields glow bright in goldenrod—
The dancing brook in tuneful trill is.
And, on the gnarled foot-bridge above,
Song leaps to lip, all grief recanting;
Snatches of lyric lays of love;
Then on to vistas more enchanting!

A whistle and a song afloat,
A good jest and a smile together,
A sturdy stride, if tattered coat—
Vagabonds all, 'tis wayside weather!

This acorned slope sights o'er the sea
To sun-flecked sails and rowlocks
glancing!
This crossroads bonfire licks in glee
The gay pied leaves, and sets them
dancing.
Below the cliff, still pipe-smoke curls
Behind a team of plodding dapples.
And, down the orchard, farmer girls
Smile back o'er heaps of russet apples.

The autumn's thin haze on the hill,
Red blood — come, slip convention's
tether!
Fling wide the door, and flute a trill
To greet the golden wayside weather!

So, when the red disk of the sun
Sinks o'er the edge of far morasses,
And dim, cold stars, the dusk begun,
Sparkle above the highland passes;

The high-road dips to earth again.
A cabined light blinks promise cheery,
Where mug and pipe and glad refrain
Of comradeship await the weary.

An ankle-toasting, soulful blaze,
A chimney bench, an hour together,
A white bead after weary ways—
Comrades, I pledge you—wayside weather!
William R. Benét

THE ROMANY ROAD

WE'RE on the road again, my lad,
And, ah! the world is wide!
And naught to halt us on the way,
As out into the golden day
Right merrily we ride.

Oh, love is bold and sweet, my lad,
And, oh! the world is fair!
Life has no greater gift or gain
Than you beside my bridle-rein,
Your roses in my hair!

Then ride we swift and far, my lad,
For, oh! you ride with me!
And life is long and love is sweet,
And while our hearts together beat,
Long may the journey be!

Seddie Powers Wright

THE WHITE BIRCH

A LITTLE birch bent to itself in a stream
And sighed, "If I'm beautiful, how
shall I know?
No one will ever come to the wood,
No one will ever tell me so."

Two lovers strayed through that silent way;
The laugh that sounded their full-blown
joy
Echoing played on the solitude—
A lissom lass and a stripling boy.

Thrilled was his soul too deep for speech,
But he cried, as he saw it: "So unto me
Art thou, heart's beloved, in mystic grace
As this little perfect birchen tree!"

And the little birch sighed:
"I am satisfied!"

Edith Waller

FAME

"GREAT king," the poet cried, his rebec
stringing,
"Thy name shall live forever—through my
singing!"

"Poor fool," the king replied, "that lie is
hoary;
Thy songs may live—because they chant my
glory!"

So each, the sword or zither glorifying,
In turn proclaimed his work alone undying;

And while their wordy warfare shook the
rafter,
Old Time stood by and held his sides for
laughter!

Arthur Guiterman

BACKWARD AND FORWARD

ONE old lady kept a sighing;
Said she wasn't young,
Didn't look as sweet's she used to,
Times were all unstrung;
Troubles doubled aches, and favors
Went a flying past,
Wrinkles stung like thorns, and eyesight
Kept a failing fast.

One old lady kept a saying
Life was like the spring,
Brighter blossoms always coming,
Birds around to sing;
Troubles came—and went; she let 'em,
Didn't count the throng.
Thanked the Lord 'most every morning
She'd been young so long!

Jessie M. Shaw

IF

"IF ours were a world of romance,
A land of purple and gold,
With a garden abloom in tassel and plume,
Would you woo like a gallant of old?"

If ours were a world of romance,
I'd come with a lilt and a lute,
And you'd be the maid of the best serenade
That e'er won for a lover his suit.

"If life were only a feasting,
A revel of mirth and of glee,
Would you give up a bit of the pleasure of it,
For a girl who is something like me?"

If life were only a feasting
And only a goblet were mine,
I'd look in your eyes, that are blue as the
skies,
And pledge you my goblet of wine.

"If I were a fairy princess,
A wizard of mystery you,
With a sorcery bland and a magical wand,
Pray tell me just what would you do?"

If you were the fairy princess,
I'd conjure the alchemist's star,
And work a charm then beyond wizardry's
ken—
And change you to just what you are!

William F. McCormack

TO MARS

PLANET, which lately brushed our door-
yard gate,
We long to know what nature and estate;
The wonders of your climate; what controls
Your middle zones; how frigid are your
poles;

Your people, whom we wish to greet as
"pals,"—
And the full reason of your vast canals.
Do you have "graft" and dirty politics,
Elections full of our own horrid tricks?

Are your conditions what we've ciphered
out?
Of weight, and speed, what we have talked
about?

Are you disturbed in national affairs
By wicked trusts and grasping millionaires?
Have you a Bible, mercifully given,
To take your people to some future heaven?

Or is it true your Adam had no fall,
And, therefore, they will never die at all?

'Tis curious to think of all these things,
And many more untold imaginings;
But till there comes a telegraphic line
Through ether, how can we the truth divine?

And still, of all the planets and the stars,
We hold thee our best neighbor, glorious
Mars.

It may be, when we pass from life on earth
That on your surface we shall have new
birth.

And reach your realms with joy and sweet
surprise,
Under an arch of peerless azure skies.

Joel Benton

NARCISSUS

NARCISSUS, peering on a pool,
Into his image fell.
But who is not the self-same fool
When flattery's the well?

Witter Bynner

THE WORLD AND THE WOMAN*

A STORY OF WASHINGTON TO-DAY

BY RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF A GIRL"

XXII

SENATOR DENBY brought his two friends early. He had told them that Mrs. Macross had none of the "fine lady" about her. She gave her friends their dinner at a Christian hour. Half past six was late for dinner in his home city, and seven the ultimate expression of formality.

"I said seven. I feel sure," Mrs. Macross reassured them. "Seven is certainly late enough. My mother used to tell me that in her day nobody thought of dining after five. Didn't I say seven? I know I meant to."

"You didn't put in any hour," answered her guest, Mrs. Farrell.

Mrs. Macross looked conscience-stricken.

"Then I suppose the rest of the people will come straggling in whenever they see fit. You'll forgive me, won't you? You see, I've been away from Washington so long that I keep forgetting things have changed here since I was a girl."

She took Mrs. Farrell's measure at a glance.

"We'll have time for a chat, anyway," she went on. "That will be one advantage, even if dinner is spoiled by my stupidity. The worst fault I find with Washington these days is that one never has a chance to talk to anybody. People come in just the instant before dinner and rush off the moment it's over. We used to think that wasn't quite good manners."

"We consider it etiquette in our city

to arrive fifteen minutes before dinner," observed Mrs. Farrell; "and certainly we never 'eat and run,' as we say."

"That has always seemed to me so much the nicer way," said Mrs. Macross. "Senator Denby tells me your city has grown out of all recollection since I was there twenty years ago. Is it really so much changed?"

Mrs. Farrell launched on a description of her home; Mrs. Macross recalled stopping there on her wedding-journey. Mrs. Farrell had been to Egypt and the Holy Land on her wedding-journey, and under Mrs. Macross's sympathy she retailed her adventures, appealing to her husband from time to time. Was it at Gibraltar or at Genoa that they had met the English clergyman who had lived in Simla? Mr. Farrell believed they had met him in Genoa, but when his wife recalled this and that he could not be quite sure. It might have been at Gibraltar. They bought the lace, he remembered, at Gibraltar. Mrs. Farrell found it most curious that his memory should lead him so far astray. The lace was bought in Malta, and it was at Gibraltar that he had lost his umbrella. They talked freely and easily, enjoying themselves.

Senator Denby whispered to Lindsley, and she followed him up the stairs to the room which had been her grandfather's study.

"You owe me something, young lady," he said, as he seated himself before the fire. "I've worked over it mighty hard, and I wouldn't have done it for anybody else on earth."

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"And the President is really going to send him?" she asked, delighted.

"Yes," said the Senator. "Beauchamp's going. If he doesn't know enough when he comes back to make the forests of this country lay over anything they've got in Europe, I wash my hands of him."

"It's so good of you, Senator," Lindsley said. "I—mother and Mrs. Beauchamp and everybody will be so pleased, and Mr. Beauchamp will be so surprised. You'll never tell anybody I asked you to have him appointed, will you?"

"Never," said the Senator. He held out his hand and she laid hers in it. "I'm glad I could do it for you," he said. "Beauchamp has always impressed me as rather a—well, a dudish sort of person; but if you're his champion he's welcome to anything I can get for him."

"You're just the best friend I ever had!" she cried.

"Better than Beauchamp?" he asked, eying her shrewdly.

Lindsley laughed.

"Oh, Mr. Beauchamp and I quarrel continually," she said, a little hastily. "I wanted to get this for him just to show him a girl can do something."

"But if he doesn't know you did it—"

Lindsley pressed his hand and drew her own away.

"That's the best part," she said. "I'll always have it for a secret with you. He's so lordly at times, you know."

"I thought the young ladies liked that air of his," said the Senator thoughtfully.

"Humph!" said Lindsley.

"I reckon he's a fine fellow, though," said the Senator.

"I suppose so," Lindsley answered, with elaborate carelessness.

"You'll sing for us after dinner, won't you?" asked Denby, dismissing Beauchamp. "You don't know how I enjoy hearing you sing."

"I'll do anything I possibly can for you," said the girl. "You've been so good to me!"

The Senator rose abruptly and walked across the room. For a moment he stood looking up at her grandfather's portrait. Lindsley was watching happy pictures in the fire.

"Your grandfather was the ideal of

my early days," he said. "He was the corner-stone of the party in which I'm a small brick. When I used to read of him, I never dreamed that some day his granddaughter would do me the honor to call me her best friend. It means a great deal to me." He came back to her beside the fire. "Did it ever occur to you that I'm a very lonely old man, Lindsley?" he asked.

She looked up at him quickly.

"How absurd it is of you to call yourself old!" she said. "Old! Why, somebody called you, the other day, the youngster of the Senate."

"I am fifty-four," he said. "Isn't that old?"

"I sha'n't feel that I'm more than merely past my first youth when I'm fifty-four—and a woman is always so much older than a man."

He looked down at her as she sat in the low chair beside him, her fluffy white skirts tinged with the glow of the fire-light.

"But I'm mighty lonely sometimes," he said.

"You needn't be lonely, I'm sure," she said. "You have so many friends, so many—"

"It isn't friends I want," he interrupted. "I want you. You don't know how much I want you, little girl. I don't feel old when I think of you. I feel like a boy."

Lindsley rose to her feet, wide-eyed.

"I want you for my wife, Lindsley," he went on. "We've been good friends—can't we be something nearer? I didn't mean to frighten you, child. You must have seen—"

"Why, Senator, I never thought—" she faltered.

"I've startled you by speaking too soon. I didn't mean to when I came to-night, but I couldn't help it. I'll give you all the time you want to think it over. I ought to have waited, but I couldn't wait, Lindsley. You shall have all the time you want. I'm not such a bad sort of an old fellow. I think you can trust yourself to me, and I love you with all my heart. I haven't a soul on earth belonging—"

The quick step of a maid sounded in the corridor.

"Mrs. Macross is waiting for you and

Senator Denby, Miss Lindsley," she said, without raising her eyes.

She stood aside to let them pass and followed them down-stairs.

XXIII

MRS. MACROSS and her guests were already in the second drawing-room. They moved toward the wide folding doors of the dining-room without set order of precedence, but Mrs. Macross's lameness was very apparent. It seemed natural that General Bleeker should give her his arm. He had been nearest her in the drawing-room. The service he rendered her, and the necessity for it, were less painfully noticeable when the seating at table was accomplished speedily.

General Bleeker sat at her right and Mrs. Breck at her left. Mrs. Breck was no stickler for precedence, and Mrs. Macross's flush spoke of sensitiveness. Mrs. Breck felt that the delay of a more formal finding of places would have given painful emphasis to the hostess's deformity; and Senator Denby, her neighbor on the left, was a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Admiral Bleeker forgot the dignity of the navy in Mrs. Wilson's quaint charm. Even Mrs. Bleeker felt that no social law had been violated. In a household made up of mother and daughter only certain questions may well be waived. She was a kindly woman, and the deference of the Farrells pleased her. The unpleasantness they had remembered so many years had faded from her mind long before. She perceived the Farrells to be persons of importance in their own provincial city, and she foresaw pleasure in their future acquaintance.

Mrs. Macross, glancing about the table, saw that she had not blundered, but the scent of the flowers oppressed her.

Denby could catch only occasional glimpses of Lindsley's face across the table. She was much more silent than usual, and this pleased Mrs. Bleeker's somewhat old-fashioned fancy. Denby was sorry that he had distressed her so inopportunely. She seemed so young, so frail, as she sat with her head slightly bent. Thinking of her, watching her, there was more the tenderness of the father in his love than the passion of the lover. He yearned to shelter her, to save

her from every rough wind. In order to put her at her ease, he talked more than was his custom.

General Bleeker unbent under the influence of the good dinner. Macross had been a rascal, but Mrs. Macross had the look of a woman who has endured with dignity. He began to regret that his wife had not added her name to her visiting-list earlier in the season, and his eyes telegraphed his state of mind to Mrs. Bleeker.

"You are settled in Washington permanently now, I suppose?" he said to Mrs. Macross.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Macross. "It's been so pleasant coming back!"

Mrs. Bleeker sighed.

"I can't bear to think of leaving," she said. "Of course, we're going to a delightful place, but I really did hope we should be able to stay here till the general retires."

"She has tried to persuade me to add five years to my age," said the general. "I don't think it's a wish to hurry me to my grave, though."

"No," smiled his wife. "It's my cut-glass punch-bowl. It has been miraculously preserved from destruction so many times that I can't expect it to escape another moving. It's the only wedding-present I have left, and I cling to it as a souvenir of my lost youth."

"I should wrap it up and carry it in my arms," suggested Mrs. Breck.

"I did that once with a fruit-bowl, and the general sat on it. Never marry an army-man, Miss Macross, unless your nature craves nothing more perishable than Navajo blankets!"

"I promise," said Lindsley, "not to propose to one."

"And don't marry a navy man," said Mrs. Breck, "until a course in packing is included in the Annapolis curriculum. When the admiral was on the Chinese station I went about telling every one what lovely porcelains and ivories he was going to bring me. I even bought plate-racks and cabinets. What do you think the man did? Why, he packed one whole crate of the loveliest things, and then put in a brick from the Great Wall of China! The heathen never dreamed of razing the way that brick did. And he said—"

"Oh, dear me!" said the admiral.

"Please don't tell what I said. The crime was awful enough as it was!"

"He said," Mrs. Breck went on resolutely, "that he thought the other things would come safer with the brick to hold them down."

"Well, the brick came safely," said the admiral.

The dinner had advanced to the point when laughter comes easily.

"I think I must introduce a bill for the investigation of Annapolis," said Senator Denby. "No man ought to be allowed to graduate who can't prove that he knows how to pack. It's an outrageous state of affairs!"

"Hasn't Congress about all the investigating on hand already that it can attend to?" said Farrell heavily.

"Oh, we're always ready to stop anything we may be doing to oblige the ladies," said Denby.

"Especially if they're the W. C. T. U.," said Mrs. Bleeker. "You don't mind a bit what the army thinks so long as you can keep the W. C. T. U. in a good temper."

"The W. C. T. U.," said the general, "must not be offended if we don't call them ladies. They don't give themselves the title, and when they meddle with a thing like the army canteen they don't deserve it."

"I don't wonder you feel that way," said Denby. "I haven't met an army man who didn't. I think the tendency of the time is toward a great deal more meddling in every direction than is desirable. A lady came to me to-day to ask me to introduce a bill making all the colleges in the country coeducational. I don't believe I succeeded in convincing her in the least that the thing wasn't feasible. She insisted that Congress ought to do something."

Ready smiles went round again.

"I always supposed Congress could do anything it chose," said Mrs. Wilson. "I was frightfully disappointed when I found we couldn't do anything to the Czar for the way the Jews have been treated in Russia. It shook my faith in Uncle Sam."

"And Uncle Sam was very politely snubbed," said Mrs. Bleeker. "That ought to have taught the country to mind its own business; but it didn't. Only the

other day somebody wanted me to sign a petition to ask Congress to protest to the King of Iberia about the way he's treated his colony."

"Well, the petition would have been wasted," said Denby. "We never meant to mix in that matter. There'll be a change in things now over there, anyway."

"And why will there?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Why," said Denby, "didn't you see the evening papers? The King of Iberia died this morning."

Mrs. Macross's wine-glass was half raised to her lips. She held it rigidly. The King of Iberia was dead! She seemed to be holding her glass so for hours. The King of Iberia was dead!

"That will be hard on the people who have held concessions under him," said Farrell. "There'll be a general turning-out under his son. He's said to be a high-minded man."

Mrs. Macross's wine-glass slipped from her fingers. It seemed a long time before it reached the table and spilled its contents on the cloth. The King of Iberia was dead!

"We met him once at Kiel," said Mrs. Breck. "He really is a delightful fellow. The old king was a miserable-looking old wretch."

And he was dead!

"It must be hard to be a king," said Mrs. Wilson.

It was so hard that it had killed the King of Iberia. The man servant wiped away the spilled wine deftly and noiselessly. His hand looked like Brewster's hand out in Gordonsville. Mrs. Macross heard everything. She listened as if she were committing each trivial speech to memory. They were talking about kings. There seemed a great deal to say about kings. She spoke of kings, too, but she could not hear her own words. They laughed at a story of Breck's about the King of Cambodia.

After dinner the men brought their cigars into the drawing-room. Lindsley sang. Her voice was a little more throaty than usual, with a quiver of embarrassment in it.

"It was a lovely dinner, mother," she said.

Mrs. Macross looked up. The room

was empty. She did not remember saying good night to any one.

"Everything was perfect," Lindsley went on. "Once I thought you looked rather nervous. How nice it is to have people come who don't notice when you happen to drop something! Don't you remember how everybody jumped up and made a fuss when I spilled the coffee at Mrs. Van Arsdale's out in Gordonsville? Here in Washington—really, unless hot soup went down somebody's back, nobody would even stop talking!" She did not look at her mother. Something held her back from the confidence she was eager to give.

"I am very tired," said Mrs. Macross. "I think I had better go straight to bed. I think I had better go straight to bed," she repeated.

Lindsley put her arm about her waist and they went up together. At the head of the stairs they separated. Lindsley kissed her mother shyly, and went into her own room.

Her cheeks burned. Senator Denby—she felt so sorry—so very sorry—but she forgot that in her delight at Beauchamp's appointment. It would mean so much to him—the first real recognition of his service to the country, and he was never to know to whom he owed the mission. Senator Denby had been so kind!

She heard her mother go into the study. Poor, dear old gentleman; but he wouldn't mind, he couldn't mind greatly. Middle-aged people couldn't feel quite as—as a man of Beauchamp's age.

She undressed slowly, but she could not go to bed. She sat by the fire, watching the happy pictures again. The room seemed chilly. Her mother was still in the study. They had not had their usual talk that evening. Perhaps now it would be easier to tell about Senator Denby. Her mother ought to know, and she could arrange it so that the dear, kind friend need not be hurt.

Lindsley slipped into the corridor and turned the knob of the study-door. Mrs. Macross was standing before the fire. The floor was littered with papers. Lindsley saw her hand raising something to her lips. The red letters of the label on it stood out as if blood-stained. The horror of her mother's face blinded the girl.

"Mother!" she cried, springing to her. "Mother!"

She caught Mrs. Macross's rigid arm and drew it down, wrenching the bottle from her.

"Oh, mother!" she cried again in agonized certainty. "Why did you have that?"

Mrs. Macross threw up her arms with a great cry. Lindsley's eyes stared at the name on the bill lying on the nearest chair.

"I can't face them!" Mrs. Macross cried. "They're everywhere. I can't get rid of them. I had to do it!"

Lindsley caught her and held her.

"Do you mean—we can't pay—we haven't money?"

Mrs. Macross began to sob helplessly. The girl half carried her to the sofa, and knelt beside her, holding her. A great trembling seized the encircling arms.

"Do you mean—haven't we money? Haven't we had any since we came?" Lindsley whispered, her lips dry. "I never guessed—I never thought. Tell me, mother, you must tell me. They're bills, and we haven't any money?"

Mrs. Macross shook convulsively.

"Tell me, mother—oh, I must know! I must know what made you have that."

"Everything's gone—the king died—it was all lost then—that was the last."

Mrs. Macross's voice had the shrinking note of a terrified child in it. She clung to the girl.

"We didn't have anything when we came?" Lindsley spoke to herself rather than to her mother. "Oh, yes, I know! We sold the house. I ought to have known, but I didn't think—"

A sudden desperate calm came to Mrs. Macross for a moment.

"I couldn't let you stay out there in Gordonsville. I thought the money would last longer—I thought—it's all gone, Lindsley—it's all gone—we can't pay!"

She fell to sobbing again childishly. Lindsley brought her something in a glass. The girl was not trembling now.

"Drink this, dear," she said. She spoke as a mother speaks to a frightened child. The recollection of her mother's lifted hand struck her again like a blow. "You did it all for me, and I never knew!" she cried. "Oh, mother, why have you shut me out? Hush!" she

whispered a moment later. "It's Lindsley, mother. It's your little girl who loves you. You weren't going to leave her—you were just frightened for a moment. Oh, mother, I won't let you go again!"

The comfort of her voice pierced Mrs. Macross's despair.

"You were just frightened and alone," the girl went on. "You've always been alone. I've never been near you. You've treated me always as if I were a child—don't shut me out ever again!"

She patted her mother's head lying against her shoulder.

"You'll never be alone again. I'm not a child. I'm a woman, too. There, there!"

She was rocking gently back and forth.

Mrs. Macross found words after a time, but sobs broke them as she spoke. The whole story made itself plain to the girl, and an agony of self-reproach wrung her. All this sacrifice for her! She saw back into the years of her childhood. All those years for her—and she had never lightened one burden—never even come near enough to understand—never stopped to think.

"I didn't dare tell you," Mrs. Macross said. "I didn't dare. It was all so wrong."

Lindsley stopped the trembling lips with a kiss.

"I love you, mother," she said. "Oh, didn't you ever guess how much I've always loved you? There was always something that came between us. There's nothing now, and there's nothing wrong. I love you—my dear—I love you so!" Her mind went back to the bills littering the floor. "We must think it all out now, dear," she said. "We can't wait. It's only money we have to think of now, and we must see what we can do."

Her voice was quiet now and deep with earnestness. Her face had taken on a new look of womanliness. Lindsley was beautiful.

"There is not much we can sell," she went on practically. "But I learned at school something of business. I know we must manage somehow, so that instead of owing a great many people here and there a little, we shall owe it all to some one person."

A sudden thought hushed her for a moment. In that instant she put away from her something that her awakened love for her mother had taught her.

"We have one very good friend in Washington," she said slowly—"Senator Denby. I can go to him with this just as readily as I could go to my own father—and I think father would want me to do it."

She looked up at her father's portrait as to a shrine. The bitterness of death was in the look for Mrs. Macross. There would never be need for excusing, for covering the wreck of a shattered idol with a mantle of love in Lindsley's adoration of her father. Mrs. Macross did not speak.

"Senator Denby will help us," Lindsley said. She turned her head away for a moment, and then met her mother's eyes calmly. "Senator Denby has asked me to be his wife," she said.

Mrs. Macross rose to her feet.

"I can't bear that!" she cried. "That old man! You shall not do that, Lindsley."

Lindsley was smiling. The look of Bob Macross's portrait was strong in her face.

"But I want to, mother," she said. "You won't let pride stand between me and my happiness, will you?"

Mrs. Macross caught her by the shoulders.

"It can't be!" she said. "It can't be! He is so old, child. There is another—"

"There is nobody else for me, mother," Lindsley said. "There never can be. Hush, dearest! Why, you won't mind dear Senator Denby knowing and helping us. He will be so glad to do it. He has the kindest heart in the world."

"But do you love him? Don't think of anything but that. Do you love him?"

Lindsley drew her mother's head to her shoulder.

"Yes, dearest," she said, "I love him very dearly."

XXIV

MRS. MACROSS slept the dreamless sleep of exhaustion. Lindsley sat beside her, leaning against the old-fashioned walnut of the bed's head. They had talked long; and even after Mrs. Macross closed her eyes her hand still clung

to Lindsley's. Now it lay relaxed on the counterpane, and Lindsley bent over to tuck it beneath the covers.

The two women had changed places. The burden was Lindsley's now, and in the strength of her newly awakened womanhood it did not oppress her. She had hit upon their one way of escape. She was scarcely conscious of having made a sacrifice. Marriage, to her, was as remote, as impossible to realize, as death. Senator Denby had always been so kind that she did not shrink from the thought of going to him for help. A great terror of the world lay on her, and with him she would be safe.

Mrs. Macross had accepted Lindsley's plan gratefully, if anything so definite as gratitude could take shape in the chaos of her brain. The girl's happiness would be safe with the Senator. She was glad that her daughter had chosen so wisely. She possessed the bitter wisdom of the woman who has married for love and seen love unmask. For Lindsley, if there were no romance, there would be no disillusionment. There would always be kindness and consideration. There would be comfort and—money. These things, she felt, make more for happiness in the end than the passion of youth.

The thought of Lindsley's secure future had driven out the thought of her own desperate situation. It had not seemed to her that Lindsley was accepting Senator Denby for her sake, after the first moment. It was such a marriage as she had wished for her daughter. She slept like a child.

Lindsley wondered that her mother could sleep. In the half-light of the low-turned gas Mrs. Macross's face was placid, yet it bore a look of infinite fatigue. It was strange, unreal, touched with the mystery of Death's twin brother, Sleep.

Lindsley felt alone. Somewhere in the house a clock struck four. She could remember being awake at that hour only once before. At Twin Oaks she had wakened before day, and had lain smiling into the dark, remembering Harry Beauchamp's look as they walked up from the gate.

She got up and went into the study. The letter to Senator Denby must be written at once. Her mother had borne

this agony so long. She must bear it no longer—her little mother, so gentle, so exquisite, so unselfish! Lindsley did not hesitate over the words of her note.

"Dear Senator Denby," she wrote, "will you please come to me as soon as you can? We are in very great trouble."

It was still scarcely light in the gray white of the winter morning when she let herself out at the front door and carried the letter to the mail-box across the street.

There was a light in Henry Beauchamp's window. He was often at his desk early, she knew, writing for hours before breakfast. To-day would be a memorable day for him. He would have the news of his unexpected appointment—and he would want to come to tell her. Of late he had told her so many of his plans and ambitions. She had meant, of course, to let him know, some time, how she had first guessed that he had set his heart on the mission. She had meant to tell him, some time, how she had asked Senator Denby to— A greater chill than the chill of the frosty morning fell on her. A sob swelled up in her throat, and she crept back into the house, shivering.

Her mother had not stirred. Lindsley went into the study and lay down on the sofa. Her father's eyes—brave, fearless—looked down on her. She, too, was a Macross. She was Colonel Macross's daughter, and she would keep his name from any stain. An agony of self-reproach swept over her at the thought. She seemed to be defending her mother against the look of reproach in her father's eyes. The poor little mother had not been to blame. She had done it all for his daughter. There was nothing wrong. But in the gray of the morning Lindsley's love for her father was the adoration of a worshiper for an idol. She loved her mother as a mother loves a child—blindly, unquestioningly.

She met the Senator quite calmly when he came. The note had reached him at the Capitol during the morning hour, and he had come at once. Lindsley looked so white that his first impulse was to take her in his arms, but he merely shook her hand.

"Now, come sit down over here and tell me what the trouble is," he said. "You don't know how honored I feel

that you should send for me. What is it, little girl?"

There was nothing in his look to repel her confidence. She spoke like a child confessing a fault.

"I have made my mother spend a great deal more money than we could afford," she said. "I didn't realize how much the things I wanted cost, and I didn't know how little we had. Poor mother tried to get more by speculating. I don't understand exactly how it was, but she was doing it all for me, and she lost everything."

The Senator sat silent, watching her closely. Ugly stories of Washington, ugly experiences of his life, flashed into his mind. He saw Lindsley's lip quiver. This was no scheming adventuress. He humbled himself instantly for the thought. This was the dear child he wanted for his own. He took her hand and patted it. She had told the story so simply that he made his reply as simple.

"Well," he said, "you know I am a rich man. We can fix that easily enough. I shall be glad to do it."

Lindsley turned to him, her eyes bright.

"Oh, will you, really?" she said. "It's a great deal of money. I thought it would be better to owe it all to one person. We have the lease of this house, and I have some pearls my grandmother left me, and mother has some rings. That would pay part of it back, and the rest—" She broke off vaguely. She had not thought out the details of any plan. Instinct had led her to Denby.

"How much is it?" the Senator asked, his voice husky with pity for her childish eagerness.

Lindsley told him the amount. She had gone over the bills carefully with her mother, and Mrs. Macross had kept nothing back.

"Why, that's not much," said Denby. "The lease of the house"—he was guarding against her future realization of the favor she was asking—"the lease of the house can be disposed of to cover a good part of it. You have the place for a year, and it will not be at all difficult to find some one to take it if it's put into the right hands. When that's done you won't owe as much as half the people in

town do; and I'll attend to the whole thing."

Lindsley leaned her tired head against his shoulder, and began to cry softly.

"I was so frightened!" she said.

The Senator made no move to draw her to him. He felt dimly that she was scarcely conscious of his presence, but she leaned upon him for support. He did not even attempt to stop her tears. They told him more of the strain of the long night than any words could. He reconstructed for himself the scene at the dinner-table, and he guessed what Mrs. Macross's "speculations" were. He guessed, too, where she had obtained her information, and how. It was a bold game, and she had played it well.

Unconsciously, won by the kindness of his silence, the strength of his presence, Lindsley sobbed out the story of her mother's lifted arm in the study. She clung to him in terror at the recollection. That was the way Franklyn Lindsley's daughter would meet defeat. No half-way measure for her—she would pay with her life!

"But that's all over now, little girl," said Denby. "It's all plain sailing from now on. Come, don't cry any more! I can't have those pretty eyes spoiled by tears. You and your mother have got me now to take care of you. God knows the country owes you a man, after taking your father."

"I thought about father last night," Lindsley said slowly. "It seemed as if he wanted me to go to you. I think"—she paused, and drew away—"I think he'll be glad to have me marry you."

The Senator's heart leaped up and sank. He scarcely dared speak.

"Are you sure you want to marry me?"

"Yes," said Lindsley.

The Senator raised her hand and kissed it.

"This—this trouble hasn't influenced you, has it?" he asked, fearful of her answer.

Lindsley spoke the truth. Indeed, she seemed to be speaking rather to herself than to him.

"Yes," she said, "it has. I think it has made me older. If nothing had happened, perhaps I shouldn't have wanted to marry anybody—not for a long time, at least. I didn't think much about the

future. Girls don't, except in a far-off, fairy-tale sort of way. Until this happened, I didn't know what a comfort it could be to have somebody care for me—somebody I could go to with all my troubles—somebody who would be good and kind, like you," she finished.

There was no reserve in her eyes, only a deep and abiding faith.

"And don't you love me at all?" he asked, his voice trembling.

Lindsley's answer was from her heart.

"I am quite sure I do," she said.

"There is nobody else in the world I could have thought of going to."

A little quiver played about her lips again. He bent over and kissed her.

"I'll do my best to make you happy, child," he said. "You shall never regret it—God helping me!"

He went away proud and exultant—humble, too. He realized all he was asking of Lindsley, and he was glad he had so much to give. An air of youth hung about him. He was guilty of glancing into a shop-window as he passed, to see his reflection. He was not too old for Lindsley. His figure was massive, but well proportioned. The frost of years was in his hair, and the sun of youth in his smile.

He stopped at a florist's, to order flowers. To-day he added a box for Mrs. Macross. For Lindsley he chose white lilacs, and to her mother he sent American Beauties. A little farther down the street he came to a confectioner's, and went in to order bonbons for Lindsley. It was thirty years, he recalled suddenly, since he had sent a girl candy. Lindsley had reminded him, at the beginning, of the girl of long ago. If that early sweetheart had not died, he might have been buying candy for her daughter now. He had scarcely thought of her for years, but now he remembered that she had been fond of chocolate creams, and passing over *marrons glacés*, he chose chocolate creams for Lindsley.

He swung on with a lighter step, and found himself bashful as a boy when he realized that he was entering a jeweler's. He blushed as he bent over a tray of rings. A year ago—three months ago—he would have bought the largest of diamonds; now he asked for the finest, the purest white.

"And what is the size of the ring to be?" the salesman asked.

The Senator turned very red indeed. He had not thought of that. He must ask Lindsley. Her fingers were so slight, so white, so helpless-looking!

The diamonds seemed crudely brilliant. They recalled episodes with which he could not associate Lindsley, and in which he had forgotten the girl of long ago. The matter of the ring, he said, recovering a little of his forensic manner, could be arranged later; and he chose a slender gold chain with a pearl pendant. A little chain was the only gift he had ever given the girl of long ago.

XXV

THE bolt fell as if from a clear sky. There was no premonitory whisper, no hint, no warning note running through the chorus of small talk. The thing was abruptly a dominant chord, and all Washington rang with it. With a wealth of detail inexplicably discovered, the story ran, tossed about at teas, discussed at dinners, laughed over in club smoking-rooms. The back stairs contributed this, the drawing-room added that. Mrs. Macross's secrets were public property. Her house of cards had fallen.

Beauchamp turned into the old street, drawn by instinct. The story had come to him last of all, on his return after a week's absence in the North. All evening he had heard it, and in whatever guise it came he could not but recognize its truth. It was impossible to defend Mrs. Macross. This and this she had done, and all Washington knew it.

He sickened at the sordidness of it, the ugliness, the shame. She had played and lost, or won at the price of Lindsley's future. A hideous story of barter, Beauchamp saw it—one with the other hideous stories in Washington's unpublished annals. Dimly it came to him that his own delay had been criminal. He had stood aside and left Lindsley alone and defenseless. He might have saved her all this. He looked up at the Macross house, drawn to go to her at once and carry her away. The windows were dark. The house had a deserted look, an air of having withdrawn from the sight of society's reversed thumb.

Far in the northeast the night-session beacon showed a giant glowworm on the Capitol dome. The wide avenues clacked with the tap of hoofs and hummed with the whirl of wheels. Across the street, arriving and departing guests appeared and disappeared under a long awning tunnel. A breath of perfume, the scent of furs, floated out from opening carriage-doors. The end of the season was at hand, and the hours of the night were not long enough for the gaiety that must be crowded into them. Carriage-calls roared out. They seemed taunts to the dark and silent house.

Beauchamp had never so hated Washington. Lindsley was prostrate under those rolling carriage-wheels. They were laughing over Lindsley in those lighted rooms, they were bandying Lindsley's name about as they tripped through the awning tunnel.

He turned in at his own door to shut out the cruelty of it. It was still early, and his mother had not yet gone to bed. She was sitting in the library, with a favorite book, and Beauchamp went to her there. He recognized the book as he came into the room. It was "Pepys's Diary." It had been one of his father's favorites, too.

There flashed before him a picture of his mother reading Pepys on another day, long ago, when he was a little boy. He had come in broken-hearted, to fling himself into his mother's arms for sympathy. Then, as now, she was wearing a mauve house-gown with a froth of yellowed lace ruffles down the front. She had said to him, "Be careful, you'll tear my lace"; and now he kissed her on her cheek, as was his custom, and sat down at a little distance.

"Have you heard about the Macrosses?" she asked, laying down her book.

Beauchamp nodded.

"I can't think whatever made her do it," Mrs. Beauchamp went on. "Mrs. Bleeker was here this afternoon, and Mrs. Minton. It's very unpleasant for me." Her tone was one of personal grievance. "I didn't believe it all when Mme. Jennifer told me last week that Marian owed her for that gown Lindsley wore to the Dancing Men's, and ever so much more. I suppose she wanted to find

out from me how Marian's affairs stood, but of course I couldn't tell her. Marian was so indefinite with me. They say she even owes the butcher."

Henry Beauchamp sat motionless, expressionless.

"I don't see how Marian could go on so, after the way she was brought up. They say she really didn't have a thing when she came here—absolutely nothing but her pension and what she got for the place out in Gordonsville. The wife of the Congressman from out there told Mrs. Minton she knew for a fact that the house was sold, and her father's library, too. I should think she'd have wanted to keep that, just from sentiment. I'd never dream of parting with any of your father's books."

Beauchamp leaned forward to poke the fire. The red glow shone on a face set as marble.

"If she'd only told me about it!" Mrs. Beauchamp complained. "It would have been perfectly easy to find places for both of them in some of the departments. I've always heard that there are some very nice people in office. Lindsley draws very well. You could have got her into your bureau, couldn't you? I don't see why, but I suppose Lindsley's engagement to Senator Denby will keep people from talking. He has lots of money, hasn't he? And really he's presentable. I quite like him. I suppose he'll pay off things. It's lucky he came forward at the right minute. I always told you that Marian brought Lindsley here to make a good match for her; but I wish she hadn't stirred up all this talk. I overheard her cook telling our Mary this morning that—"

Beauchamp rose and replaced Pepys on the shelf. He had done the same thing on the day long ago when he had been admonished to be careful of the lace.

"I must run in to-morrow," she went on. "I don't want Marian to think I mean to cut her. Thank goodness, I'm not that narrow! It's frightfully unpleasant, though, and I do think she might have considered her friends a little. It was all bound to come out. I do wonder what *Chats* will have to say about it. They do have such a funny way of dishing things up! Was the engagement announced in the morning

paper? I do wish you'd answer me sometimes, Henry!"

"I didn't see it," said Beauchamp.

"Mrs. Minton said Mrs. Wilson's cousin told her, and Mrs. Warburton asked the Senator point-blank about it, and he admitted it, pleased as Punch. I always think there's nothing in the world quite so silly as a man of that age—are you going to bed, Henry? You look tired."

Beauchamp bent over her and kissed her good night. She held his hand for a moment with a tenderness unusual in her.

"I'm so glad you've never annoyed me by getting talked about!" she said.

"Good night, mother," he said.

"Good night, Henry," she answered. "I do wish you'd give up that silly idea of going abroad! I can't understand at all why you want to be in that bureau, anyway. It seems such a waste of time, and I'm quite sure you're overworking yourself!"

Beauchamp said good night again at the door. He had never failed in deference to his mother, and since that long-ago day he had never gone to her with his heartaches. He closed the door softly behind him and stood in the hall, quivering with pain. This was the way they were tearing Lindsley and her mother to pieces all over Washington to-night, and he could grasp no weapon in defense!

He turned to the stairs, and the soft light from the hall above brought back the picture of the dark and desolate house a stone's throw away. He caught up his hat and coat, and laid his hand on the street-door. Through the glass panel he dimly saw some one ascending the steps. The bell rang, and he opened the door to Wendell.

"I thought you might be up yet," Wendell said. "I was going in across the street when I caught sight of you coming home." He looked into Beauchamp's face, and his pretense of ease failed him. "Going out?" he asked. "All right, I'll go with you."

Beauchamp walked as if he had been alone in a deserted city, and Wendell went with him silently. Where Sixteenth Street crosses Pennsylvania Avenue, Beauchamp stopped and looked uncertainly toward the quarter where his home lay.

"Come on!" he said, and swung off down the avenue.

They turned into Fifteenth Street, and went on toward the south, past the brown-stained pillars of the Treasury. Wendell remembered that they had watched Macross go by that same way. The broad avenue stretched away to their left, a gray path strewn with topaz and ruby and emerald lights. At the far end the dome of the Capitol loomed majestic and dim, touched with the mystery of the night.

They found themselves presently in the wide, treeless sweep of the Monument Grounds. The gigantic needle swam in the moonlight above them. Beauchamp finally broke his silence with a groan of sick disgust.

"Lindsley's mother!" he said. "That sort of a woman!"

Wendell saw his drawn face, white with contempt.

"I won't have that!" he said. "You can't say things like that about her to me!"

"You can't believe they're not true. They're all so—"

"I know they're true," Wendell interrupted hotly, "but I won't hear them from you. Who are you to condemn her? You've been so infernally high-minded all your life—do you think it's been pleasant for her? Do you think a woman like that would play a crooked game if she could help it?"

"No honorable woman would—"

"Oh, your honorable women!" Wendell said furiously. "What do you mean by honor? There are many kinds of honor for a man. There's never been one kind exacted from a woman. Macross has what's honor in a man. He wouldn't cheat. He broke his wife's heart over a Mexican woman—they knew all about it out West before he went into that last fight. He's an honorable man by a man's code, and she's an honorable woman by the code men have made for women. I don't care a snap what she's done!"

The first pain of Beauchamp's disillusionment had passed. In his esteem Mrs. Macross must always remain in the depth to which she had sunk, but he endeavored not to judge her, not to condemn her. He was of the untempted. It was impossible to expect from him more than the formula

of charity. In speaking of her as he had spoken he had offended against his code.

"It all came so suddenly, Bob," he said. "I was a cad to talk like that, but when I think of her being Lindsley's mother—"

"Think about Macross a while."

"I know—I know," said Beauchamp. "It's all hideous."

The display of his wounded fastidiousness angered Wendell.

"Oh, well, you're nicely out of it," he said brutally. "Lucky you didn't marry into a family like that!"

Such rage leaped to Beauchamp's face that Wendell stepped back as if expecting a blow.

"Do you think I'm going to let Denby marry her?" Beauchamp burst out. "Do you think I mean to give her up?" His hoarse voice broke a little. "I love her!" he said. "What do I care for what her mother is? She's—she's Lindsley—and if she doesn't marry me it will be because I'm not good enough."

Wendell seized his hand.

"Good for you!" he said.

Beauchamp struggled to regain his usual self-controlled manner.

"I can't talk about it," he said. Wendell turned his eyes away. Beauchamp touched his arm presently. "Come on, Bob," he said. "I'm going home."

The two friends separated at the door of Wendell's hotel, but Beauchamp tramped on aimlessly. Thought was impossible to him. His mind held only the image of Lindsley and the instinct to fight for her. His veneer of civilization had been dissolved in the heart of his passion. Primitive as his remotest ancestor threatened with the loss of his mate, he walked, hearing nothing, seeing nothing. Anger ran molten through him, and with the gray of the morning it hardened into hot determination.

Daylight brought back the imperative sway of the world. Beauchamp found himself on a hill in the edge of the city, and at the curious glance of a passing marketman he buttoned his coat over his evening dress. The city lay in a cloudy haze below him. At its far edge the tip of the Monument flushed rosy at the first touch of the sun. The silver ribbon of the Potomac, winding down, changed to faintest rose. Beauchamp went down the hill into the city again.

(To be concluded)

A DAY IN SEPTEMBER

WELL I remember that day in September,
 Ever so long ago;
 Leaves of the sumac were red as an ember
 Dying and yet aglow.
 Though time we squandered, think you we pondered
 How many miles we trod,
 Sweetheart, the day when together we wandered
 Gathering goldenrod?
 Stubble of clover glad we trudged over,
 Country lanes rambled through—
 You were a gipsy, and I a glad rover
 Happy to be with you.
 Laughing, we gathered sprigs golden-feathered,
 While, with assurance odd,
 Cupid with love-knots my heart to yours tethered—
 Tethered with goldenrod!
 So strong the tether, life's fitful weather—
 Tempest, and sun, and strife—
 Never can loose it, and still we're together,
 Sweetheart, helpmate, and wife!
 Fervent let's pray, dear, some day we may, dear,
 Feel we're as near to God
 As we once felt on a September day, dear,
 Gathering goldenrod!

Roy Farrell Greene

THE STAGE

LAST month we had something to say about the multiplicity of American plays in London; later advices would seem to indicate that London is lucky to have any plays at all. In the first week of June—the very height of the West End season—such was the dearth of good new offerings that five of the leading theaters were fain to fall back on revivals—at His Majesty's, "A Woman of No Importance"; at the Duke of York's, "A Royal Family"; at the Adelphi, "The Breed of the Treshams"; at the Garrick, "The Walls of Jericho"; at the Criterion, "The Liars"; with "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" underlined for reproduction at the Vaudeville. The St. James appears to be the only theater housing a genuine success. George Alexander was fortunate enough to secure "the first winner put out by Alfred Sutro since his 'Walls of Jericho.'" The new play, "John Glayde's Honor," has an American for its leading character, and is to be seen in "the States" during the coming season, with James K. Hackett in Alexander's part.

Even in its long suit, musical comedy, London is running slack, for which the well-wishers of the English stage are offering up fervent thanksgivings. Daly's gives up a show after the French, "The Lady Dandies," only to replace it with another from the German, "The Merry Widow"—to be done here next month by Savage—while the Savoy is in for a series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals.

But the London "Johnnies" at least have one thing to be thankful for—a new show at the Gaiety, "The Girls of Gottenberg," which even the staid London *Times* pronounces to be "on the whole the best piece that the Gaiety has seen of recent years."

The portrait of Gertie Millar shows a Gaiety favorite, happily placed in the new piece. "Maisie" is one of the songs that first brought Miss Millar into vogue, as far back as the time of "The Torea-

dor"; and she was prominently cast in "The Orchid" and "The Spring Chicken." She enjoys a privilege that rarely falls to the lot of the musical comedy player—her husband writes many of the songs she sings, for in private life she is Mrs. Lionel Monckton. Mr. Monckton, to those who know well their London playbills, composes many of the numbers in Gaiety shows. What is more, he is also musical critic for the London *Daily Telegraph*; so if he likes he may not only write his wife's songs, but afterward criticize in print her manner of singing them.

Apropos of London plays, and the shortage of successful ones there of late years, the writer had a chat with Edmund Breese, the original *John Rider* in "The Lion and the Mouse." Mr. Breese had just returned from his second visit to England in an American play that failed there. Last year it was "The Lion and the Mouse," this year "Strongheart," in which Mr. Breese, it may be recalled, doubled the rôle of the trainer and the old Indian. In each case his own work was praised by the critics; and, indeed, these gentlemen spoke favorably of the plays, but the public—that is to say, the paying public—stayed away.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Breese, in alluding to the hard times in London's stageland, "that too many seats are given away over there. It has been the custom of the managers to extend courtesies in directions where such a thing is never thought of with us. This is done in the hope that people so honored—and they are selected with care—may speak well of the performance among their friends and start a fad for it. But what is the result? Too many people have come to depend on this sort of thing, and wait after a new play has been put on until the free tickets are forwarded. The whole system, to my mind, is like a canker-sore eating its way to the heart of the box-office." We com-



JULIA MARLOWE AS SALOME IN SUDERMANN'S TRAGEDY, "JOHN THE BAPTIST,"
WITH E. H. SOTHERN—FOR THE COMING SEASON MISS MARLOWE
IS TO STAR BY HERSELF

From her latest photograph by White, New York

mend Mr. Breese's original and impressive simile to the attention of the London managers.

By the way, one of these gentlemen—

which Marie Doro is to be seen in New York. As a result, the new play was completely ignored by all the newspapers, except three or four whose repre-



GERTRUDE COGHLAN, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CHARLES COGHLAN, AND LEADING WOMAN IN NO. 2 "LION AND THE MOUSE" COMPANY

From her latest photograph by Standeford, Louisville

Arthur Bouchier, of the Garrick—last year broke away from established custom by refusing to send seats to the critics for "The Morals of Marcus," in

sentatives paid for their stalls. Nevertheless, it scored one of the few hits of the season, running for more than two hundred performances. It should be add-

ed that Mr. Bourchier—once leading man here for Augustin Daly—afterward relented, and apologized to the critics, but by then his offering was an assured success, and he could afford to be magnanimous.

The play was dramatized by William J. Locke from his novel "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," and concerns itself with the dilemma of *Ordeyne* when he is suddenly confronted in his garden by *Carlotta*, who has run away from a harem in Turkey with a young man, and has been abandoned by said young man in an English railway-train. The part of *Carlotta* was created in London by Alexandra Carlisle, the young English actress who came to New York as leading woman with Nat Goodwin last autumn, but went back after three days without appearing at all.

Marie Doro, last season, was leading woman with William Gillette, and was altogether charming in that morbid play, "Clarice." Charles Frohman discovered Miss Doro filling a minute rôle in the musical comedy "The Billionaire," and engaged her as a dancer in "The Girl from Kay's." Later, she was promoted to the legitimate in J. M. Barrie's stomachic comedy, "Little Mary," which failed, and thence to "Granny," which rang down the curtain for Mrs. Gilbert.

Speaking of the London critics, they



LILY ELSIE, SINGING THE TITLE RÔLE IN LONDON OF THE GREAT WALTZ-OPERA SUCCESS FROM VIENNA, "THE MERRY WIDOW"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

were extremely polite to E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, who played over there in repertoire for a short season last spring. To be sure, they did not care for some of the pieces presented by the twin stars—"The Sunken Bell," for instance, and especially "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; but with the production of Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" they warmed up, so that although the English venture did not bring very much cash into the box-office, it brought the prestige of a London suc-

cess. This, no doubt, is regarded as an additional excuse for the announcement that next season each of the two stars will appear at the head of an independent company.

Of course, this new plan is going to make it twice as hard for their managers

York's scheme of the New Theater. One of the Paris weeklies, *Le Monde Artiste*, after declaring that nothing will satisfy New York short of two grand operas, proceeds to dilate on the plan of the endowed theater. The company controlling the undertaking, it explains, is



JANE OAKER, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILTON LACKAYE

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago

to find plays. Not only must two vehicles be procured in place of one, but more care must be exercised in the choice. The public may be induced to pay to see two of its favorites in an indifferent piece, but with only one star in the cast it is sure to demand a good play.

Apropos of this matter of plays, France is inclined to poke fun at New

backed by millions of dollars, a large part of which was paid out for the land alone. Then there is another company, with equally enormous capital, expressly formed for the building of the theater. "As to the Sardous," the writer adds, "the Victor Hugos, the Meilhacs, the Halévys, the Rostands, and the rest, why, we suppose another company will be formed to supply these individuals!"



VALLI VALLI, WHO APPEARED IN "HER LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD" AT THE LONDON LYCEUM

From a photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham

What would France say if she could see the billboard up in front of the Berkeley Lyceum, which Arnold Daly

proclaims is to be a "Theater of Ideas," in short, "the American Antoine's"? There are to be no free tickets here, we

understand, no advertising, and no favors to the critics. In short, Mr. Daly, with characteristic independence, has announced that he doesn't care whether people come to see his plays or not; he proposes to produce them for his own satisfaction.

But an American Antoine's! The very idea of the thing presupposes a following of enthusiasts, and Daly himself, in an interview three years ago, declared that Americans, himself among them, were not the kind of people to enthuse over anything—to give free expression



GLADYS COOPER IN THE NEW LONDON GAITY MUSICAL-COMEDY SUCCESS,
"THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London



ADELAIDE THURSTON, STARRING IN "THE GIRL FROM OUT YONDER"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

to their emotions—to let themselves go, in short.

"Many a time," Mr. Daly told Adolph Klauber, now dramatic editor of the *New York Times*, "I have seen bits of acting that moved me so much that I wanted to shout 'Bravo, bravo!' But I choked back the bravos because I knew if I let go my neighbors would turn around and look at me, and Heaven only knows what they would have thought was the matter with me. We usually say that the English are a much more stolid and self-repressed people than ourselves;

but one of the things that surprised me in London was the fact that their audiences were many times more demonstrative than those here at home. If an Englishman likes a thing, he will applaud vociferously, and if he doesn't like it he will hiss."

Arguing from this, one would suppose that New York was about the last place that Mr. Daly would select in which to conduct his experiment. If he insists on America, let him take San Francisco, or another of the Western cities, where, according to the general consensus of the



MARGARET ILLINGTON (MRS. DANIEL FROHMAN), WHO IS INAUGURATING HER CAREER AS A STAR IN "DR. WAKE'S PATIENT"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

player-folk, the audiences are much more easily responsive than they are in the East.

Mr. Daly will have one feature in his favor—a clever leading woman in the person of Helen Ware, identified so pleasantly with "The Road to Yesterday" last winter. He would be justified

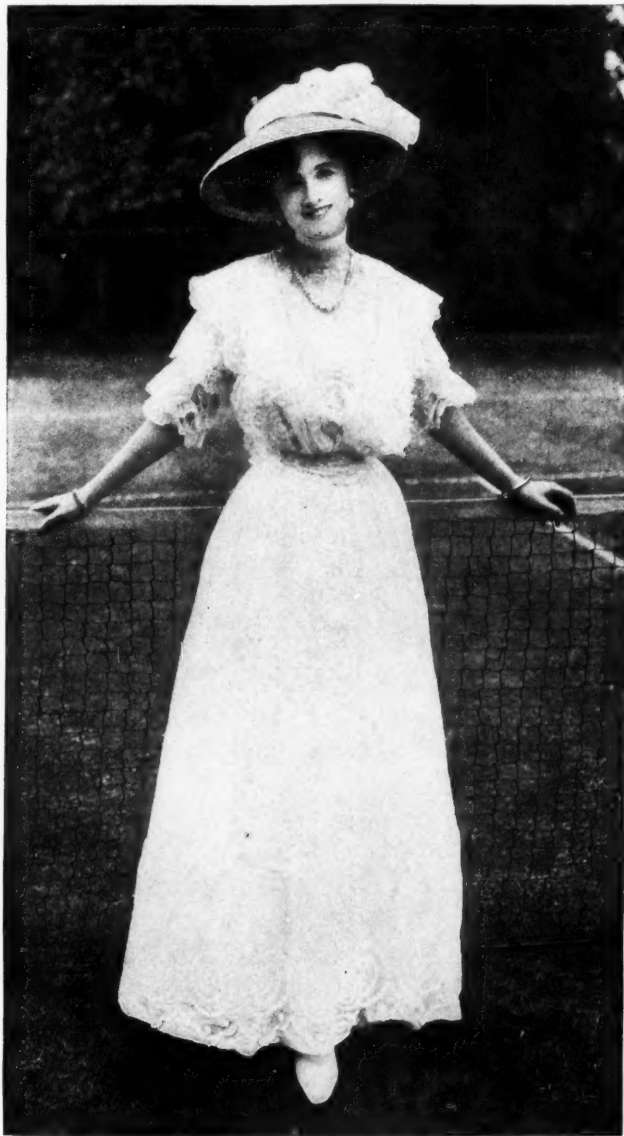
in giving another revival of "Candida" with Miss Ware in the title rôle.

A PAIR OF HACKETT DISCOVERIES

Among our pictures this month are three actresses who owe much to opportunities afforded them while members of James K. Hackett's companies. First

there is Margaret Illington, whose husband, Daniel Frohman, launches her as a star, in "Dr. Wake's Patient," this month. As Maud Light (her real

higher things were discovered. She was excellent as a pert maid in "Frocks and Frills" at Daly's, and later on she had the name part in "Mrs. Jefferingwell's



GERTIE MILLAR, WIFE OF LIONEL MONCKTON, THE COMPOSER, AND LEADING WOMAN AT THE LONDON GAIETY IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

name) Mrs. Frohman was playing a small part with Hackett in "The Pride of Jennico" when her capabilities for

"Boots." Last season she made the biggest hit of her career as leading woman for John Drew in Pinero's "His House



MARIE DORO, WHO WAS WILLIAM GILLETTE'S LEADING WOMAN LAST SEASON,
AND WHO IS NOW TO STAR IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York



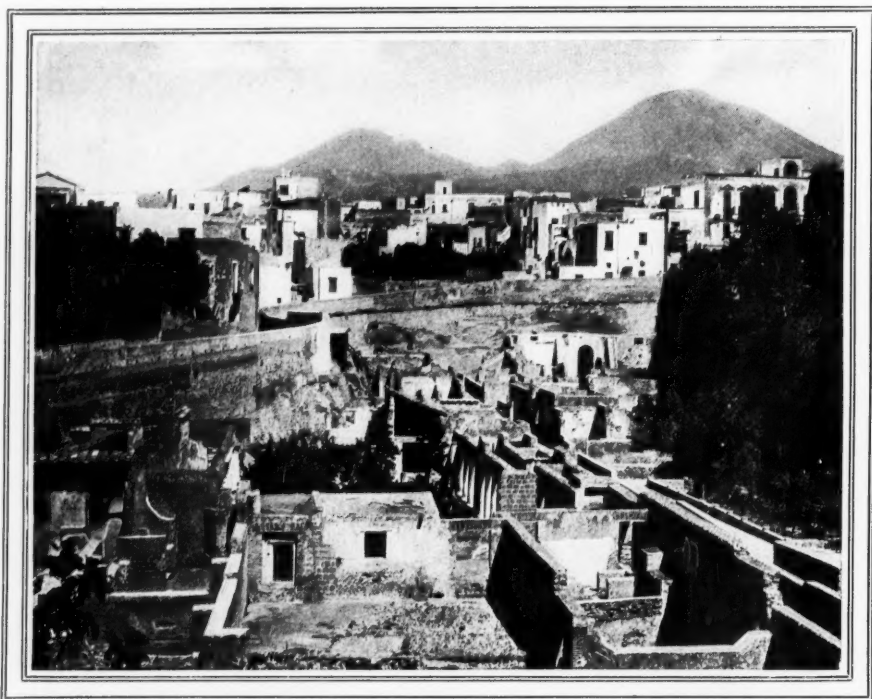
LOUISE RUTTER, OF "THE COLLEGE WIDOW" COMPANY

From a photograph by Hall, New York

in Order." It is now an open secret that Charles Klein wrote "The Lion and the Mouse" with Miss Illington in mind for the *Mouse*, but Mr. Frohman did not see possibilities of success in the play, which, curiously enough, ran—under different management—for more than six hundred performances at his New York theater, the Lyceum. Miss Illington played the *Mouse* in a No. 2 company in Chicago, and also in London, where she received very high praise for her work.

It was Hackett's "Don Cæsar's Return" that supplied Jane Oaker with a chance to step from obscurity to recog-

nition. Her real name is Dorothy Pepper, and she hails from St. Louis, where her grandfather made a fortune in tobacco. She came to New York, studied in a dramatic school, and got her first opening with Mme. Modjeska. After that she was *Hermia* with Louis James and Katherine Kidder in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But it was her succession to Florence Kahn as *Marilana* in "Don Cæsar's Return" that made her known to New York playgoers. She was afterward Wilton Lackaye's leading woman in "The Pit," creating the part of *Laura Dearborn*.



AN EXCAVATED CORNER OF HERCULANEUM, WITH THE MODERN TOWN OF PORTICI-RESINA IN THE BACKGROUND AND VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE

THE BURIED TREASURES OF HERCULANEUM

BY COMMENDATORE RODOLFO LANCIANI, D.C.L., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT TOPOGRAPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME

SOME OF THE INTERESTING QUESTIONS CONNECTED WITH
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ROMAN CITIES UNDER MOUNT
VESUVIUS—THE PROPOSED EXCAVATION OF HERCULANEUM,
AND THE PROSPECT OF RICH ARTISTIC AND LITERARY FINDS

ALTHOUGH the younger Pliny left us a detailed description of the memorable eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A.D., in which his uncle, the elder Pliny, perished, there are some interesting problems in connection with that historic disaster.

One of these is the question of its

precise date. Owing to the uncertainty or corruption of the text of Pliny's letters, the day of the eruption is fixed by various editors in no fewer than twelve different ways—as early as August 24 and as late as November 23. No solution of the difficulty being obtainable from literary sources, a search has been

made in Pompeii itself—in its houses, cellars, terraces, and gardens—for characteristic signs of the season in which death caught the population unawares. One investigator, Carlo Rosini, having found, as he says, carpets laid on the mosaic floors of the houses; braziers, with coals, in the vestibules and courts; dried figs, raisins, and chestnuts in the cupboards, and even the seed of pine-

always accompanied by pots and pans, so that the braziers might have been used for cooking as well as for warming purposes. As regards the finding of fruits, every one of these ripens in Italy by the end of August, and the dried figs may have been kept over from the preceding year.

The line of research indicated by Rosini and Ruggero is, however, the only rational one; and, by following



THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE OF ARGO IN HERCULANEUM

cones (*pinocchi*), which ripen in October, decided that the destruction of the cities must have taken place in the late autumn.

The value of Rosini's evidence, however, has been denied by Commendatore Michele Ruggero, late director of the excavations, who says:

In the many hundred living-rooms which I have myself laid bare, only once have I found vestiges of matting, without being able to ascertain whether the latter was spread on the pavement, or still rolled up in a corner of the room. Only fifty braziers have been found as yet in the city, a number vastly inferior to that of the houses, and

it up, most of the specialists in Pompeian and Herculanean antiquities have come to accept the 23d of November as the most probable date of the disaster. Of the facts upon which their conclusion is based, the most convincing is this:

After the vintage was over, it was customary in southern Italy to expose the jars (*amphoræ*) containing newly made wine to the sun and heat and smoke. This was done in order to hasten the maturing of the wine before its removal to the cellars. Now, seventy-seven such *amphoræ* have been found in the inner garden of the Casa del Fauno; twenty-nine in the *atrium* of the house



BRONZE BUST OF
AULUS GABINIUS,
FOUND AT HER-
CULANEUM

of Epidius Rufus; twenty in the *exedra* of that of Epidius Sabinus. In a suburban retreat, in 1875, two hundred wine-jugs were discovered, laid out on the roof of a stable, inside of which were the remains of four horses—one tied with a light chain to the manger—of a pig, and of a chicken. The dregs of the *amphoræ*, examined chemically, showed that the wine had already been doctored with resin and tar—an operation which was generally performed in the late autumn. In another house, there was found a flask, left there, together with their tools, by some masons, who at the moment of flight had been engaged in repairing a water-tank. Here, also, the sediments of the flask showed the wine to have been already matured.

HAS THE COAST-LINE CHANGED?

Another disputed question is that of the location of the coast-line of the Bay of Naples at the time of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Were both cities to be considered as sea-bathing resorts, or as autumnal inland retreats where the wealthy, the fashionable, and people in poor health were wont to seek shelter from the first touch of the cold season? A passage in Livy, where mention is made of the Roman fleet casting anchor at Pompeii—the ruins of which now lie more than a mile inland—led some antiquarians to believe that the sea, at the time of the eruption, actually lashed the bed of rock upon which the town was built.

This belief was strengthened in 1831 by the supposed discovery of the masts of a ship, made by a farmer at Messigna, while digging trenches for a plantation of mulberry-trees. The find was witnessed by a naval engineer, Giuseppe Negri, who mistook what were merely fossil trunks

of cypresses for the masts of a vessel; and thinking that perchance he might have come across the very flag-ship of Pliny the Elder, he tried to uproot one of the trunks and carry it as a precious relic to the Naval Museum at Naples.

Negri's visionary statements were finally upset twenty years later, in consequence of the discovery of one hundred and ten similar trees on either bank of the river Sarno, with their roots buried in vegetable ground, and their trunks embedded in pumice-stone. The trees were planted in rows, three yards apart, and one of them measured nineteen inches in diameter, which proves that at the time of the eruption it must have been about thirty-six years old. Archaeologists now hold that while the coast-line has remained practically unaltered at Herculaneum and Stabiae, at Pompeii

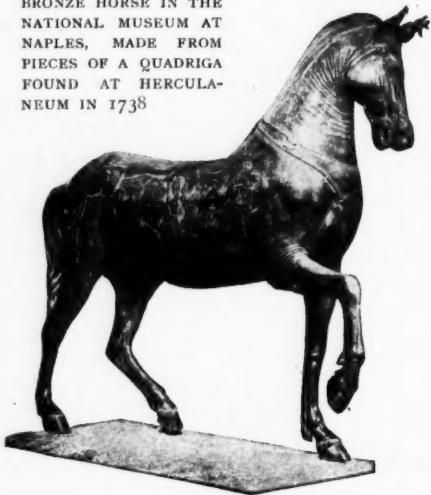
it has advanced in the direction of the rocky islet of Revigliano (Petra Herculis) by some twelve hundred yards.

Here I must give another curious instance of the way in which well-balanced minds may be led astray by false appearances. Just as Giuseppe Negri thought he had discovered Pliny's flag-ship, so others have lately announced the possible find of the



BRONZE BUST OF
APOLLO, FOUND
AT HERCULANEUM

BRONZE HORSE IN THE
NATIONAL MUSEUM AT
NAPLES, MADE FROM
PIECES OF A QUADRIGA
FOUND AT HERCULANEUM
IN 1738





A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS, WITH THE CITY OF NAPLES IN THE FOREGROUND—THE SITE OF HERCULANEUM IS ACROSS THE BAY, AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN, AND ABOUT THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE; POMPEII IS FARTHER DISTANT, BEYOND THE SHOREWARD SLOPE OF VESUVIUS

very skeleton of the gallant Roman admiral himself.

THE SUPPOSED SKELETON OF PLINY

In July, 1899, a man named Matrone, having made certain desultory excava-

penter's tools, a third fishing materials, and so on. Seventy human skeletons were lying on the floor of the porch, in three groups—one, the most numerous of all, at the end of the porch nearest to the mouth of the river, where



THE VOLCANO THAT DESTROYED HERCULANEUM—A VAST SMOKE-CLOUD RISING FROM VESUVIUS DURING THE ERUPTION OF 1906

tions in a farm half-way between the walls of Pompeii and the sea, near the ancient mouth of the river Sarno, at a place now called Molino di Rosa, unearthed the remains of an inn, the rooms of which opened westward on a porch facing the sea. One of the rooms contained wine-jars, another a set of car-

boats, despatched to the rescue of the fugitives, were probably trying to land; one at the opposite end of the porch; and one in the middle.

The two former groups were made up of persons of low social condition, as shown by the fact of their carrying with them only a few valuables tied up

in bundles, and only copper currency. The middle group, keeping aloof from the *vulgus profanum* even at the hour of death, was composed of well-to-do citizens, wearing their ornaments on their persons, with purses well filled with gold and silver coin, mostly of the time of Vespasian, and fresh from the mint. Necklaces were around the vertebrae of their neck, bracelets encircled their wrists, and rings their fingers. All these skeletons lay on the floor of the porch save one, which was found leaning against the wall at a higher level, as if the unfortunate had been sitting on a chair, or lying on a couch or litter.

A gold chain of sixty-four links was still fastened to the neck, two military armlets (*torques brachiales*) to the right arm, while a short dagger lay to the left of the body. The conjecture brought forward in a beautifully illustrated pamphlet * that these are or were the mortal remains of the famous admiral and naturalist, Caius Plinius Secundus, who came with his fleet to the rescue of the panic-stricken citizens of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is not in accord with the evidence given by his own nephew, Pliny the Younger.

Here, lying on a mantle or coverlet stretched on the floor, he asked twice for a cup of water, which he appeared to drink with relish. However, a fresh outburst of poisonous fumes and ashes having put his retinue to flight, the admiral tried to rise from his couch with the help of two attendants who had remained faithful to him unto death; but the thickness of the ash-cloud was such that he must soon have been suffocated, especially as he had been ailing for some time from a delicate chest.

This body was recovered after the third day with no traces of wounds, and even the clothes were not much deranged. He seemed to be resting, rather than sleeping the sleep of death.

Were the conjecture expressed by Cannizzaro true, we should have to suppose that the naval officers who discovered the body of their commander after three days' search left it to decay in the porch of the inn, instead of giving it the customary solemn funeral honors.

Of all the practical problems con-

nected with the buried cities around the base of Mount Vesuvius, the most interesting and the most important is the question whether it is possible to excavate the remains of Herculaneum, as has been done so successfully with those of Pompeii.

It is well known, in the first place, that while the latter city is easy of access, being buried under loose and soft material, the other is almost inaccessible, as if nature had done her best to shield the wealth that lies hidden in her bosom, and to prevent treasure-seekers from approaching it. There is no denying the fact that the effects of the eruption of A.D. 79 vary from place to place, according to the quality and quantity of the eruptive matter scattered hither and thither by the fury of the elements. At Pompeii, which was covered with pumice-stone (*lapillo*) and ashes, the work is easy, and the debris so light that even children can carry large basketfuls on their shoulders to the dumping-places. Moreover, the site of Pompeii has never been built upon, or occupied by a modern city, and the thickness of the strata does not exceed an average of twelve feet.

HOW HERCULANEUM WAS BURIED

Quite different is the case with Herculaneum. True, the town was embedded in ashes and pumice-stone, like its neighbors; but being so much nearer the centre of eruption, it was inundated at the same time by a torrent of warm water, in consequence of which the softer material was hardened into a kind of cement. These strata were in their turn overlapped by the lava of later eruptions, and at the present day the mass which lies between us and the remains we long to explore varies from a minimum of fifty to a maximum of one hundred feet. Besides, the dead city lies under a living and thriving one, the inhabitants of which are not prepared to relinquish their dwellings, their lemon-groves and orange-groves, and the fertile slopes which yield the famous *lacrima Christi* wine, simply for the benefit of antiquarian science. Exploration can be carried on only by means of the law of *espropriazione per utilità pubblica*, compelling the sale of the necessary land to the government.

* "Il Cranio di Plinio" ("The Skull of Pliny"), by Mariano E. Cannizzaro. Printed for private circulation only.

At Herculaneum, as well as in the rest of the region devastated by the eruption, the survivors did attempt to rescue their most valuable belongings after the danger was over. Andentius Sæmilanus, a governor of Campania Felix at the time of Constantine the Great, is known to have excavated certain parts of the city which were easy of access, and to have found a number of statues. Little by little, however, the recollection of the buried city faded away, or was lost altogether, and a new village, named Portici-Resina, was built on the uppermost strata of lava.

THE REDISCOVERY OF HERCULANEUM

The accidental rediscovery of Herculaneum took place in 1709. While a well was being bored in the garden of Prince d'Elbeuf de Lorraine, near the Franciscan monastery of San Pietro d'Alcantara, three marble statues were found at the bottom of the shaft, at the astounding depth of ninety-five feet. The statues, which Winckelmann described as "marvels of beauty" were at once claimed as crown property by the Austrian viceroy of the time, and offered as a present to Prince Eugene of Savoy, the commander of the Austrian army. Prince Eugene placed them in his garden at Vienna, and after his death they were sold for six hundred thalers to King Augustus II of Poland. They finally ended their wanderings in the Albertinum at Dresden.

The Villa d'Elbeuf having in the meantime become the property of King Charles III, another well was sunk in 1738 on the boundary-line between the townships of Portici and Resina.

This led to the finding of an ancient theater so rich in works of art that the accounts left by eye-witnesses of the excavations read like a fairy-tale. Unfortunately, the care of the works had been entrusted by King Charles to a thoroughly incompetent officer, Roque Joachim de Alcubierre by name. This man's blunders would be absolutely incredible but for the evidence of a witness who is above suspicion—the great Winckelmann, the founder of modern archeological science.

Winckelmann describes how Alcubierre discovered, near or within the theater, an

inscription with letters of gilt metal set on a marble slab. In his eagerness to show his find to the king, the vandal wrenched the letters from their sockets, and threw them pell-mell into a basket, without giving any one a chance of reading the inscription. Another ancient treasure was a bronze chariot drawn by four horses (a *quadriga*), upset and partly crushed by the pressure of the eruptive material, but yet complete in all its parts. The precious remains were thrown in confusion into carts, removed to Naples, and piled in a corner of the court of the royal palace. At the end of the year the heaps had been considerably lessened by daily thefts of metal, and a number of the pieces were melted and cast into two ugly busts of Charles III and his queen.

Later on it was decided that with the remaining mangled parts of the group one horse at least should be reconstructed, as well as could be managed by a local brass founder. With some patching and filing and soldering and casting afresh, a new steed was thus created, half of ancient pedigree, half of modern make. This marvelous beast still exists; it is exhibited in the National Museum at Naples, but few of the visitors who see it are acquainted with the remarkable story of its life.

THE BOOKS OF HERCULANEUM

The theater to which the *quadriga* belonged faced the public square or forum of Herculaneum, between which and the seacoast lie the remains, ransacked and pillaged in 1752, of the villa of the Pisones, which has become famous under the name of *la villa dei papiri*, from the number and value of the papyri, or volumes, discovered in its library. These ancient rolls, very much damaged by a process of slow combustion, are now preserved in the National Museum at Naples. They reach a total of one thousand eight hundred and three. Three hundred and forty-one have been unrolled and read, but the author's name has been ascertained in sixty-seven cases only, with the following results:

Chrysippus.....	1 volume
Carniscus.....	2 volumes
Polystratus.....	2 volumes
Colotes.....	2 volumes

Demetrius.....	5 volumes
Epicurus.....	12 volumes
Philodemus.....	43 volumes

With the help of a note-book in which the last-named author—Philodemus—has written, almost in shorthand, a résumé of the lectures of his own master, Zenon the Sidonian, archeologists have made clear three points. The library belonged originally to the Epicurean philosopher Philodemus, who acquired notoriety in Rome at the time of Cicero. It had been purchased or inherited by Lucius Calpurnius Piso Cæsoninus, Julius Cæsar's father-in-law, and the friend, pupil, and protector of Philodemus. It had been removed from Rome to Herculaneum after the death of its former owner.

These surmises have been confirmed by the discovery of the bronze portrait-bust of Piso Cæsoninus himself, in the hall adjoining the library.* A second bust, found in the same place, represents the features of the effeminate and despicable Aulus Gabinius, Piso's colleague in the consulship for the year 58 B.C.

I believe that no find recorded in archeological books can be compared to that of the villa of the Pisones at Herculaneum, as regards the number and value of the objects gathered in a limited space—a find made not by open excavations, but by tunneling and burrowing in the earth at a depth of eighty feet below its present level. The reports of Alcubierre and Winckelmann mention two equestrian statues and four standing statues of marble, ten statues of members of the Julian dynasty, four of

dancing girls, the "Sleeping Satyr," the "Sitting Mercury," all of bronze; bronze and marble busts inscribed with the names of Archimedes, Athenagoras, Epicurus, Hermarchus, Zeno, and Demosthenes, and a great mass of bronze objects inlaid with silver and gold.

THE PROSPECT OF RICH FINDS

A few months ago it was announced that a systematic excavation of Herculaneum was to be undertaken at the expense of an international committee. The Italian government decided, however, that it preferred to keep the work in its own hands, and an appropriation was made for preliminary explorations. By whomsoever it may be carried on, the task will be a costly and laborious one, but I have no doubt that it will be richly repaid.

A healthier and cooler spot than Pompeii, and free from the noise, the bustle, and the perennial tumults of Neapolis, yet near enough to that important center to enjoy the benefit of its markets, Herculaneum was especially sought as a residence by retired statesmen and invalided leaders of the Roman legions. The villa of Piso Cæsoninus did not stand alone on that section of the shore, nor was the theater the only lavishly decorated public building in this Newport of classic times. But what must stand foremost in the thoughts of the scientist and the scholar is the possibility of finding another library, not filled with the vulgar and uninteresting Epicurean literature collected by Piso Cæsoninus, but with the lost masterpieces of the Roman historians and poets of the golden age of Augustus. Let us hope that we may ere long see this dream realized!

* This bust was first supposed to be that of Socrates, whose name it still bears, I believe, in the catalogue of the Naples Museum.

THE WIND SPEAKS

WHEN I blow from the frozen north,
With an icy tonic rife,
My voice is a trumpet, pealing forth,
And I shout of life.

When I come from the balmy south,
Where the sky is blue above,
My voice is lulled by the rose's mouth,
And I breathe of love.

William H. Hayne

INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

II—"SAPPHO," BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

WHEN Alphonse Daudet wrote "Sappho," in 1884, he inscribed it "For my sons when they are twenty years of age." Could an American or English author have produced a book like this, he would surely have designed it for readers more mature than boys of twenty. Yet French youths are in some things more precocious than Anglo-Saxons. Their temptations are different and greater. They know of many sides of life which are, perhaps, never revealed at all to the majority of English-speaking men and women. And, therefore, Daudet's dedication to his sons must be regarded as no pose, but as evidence of a sincerity and seriousness which are, indeed, quite plainly seen throughout the entire book.

Written by one of the few genuine humorists whom France has yet produced, the creator of the amusing *Tartarin* and the truly comic *Delobelle*, in "Sappho" there is not a trace of levity. On the other hand, there is nothing cynical. A great gulf here separates Daudet from Maupassant. Compare the latter's novel "Bel Ami" with "Sappho," and note how differently each analyst looks on life. Maupassant sees only what is base or vile or venal. His men and women are, almost without exception, cowards or sharpers or dupes or drabs. The psychology of every type he draws is pitilessly true, yet the aggregation of them is lamentably false.

We do not live in such a world as Maupassant delineates; for no such world could last a year.

But Daudet sees life clearly, and he sees it as a whole—the good, the bad, the mediocre, the noble, and the weak. To him its very vices are often only a perversion of its virtues. Its goodness shines out clear and beautiful amid the murk and mist of its depravity. And nowhere do we feel this more acutely than in "Sappho"—a story written with perfect purity of purpose, even though it leads us through the depths of degradation. It is profoundly touching—a moral tragedy—the more impressive in that it is simply told, with none of the pauses for that sort of preaching which Thackeray, for instance, loved too well. There is not a word that can offend the most censorious. Its lesson is writ large in the mere narration of the story; yet its severe simplicity is the product of consummate art, revealing all the subtle genius of a master.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Some have said that in this book is to be found a key to all the mysteries of woman's nature; that every phase of the Eternal Feminine is here revealed; and that "Sappho" is, therefore, the clue to womanhood, given in a single book. This assertion I believe to be absolutely true, yet not quite in the way that critics have intended it. They would have us

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series of articles discussing in a familiar way the world's best books, of which every one should know something, and to which allusions are very frequently made in the every-day conversation of intelligent people. The first paper, published last month, was on "The Novels of Charles Dickens"; the third, to appear in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, will treat of Nathaniel Hawthorne's masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter."

think that Daudet has drawn for us a dozen or more women, each representing some especial type of character. Thus, the pure young girl is shown to us in the charming figure of *Irène Bouchereau*, whom the distracted hero of the novel really loves and whom he would marry were it not for the strangely evil fascination which *Sappho* exerts upon him in his own despite. The cold, patrician woman who bears her wrongs in uncomplaining silence is drawn in *Mme. de Potter*, the great musician's wife, neglected by him for the vulgar, insolent circus-woman *Rosa*, who treats him like a dog, yet holds him fast through long-continued habit. And there is *Mme. Hettéma*, fat, lazy, dull, and desiring, with her burly husband, only to be sated with the grossest of animal comforts—the pair being at their best mere human cattle—"companions of stall and litter." *Hettéma* himself sums up their swinish ideal of life:

I come home muddy and wet and worried, with all the weight of Paris on my back, to find a good fire, a bright lamp, a savory soup, and under the table a pair of wooden shoes stuffed with straw. Then, after I have eaten plenty of cabbage and sausages and a piece of Gruyère, kept fresh under a cloth, and have emptied a bottle of liquor, isn't it fine to draw my armchair to the fireside, light a pipe and drink my coffee with a thimbleful of brandy in it; and then, seated opposite each other, to indulge in forty winks while the hoar frost is making patterns on the windows outside? Afterward, when the wife clears everything away, turns down the bed, gets the hot bottle out, and has warmed a place, I turn in and feel as cozy as if I had crept bodily into the straw of my wooden shoes.

The pathetic figure of *Alice Doré*, the poor little Parisian waif, picked up by a rich and careless sybarite amid the motley crowd of a skating-rink in order that she may satisfy a moment's whim—how vividly she stands out in the few pages that tell her piteous story! A quiet, mouselike little creature, so gentle and by nature so refined, she is at heart still virginal, though in all her life she has never known respect, or any of that deference which some men show to every woman. Her temporary possessor, *Déchelette*, bears her away to his palace of a home, where he treats her

with the tenderness of a devoted lover. She forgets the noise, the oaths, the coarse jests, and the meretricious strife that have surrounded her; and amid the palms and flowers and luxury of her new abode, finds what to her is heaven. It is but for a few days. She knows she must return to the old life, and that *Déchelette* will think of her no more. Then the child, after a short and piteous plea that she may stay, grows silent, dries her tears, and flings herself to death from an open window. She is the woman who was born for goodness, but whom Fate condemned to a life of shame and outrage. When she came to know that there was something better in the world, she died because she would not go back to the horror of her old existence.

Then there are other figures no less clearly drawn, and each as sharply differentiated. There is *Divonne*, the peasant woman, married to a fatuous scion of a good old family, of whom she makes a man by her strong sense, her patience, and her tact. *Divonne* is in refreshing contrast to the enervated and enervating Parisienne. Her physical perfection, graceful yet strong; her rustic beauty, her love of home, her cleanly mind, and her wifely faithfulness, are all as wholesome as mountain air, giving us a sort of moral tonic that restores our faith in righteousness. And, finally, there is *Sappho*, herself, who is the incarnation of light love and of the ruin which light love works in man.

Taking these vital figures, together with some minor ones which it is unnecessary to mention in detail, this great novel of Daudet is quite truly the condensation of all experience, the complete psychology of what, with unconscious absurdity, is often called "the weaker sex." Yet, as I shall presently attempt to show, this view of it, while it is entirely correct, takes no account of the most curious fact of all.

THE STORY OF "SAPPHO"

Sappho is the nickname given to *Fanny Legrand*, the daughter of a full-blooded, liquorish old cabman and of a mother whom she cannot recall. She has grown up in the streets of Paris, learning everything that Paris has to

teach such girls as this. She has been an artists' model; she knows the life of the studios; and she has loved, sometimes with terrible intensity, men of the brilliant Bohemia by the Seine. From each one—poet or painter, musician or sculptor—she has picked up accomplishments. Each of her liaisons has left its trace upon her mind. Now she is well past thirty—still graceful, charming, and ripe for that last great love which Balzac says can be satisfied in woman only by the first fresh love of man.

At a studio entertainment she meets a handsome young fellow from the country—*Jean Gaussin*—who is in Paris, preparing to pass the examinations for a place in the consular service. *Fanny* flings herself upon him with an abandonment and an intensity of passion that surprise him. He thinks that she is but the acquaintance of an evening; but he soon finds that he cannot shake her off. She sits waiting outside his door night after night. She writes him letters, touching in their humility and devotion. At last, she nurses him through a fever, and a bond between them is established. She forgets that she has ever loved before. This creature of the studios displays the tenderness, the self-sacrifice, and the ardent fondness of one who for the first time feels the breath of passion. It is understood between them that some day this must end; but *Jean* can never shake her off. She has bound him fast with the silken cords of intimacy—of that strange habitude of continued association of which *Petronius* has tersely said: "*Antiquus amor cancer est.*"

Still, *Jean* does not in his heart of hearts feel any ennobling love for her. He yields rather to her strange subtleties of corruption, even while he sees, at times, the woman as she really is—one who conceals beneath her often radiant charm the beginnings of complete putrescence. He can hear, in her frequent bursts of rage, the raucous voice and the foul speech of the common courtesan. He can see, in the hardening lines of her face, in her broken tooth, in her thinning hair, the approach of an unlovely age. And he knows too well that she has been the plaything of others, whose tricks of speech and manner, as well as their opinions and their tastes, he can detect

in her. From one lover she had got her preference for a peculiar brand of cigarette; from a second, a sculptor, she had acquired the habit of sticking out her thumb "as if to mold or fashion something"; from a third she had learned the trick of clipping her words; still another had taught her an arrogant, scornful intonation. She was, indeed, a human phonographic record, upon which a thousand scratches blurred and altered the tone produced.

Again and again he seeks to break the fetters that grow every day more galling; but *Sappho* has possessed his whole nature. When he revisits his country home, it seems changed and dull. Its wholesomeness makes no appeal to him. He falls in love with a beautiful young girl, and hopes that marriage will dispel the sway of *Sappho*. None the less, in the end, he abandons home, breaks off his intended marriage, and becomes an outcast. *Sappho* has played upon his jealousy, and he plans to go with her to South America, there, in a strange land, to have her to himself.

But the woman shrinks back from this final step. She knows that she will soon be old, and that all her lures and wiles will fail to hold him. And so, at the seaport whither he has gone to meet her, he receives from her a letter of farewell. She has blasted his career, yet she must protect herself. She writes:

Five years ago, in the happy days, a sign from you would have caused me to follow you to the other end of the world; for you cannot deny that I loved you passionately. I have given you all I had, and when it became necessary to part from you, I suffered as I never did for any man before. But such a love wears out. To know you are so handsome, so young, would make me tremble—always so many things to guard. Now I cannot. You have made me live too much, made me suffer too much. I am exhausted—you are free; you will never hear me spoken of again. Farewell. One kiss, the last, on the neck, my own!

"LA FEMME COLLANTE"

Superficially, in spite of all its marvelous touches and the supreme artistry with which it is told, this story may appear to be only a study of what the French describe as *la femme collante*. The expression is one that has no equiva-

lent in English; and haply, outside of France, there is seldom any need to use it. The *femme collante* is the woman who glues herself to one man or another, who lives wholly in her emotions, and who sacrifices to them everything—all self-control, all traces of reserve, and even tranquil happiness; for, if she cannot be emotionally happy, she prefers to be emotionally miserable. One of the characters in "Sappho" describes the type in speaking of *Fanny Legrand*.

Ah, catch her killing herself! She is too fond of love, and will burn down to the end, down to the very socket. She is like the tribe of young comedy actors, who never change their class of characters, who die without teeth or eyebrows, but are young lovers to the very last.

Yet this book of Daudet is something infinitely wider in its importance than a study of *collage*. I have already quoted the opinion of those who call the novel a comprehensive study of woman, because of the great range of feminine types which it contains. To my mind, this is not giving it all the praise which it deserves. It is not in the multiplicity of types which Daudet has collected that he has depicted femininity. He has done what is far more remarkable than that. In the single character of *Fanny Legrand* herself, he shows us womanhood, complete—crowned and glorious upon the heights to which it often soars, and again, bedraggled and befouled, in those abysses which are deeper than any into which man ever falls.

In the book it is said of *Fanny Legrand* that she represents *toute la lyre*; and the phrase has reference only to her faults and vices. It might more truly refer to both her virtues and her vices, for in reality she represents the entire gamut of those traits and attributes which go to make up the complex character of woman in her full development. *Fanny* possesses charm, quick wit, and great intelligence, surpassing in its

rapier-like flash and penetration the intelligence of man. She has the tenderness and material sweetness which are also woman's, as when she nurses *Jean* and cares for the strange little child, the son of a former lover. She is capable of supreme self-sacrifice. She can endure poverty for the sake of *Jean*.

Yet, on the other hand, all these nobler traits are displayed only to those for whom she cares. She can be brutally unjust and hideously insulting to a discarded lover. She has no faith in her own sex, and she thinks all other women like herself. Even when she loves *Jean* most intensely, she lies to him because of a stray sentiment which she cherishes for a convict. At the last supreme crisis she thinks of self; and, having ruined *Jean*, she deserts him and makes for herself another home in which she will be adored without the trouble of adoring in her turn. In all this Daudet has revealed the extraordinary inconsistency and contradiction which enter into passion—its lack of logic, its unreasonableness, its fickleness, and its heats which come and go like lightning flashes shuddering across a summer sky.

To have wrought this out in the drawing of a single character makes the book a memorable achievement. It will endure beyond the life of all its author's other books. It will, I think, remain forever one of the great books of the world; for it embodies everlasting truth. As Mr. Sherard says, it is a book which should be written in Latin, or, as an equivalent, carved on imperishable bronze or marble; "for, when the French language may be a forgotten tongue, and when all our paper shall have crumbled into dust, there will always be the love of man and woman." And no other book has told so subtly, and with such impressive force, the power of that love for evil or for good, and the mighty hold it has upon the lives and souls of those who let it sway them as it will.

GRIEF'S PRELUDE

I CAN forgive you in this hour we part;
Yea, I can smile and stay the rising tears;
But oh, I dread that loneliness of heart,
Not now, not now—but through the long, bleak years!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE PLATONIC FRIENDS

BY STANLEY CRENSHAW

AUTHOR OF "THE PLUMBER'S DAUGHTER"

WITH A DRAWING BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

WHEN Anne Forester went away to Europe she was really surprised to realize that for the first time she was to be separated from Henry Maynard. They both commented on the fact in the free and easy manner usual with these two good friends.

"I say, Harry!" Anne called from the piazza of her home to a curl of blue smoke showing through the vines over the piazza next door. "I've just thought of something. Come over here and let me tell you. It's queer!"

The tall young business man, enjoying a vestless and slippers *siesta* after a hot spring day in his office, sauntered to where Anne was sitting with a mass of "last sewing" in her lap, dropped down on the steps, and inquired what was up. Anne explained, while she finished darning a pair of golf-stockings for her father.

"Do you know, Hunkey, this is the first time since we were both born that you've been out from under my watchful eye? I was just thinking how queer it would seem not to have you around. Actually, my brothers have been away more, since they didn't go to college here as you did, let alone seeing they have both gone into business in Boston."

Harry blew a meditative ring of smoke.

"By gracious! you're right," he said with a mild surprise. "How am I going to get along without my old Nancy-o?"

Anne laughed as she gathered her work together and prepared to go into the house.

"Don't get into mischief," she said lightly. "By the way, you won't be up

to-morrow when I leave. I'm taking that early train; so I might as well say good-by now."

"Good-by, Nancy," said the man, with a hearty shake of her large white hand. "I hope you have the time of your life!"

"Good-by, Hunkey, dear. Be a good boy while I'm away, and—oh, I say, one thing!" She began to laugh, showing her square white teeth. "If you fall in love, let me know!"

"Sure!" answered the other jocosely.

It was an old joke with them that they had both attained the age of twenty-five without love-affairs. The motherless Anne had always been too busy with her household cares and her three "helpless men-folks," as she called them. Harry Maynard had been completely absorbed in his college work, and afterward in carrying on his father's business. The colorless companionship with Anne had seemed to satisfy him entirely.

They stood looking at each other, smiling, and then Anne turned in answer to a whistle from the house.

"Yes, daddy, in a minute!" She ran into the house, calling over her shoulder, "Good-by, Hunkey! Oh, bother that stocking! Throw it in here, will you!"

It was characteristic of their relations that those were the last words between them. Anne left the next morning for Boston, from which port her steamer sailed, and Harry was sleeping soundly as her carriage passed down the driveway between the two houses. He was in the midst of a somewhat troublesome business tangle, and for several days he devoted himself to its unraveling with such concentration that he did not



A BUTTERFLY HAD ALIGHTED ON THE BARE NAPE OF HER NECK

think once about Anne; but at the end of the week he had mastered the situation and emerged with a victory so decided that he longed for congratulations. Instinctively he crossed the lawn to the Foresters' porch, meaning to tell his old crony how he had beaten his foes.

It was a distinct shock to see only old Mr. Forester smoking a solitary cigar behind the vines.

"Good Lord, Harry, I'm glad to see you!" he called. "I never was so profoundly lonely in my life. I'd no idea I'd miss Anne so much; and not a soul comes near the house, now she's gone. I think it mighty decent in you to think of a deaf old fellow left alone."

As the two men sat and smoked together their talk was almost entirely of Anne, of her cheerful, sunny presence, of her unfailing helpfulness, of her tuneful voice as she filled the rooms with scraps of old songs, of her pretty blond hair and how it shone in the sun—"just like her mother's!" Mr. Forester declared. When he went back to his own solitary house Harry felt almost as if he had seen Anne herself. But as the days passed on, and the leisurely New England summer unfolded itself, such second-hand visits with his chum were less and less satisfactory. Her father grew impatient, too. The servants, who had been trained under Anne's careful eye, were conscientious, as servants go, but without supervision many things went wrong about the house. One of the maids fell ill, and this threw the kitchen into disorder, so that meals were late and hastily prepared, and dust lay thick upon the furniture.

At the old Maynard house, where since the death of his parents Harry had kept bachelor hall, conditions were not much better. Anne had always looked after the household arrangements more or less there, and little by little, without her, unkempt desolation began to creep in. Mr. Forester looked about his neighbor's house fretfully one August evening, after a vain search for an ash-tray.

"Good gracious, Harry!" he exclaimed. "Why under the sun don't you get married and have somebody to look after you?"

The remark lingered in Harry's mind after his guest had departed. It came

with the force of repetition. His aunt had said the same thing to him a few days before. He thought, with an amused smile, of the unpractical nature of the suggestion on the part of both elderly people.

"Whom in the world do I know to marry?" he asked himself. "Do they expect me to go out to some summer resort and pick up a wife?" And then suddenly, with a quick glow as of a completely felicitous inspiration, he brought his hand down on his knee with a delighted blow. By George! What an idea! Why not marry Anne?"

He sat long on the piazza, smoking and meditating and smiling with pleasure at his new thought. He fancied Anne in his house, filling it with sunshine and competently managing the servants as she had so long managed her father's. He thought of the comfort it would be always to have her at hand when he wanted to talk. He remembered her sensible advice, her never-failing interest in his affairs; and he could hardly wait for her return. As he went to bed he reflected on the fancifulness of story-books.

"Here I have decided on whom I'll marry, and I'm perfectly satisfied with my choice, and yet I haven't been through any of the foolish heroics you read about. It's only a simple, natural growth, like any other healthy feeling. I just find out, by Nancy's being away, that I'm awfully fond of her and want her to live with me always." With which sage remark he turned out the gas and fell at once tranquilly asleep.

II

FOR almost a week Maynard was in a great state of pleasant anticipation. He almost told Mr. Forester about his new plan, but decided not to do so. He wished to speak to Anne first; and besides he felt that the old gentleman, who was looking forward so eagerly to his daughter's return, would not relish the idea of her being carried off to another's home.

He quite wondered what feeling Anne's father would have about her engagement, until one evening he had a lively demonstration of it. When he stepped up on the Forester piazza he

found a very pale and shaken and withal indignant father.

"Harry!" Mr. Forester called, in a voice quivering with emotion. "Here's a letter from Anne, who says she is engaged—engaged to be married, do you hear?—to Richard Mowbray, that Yale man of '97. Harry, I can't put up with it! I can't lose my Nancy!"

He turned his back and walked to the other end of the veranda, blowing his nose in a tragic manner. Harry Maynard was paralyzed with astonishment and horror. When Mr. Forester turned back the two men stood facing each other, their eyes filled with the same passion of unbelief.

"It can't be true!" cried Harry at last. "Anne *can't* mean it!"

"That's just what I say to myself!" wailed the old gentleman miserably. "Why, that miserable Mowbray lives in Chicago! In Chicago!" If that city had been in the heart of China its name could not have resounded with a greater chill of remoteness to the two New Englanders. "He met her in London, and he's been traveling with the party ever since—confound him!" went on the stricken father, not noticing that he was speaking to empty air.

Harry Maynard had disappeared. He had rushed off into his garden, so wild a storm of emotion shaking him that he could not recognize himself. It was as if the very ground was swept from under his feet, as if some axiomatic law of nature had suddenly failed him. At first it was simple blank incredulity which filled his mind.

"It can't be!" he cried again and again. "Why, Anne is mine! I can't get along without her! I can't arrange my future—I can't plan—I can't *live* without her! It's as if some one had calmly proposed to cut off my arm—she's a part of me!"

And then as he entered his empty and forlornly echoing house desolation unutterable swept over him. He sank into a chair and groaned aloud. The pain he was suffering was more than he could bear. Alone in the big rooms he strode up and down, passionately exclaiming and throwing out his arms in wild gestures. It was not Anne, the competent housekeeper, the purveyor to his physical

and mental comfort, whom he wanted now; he had quite forgotten that; it was just Anne herself—herself!

Visions of her in all kinds of circumstances came before his mind. There were the fresh summer mornings when she had stood, tall and white, in the rose-garden, and had waved a friendly farewell to him as he started for his office. To think that he had gone complacently on, past her, that he had not taken her in his arms that moment and made her his own! He thought of winter evenings when he had gone from a grim and forbidding winter night into the Foresters' cozy parlor, where Anne sat in the glow of the lamp, her slender fingers busy with a piece of sewing. He choked with a very fury of wrath at his own idiocy, not to have known that he had always loved her. Loved her? He adored her! She was everything in the world to him!

And he had let her go! Absorbed in his worthless business, he had let her go! And now another man was to have the light of his eyes. He tried to imagine Anne in love. She had always been perfect, flawless, but what would she be in love? He covered his eyes with his hands, and blushed with Puritan shame to feel hot tears fall through his fingers.

Above all, one picture of Anne hung fantastically and persistently before him with a maddening realism. He had taken her out on the river in his canoe, and she had done her share of the paddling. A butterfly had alighted on the bare nape of her neck and clung there for a moment, opening and closing wide, pansy-colored wings. Anne's golden hair, gleaming in the sun, curled in soft strands close to the beautiful creature.

"Harry!" she had called. "There's something on my neck. Brush it off, will you? I can't let go of the paddle." He had hesitated a moment, loath to spoil the pretty picture, and then had raised his hand and carelessly brushed the tips of his fingers over the velvet skin and silky hair. Why had he not bent forward and kissed her? He woke up in the night, and saw again the white, rounded column of her neck, and felt absolutely amazed at the blind rage of anger at his own stupidity which filled him.

For days he did not go near Mr. Forester, feeling that he could not master

his voice enough to speak of Anne; but later, longing morbidly to press home the knife of his misery, to talk about Anne, if only about her marriage to another man, he sought out her father. He found him silent and morose.

"It's the way of the world, I suppose," Mr. Forester grumbled. "I hear, by the way, that you are engaged, too. Well, you haven't any parents to grieve by it."

Harry looked at him in amazement, denial on his lips.

"Who told you that?" he queried indignantly.

"Your Aunt Sarah. She seemed to think it was a good thing. Who's the girl? I didn't get her name. I can't hear more than half what your Aunt Sarah says, she mumbles so."

Harry was silent for a moment, meditating. At least that would help him to meet Anne, to get past that first sight of her which he so dreaded.

"Well, it's not announced as yet," he said cautiously. "When do you expect Anne?"

"She and the rest of the party—Mowbray among them, of course—sail in about two weeks. She'll be here in a month's time. She's going to stop in Boston to finish her shopping. I suppose that means—"

He stopped, lost in an unhappy speculation, in which Harry joined, and the two sat silent for a long time.

III

THE next month was a miserable one for Maynard. He was more thoroughly wretched than he could have conceived. Especially were the last two weeks a sort of endless purgatory. With the passage of every hour he imagined what it must be to the engaged couple, lost in the happy leisure of life on shipboard, and in their own joy. The moon was full, many of the evenings, and as the unhappy man sat on his lonely piazza, tormented with jealous fancies, he paid dearly for all his complacent assurance of a few months before.

His restlessness and misery told on him physically, and it was a pale and haggard visitor whom Anne greeted with her usual mocking good-nature.

"Why, Hunky! It doesn't agree with

you to be in love," she cried laughingly as he came up on the piazza.

Harry looked at her smilelessly.

"You've heard, then?" he asked.

"Of course I have! You don't suppose you can keep anything from your old Nancy-chum, do you? Tell me all about her. What's her name?"

Harry had not foreseen this demand, and stared blankly for a moment.

"Her name? Oh, it's—it's Mary!" he stammered confusedly.

"I suppose you're desperately in love with her?" queried Anne half seriously.

"Oh, yes," said Harry, with an odd intonation which she took to be the indication of deep feeling. "Come, I haven't congratulated you," he went on, after a moment's awkward pause. "Mowbray is a fine fellow. I know some friends of his."

Anne blushed a deep pink and hung her head, evidently too greatly moved to speak. Harry perched himself on the railing. A calm despair took possession of him. It was all so much worse even than he had imagined. How could he have remembered how utterly adorable she was?

"Well, Anne," he said in a steady voice, "so it's come to both of us! The old life is at an end." The words sounded terribly solemn, like the tolling of a funeral knell. "It has been a happy life here," he went on. "We shall miss you—very much! I wish now that I had done more for you."

"Oh, Hunky, dear," she cried, lifting her head and showing eyes suffused with tears, "when you've always been so good—so much better than I deserved! Just think of what you've been to me, summer and winter, always so thoughtful, so kind!"

"We've had some good times together, haven't we?" said the man wistfully. "There won't be much use for the canoe now."

"Why—Mary?" queried Anne, with uplifted eyebrows.

"Mary?" answered the other with his enigmatic accent again. "She doesn't care for the water. Anne, will you do one thing for me before you go? I know it's awfully silly, but I shall miss you so, I want to do something for you. Will you let me give you Topsy? I never could

bear to have any one else ride her. I'd think of all the times we've ridden together. Do you remember the day when it rained so, and we stopped under the pines? How they smelled, and how the rain sparkled in your hair!"

There was a long silence, filled with memories, while they both sat gazing far away with sad eyes. Then Anne dropped her head again, and suddenly Harry lost control of himself. In the twinkling of an eye all his traditions of reserve, all his inherited and cultivated restraint, all his feeling for right and wrong, were swept away by an irresistible impulse to take Anne in his arms and kiss her.

An instant later he had come to himself, had released her, and was stammering out apologies.

"Anne—dearest," he cried, "forgive me! I couldn't help it! It kills me to have you go away! There isn't any

Mary—there never was! There never will be any one but Anne!"

The girl stared at him with wide eyes, into which there suddenly flamed an incredulous joy.

"Why, Hunky, darling!" she exclaimed, holding out both her hands to him. "I broke off with Richard Mowbray, the second day out from Liverpool, because I found I couldn't think of marrying any one but you—even though you were engaged to another girl!"

A moment later Mr. Forester's astonished voice sounded from the doorway.

"Why, what is this? I thought you were both engaged?"

They turned to deny separately, and then, with a delighted peal of laughter, they cried together, with one triumphant voice:

"So we are! So we are!"

THE COTTAGE I BUILT FOR YOU

OUT of the scattered fragments
Of castles I built in the air
I gathered enough together
To fashion a cottage with care;
Thoughtfully, slowly, I planned it,
And little by little it grew—
Perfect in form and in substance,
Because I designed it for you.

The castles that time has shattered
Gleamed spotless and pearly white
As they stood in the misty distance
That borders the Land of Delight;
Sleeping and waking I saw them
Grow brighter and fairer each day;
But, alas! at the touch of a finger
They trembled and crumbled away!

Then out of the dust I gathered
A bit of untarnished gold,
And a gem unharmed by contact
With stones of a baser mold;
For sometimes a priceless jewel
Gleams wondrously pure and fair
From glittering paste foundations
Of castles we see in the air.

So, I turned from the realms of fancy,
As remote as the stars above,
And into the land of the living
I carried the jewel of love;
The mansions of dazzling brightness
Have crumbled away, it is true;
But firm upon gold foundations
Stands the cottage I built for you!

Ella Middleton Tybout

HOW A BIG MURDER TRIAL IS STAGED

BY JOSEPH FOX

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

NO PLAY IS MADE READY FOR PRODUCTION ON THE STAGE MORE CAREFULLY THAN THE CLEVER CRIMINAL LAWYER PREPARES AN IMPORTANT CASE FOR PRESENTATION IN THE COURT-ROOM

IT is not every lawyer, no matter how experienced or able he may be, who will undertake in these days to enter a murder trial that has sensational features sure to hold public attention. The fee may be large and the notoriety to be derived great, but there are other things to be considered.

The lawyer of to-day is pretty sure to make a specialty of some branch of his profession; and there are many drawbacks to a general practise of the criminal law. But that is not the only explanation. Murder trials, nowadays, are serious undertakings. They are laborious campaigns, which must be carefully thought out long before the battle in the court-room begins. There are months and months of preparation on both sides, and every contingency must be considered before the prisoner faces the judge and the selection of the jury is started. To carry on the fight—on one side to free

the prisoner, and on the other to send him to the death-chair or to a long term in prison—experienced legal generals, versed in strategic work of this particular kind, must be employed.

How are the campaigns mapped out? Much depends on the nature of the murder and the circumstances surrounding it. If it is a poison mystery, the lines to be followed are quite different from those of a plain out-and-out killing, for which an excuse recognized in law may be offered, or in which skilful lawyers prepare to appeal to the sympathies of the jury.

Having shaped the plan of defense, it must be built up so that it will withstand the attacks of the prosecution. In certain cases much can be done by making the court-room setting effective. Jurors are human, and just as open to sympathetic considerations as anybody else; and no one realizes this better than the veteran lawyer who has had the



READING
WILD-EYED
"THEORIES"
OF THE
MURDER

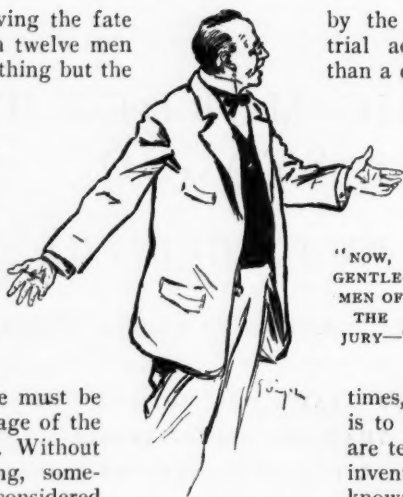
responsibility of leaving the fate of many clients with twelve men sworn to consider nothing but the evidence presented to them.

Both sides must be on watch for a surprise. A weak witness may upset everything. A slip in an otherwise orderly line-up will demoralize the whole array of testimony and destroy its effect. Each side must be ready to take advantage of the mistakes of the other. Without the slightest warning, something that has been considered unimportant may turn out to be a crucial point in the case. Scores of persons have to be examined by both sides. Naturally, all of them do not get to the trial-room. Indeed, in proportion to those examined, the number of those who actually reach the witness-chair is probably small; but in the careful preparation of a case, the story of each one has to be heard.

MARSHALING THE WITNESSES

Often they are volunteers who think they have something of value to tell. Others are weak-minded people who have been upset by reading wild-eyed "theories" of the murder exploited in the newspapers. A woman says she has heard from a friend something that was told to the friend by somebody else. The story sounds interesting, and must be traced to its origin. Anonymous letters are received with mysterious hints and suggestions. They must be investigated, although the chances are worse than in roulette that anything will be accomplished. No possible clue must be overlooked, however. Sometimes a whole staff of trained detectives is sent through the country, and even abroad, in quest of evidence.

This sort of thing is not confined to one side. In important cases, it is done by both the prosecution and the defense. In a recent instance more than four hundred persons either volunteered information or were sought out and questioned



by the prosecution. When the trial actually began, no more than a dozen witnesses were used on the people's direct case to convince the jury that the murder had been deliberate and premeditated.

"NOW,
GENTLE-
MEN OF
THE
JURY—"

Great care must be used in the selection of witnesses. Their statements are taken, sometimes three or four times, by a stenographer. That is to test whether or not they are telling the truth or simply inventing, for reasons best known to themselves, a story which they think is valuable.

There have been instances where women came forward with testimony for which there was no foundation. When exposed, their only excuse was that they wanted to get into the court-room, and if possible into the witness-chair, so that the newspapers would publish their pictures, and people would point them out as having played a part in a famous trial. These are a few of the things to be guarded against in selecting witnesses.

Furthermore, it is necessary to make sure that a witness's character cannot be so blackened that the effect of his testimony will be lost on the jury. The motives prompting him to testify must be considered; the lawyers must know just what he will testify to, and just how far he can go. It is part of the game to learn in advance, if possible, what the other side's witnesses know. This gives time to make plans for combating them.

In important murder trials the charge is sometimes made that certain testimony has been "manufactured." Is it made because one of the lawyers, in the heat of battle, has lost his head and indulged in "loose" talk? Not always, you think. The observer is made to feel that there is more behind it than that. The bearing of the witness and the nature of his testimony leave a suspicion that the evidence was manufactured—or, at least, that the witness had been thoroughly coached in telling his story.

Experienced lawyers say that coaching a witness is a very dangerous proceeding. Under the rapid-fire attack of a clever cross-examiner a manufactured story is likely to be torn to shreds, and then the result is worse than if it had never been told, no matter how beautifully it may have been arranged in the office of the lawyer. Furthermore, there are very few people, though stolid and indifferent,

question his experts intelligently, and to combat those whom the other side may call in rebuttal.

THE LAW'S AVENGING POWER

"I never realized," said a clever young lawyer not long ago, "just how powerful the machinery of the district attorney's office is until I was lined up with it in a recent case. Then I found



AS SOON AS A CASE THAT LOOKS LIKE MURDER IS REPORTED, THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HURRY TO THE SPOT TO MAKE INVESTIGATIONS

who do not get "stage fright" when they face a crowded court-room before an alert and vigorous opposing lawyer, and at the elbow of a stern judge who seems to be searching to the heart to find the truth.

Where expert testimony is introduced, all kinds of unexpected complications may arise. What has the expert done before? How has he testified in similar cases? Is he able to withstand a severe cross-examination by a lawyer who has been thoroughly primed on the subject? Will he give his testimony convincingly, and in a manner that will not antagonize the jury? Having passed on these points and others, it is necessary for the lawyer, unless he is already familiar with the scientific aspects of the case, to study them thoroughly; for he must be able to

that the man on the other side of the bar, representing the defendant, has to overcome many difficulties, and must be prepared to put up a terrific fight."

To illustrate the young lawyer's point, let us note how the prosecution deals with a mysterious murder, where there is doubt as to what caused the victim's death. As soon as the death is reported, if there is reason to believe that murder has been committed, a representative of the district attorney's office hurries to the house. Preparations are made for an autopsy. Till this can be carried out, the body is carefully guarded, in order to prevent any charge being made at the trial that between the time of the victim's death and the autopsy the body might have been tampered with.

To the autopsy the district attorney



FOR THE JURY TO LOOK AT—THE PRISONER'S GRAY-HAIRED MOTHER
AND HIS YOUNG WIFE

summons a chemist, a pathologist, and a physiologist, men eminent in their professions. Photographic slides are made after the examination of the various parts of the body. If a murder has been committed with poison, though the poison be an obscure one and little known to science, there is small likelihood that it will escape the observation of the three men whose duty it is to search for evidence of wrong-doing.

The character of the poison having been identified, the prosecution has something definite to work on. The next step is to trace the poison to the purchaser, and if this can be done the work of forging the chain of evidence is well under way.

To realize the power of a great city's criminal machinery, one must see it work or feel its grip. It consists of the district attorney's office with its force of lawyers, detectives, and men trained in handling criminal cases, coupled with the police force, and backed up by the grand jury. When there is a big fight on, such as in a murder case of importance, every wheel of the machine, always oiled and ready for action, is set in motion.

But in spite of all this powerful machinery, an ingenious criminal sometimes succeeds in escaping the avenging might of the law. Not long ago, in

New York, a young man named Martin Tighe committed a murder. It could not be said that his training or environment was such as to give him peculiar mental acumen; but he knew that if he feigned insanity successfully, he would miss the electric-chair, and he deliberately set to work to cheat justice in this way.

While in the Tombs, he drank great doses of strong tea, mixed with a drug that made him thin and

pale. For days he rubbed his body with a mixture of lemon-juice and some other liquid which closed the pores and made him insensible to touch—a sign of insanity. He played the part mapped out so well that he deceived the experts and was declared insane.

Put in an asylum by the order of the court, he was carefully watched by the attendants. He was also unable to get the drugs he had used in the Tombs, and by degrees he improved, until finally the asylum authorities declared him sane. In the meantime the ruse he had adopted was disclosed by a fellow prisoner, and the young man decided that the best thing for him to do was to plead guilty, which he did. He is now serving a twenty-year term.

THE DRAMA OF THE COURT-ROOM

After months spent in preparation, the day when the defendant must go into court is at hand. What impression will he make on the jury? That is an important question with his lawyer. Is there a young wife who may be put in the picture for the jury to look at—a young wife, mayhap a pretty one—standing nobly at her husband's side, her faith in him unshaken? Can he bring forward a mother, gray-haired and gentle, breathing her belief in her boy's innocence?

The jurymen won't take such things into consideration, you say. They are sworn to base their verdict on the evidence, and on nothing else. No outside consideration can influence them.

How does the veteran prosecutor look at it? He has been through such cases before, and experience has taught him many things. One is that an atmosphere of innocence in the court-room strikes at the jury as strongly as at the casual spectator. He has a maneuver to checkmate his opponent. He hears, we will suppose, that the mother, sister, or wife of the prisoner is to be called as a witness. Solemnly, and with a proper show of indifference, he moves that all witnesses be removed from the trial-room.

"All witnesses will retire from the room during the progress of the trial," is the order of the court in response to the suggestion.

But the women do not leave. They are not to be witnesses. They stay throughout that session; but at the next one they are missed. What has become of them? During the recess the prosecutor suddenly remembered some things which had escaped him before. A subpoena from the people has been served on each of the women. Mysteriously, and with a brave display of having something up his sleeve, the prose-

cutor explains that it may be necessary to call them as witnesses for the State. That starts everybody guessing. What has he learned?

In a day or so the women are forgotten, at least during court hours. When the trial is over, you look back to the incidents of the first day, and it occurs to you that the women never came back to the court-room until after the verdict. You question the prosecutor about it. If he knows you, he smiles a smile that needs no interpretation.

"We thought we had something good, but it fell through," is his sorrowful answer for the stranger.

"She's dressed for the part," was the general comment when Evelyn Nesbit Thaw went on the stand to testify for her husband. As she had been of the stage, the ideas of the stage were associated with her. A more girlish figure probably never sat in a witness-chair. At all times there was sympathy for the wife who threw wide open the dark pages of her life-book to save her husband. She hadn't been on the stand long before it became apparent that she was a very keen and clever young woman.

Was she dressed for the part? She said not. It was true that she had worn the same costume—the gown of blue, with the hat and flowers to match—every day during the trial, even when



THE GIRLISH WITNESS WHO IS CAREFULLY
DRESSED FOR HER PART

she was not in the court-room. In the possession of the district attorney are photographs of Mrs. Thaw, taken several years ago, showing her in walking costume. There is nothing very girlish about her dresses, and her skirts fall far over her boot-tops. The one she wore in court did not. But the walking-dresses worn by young women several seasons ago were not as short as those of the present year.

"The appearance of the witness on the stand has a great effect on the jury,"



IN THE JURY-ROOM—THE TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE ARGUING ABOUT THEIR VERDICT

said an experienced lawyer. "And if this is so, why not make that appearance just as effective as possible? It costs nothing, and in many cases it may mean much."

SPRINGING A SURPRISE

With every precaution against surprises, they sometimes come at most unexpected moments. For instance, when the famous Molineux case was being tried for the second time, the defense produced a woman who gave important testimony bearing on the writing on the poison package. She had never been heard of before—by the prosecution, at any rate. There was no way to refute her testimony. Years had been spent in

the preparation of the case, but here was a witness whose history had not been looked into. The lawyers for the prosecution admitted afterward that her testimony must have carried weight with the jury, but there was nothing they could do to combat it. No cross-examination shook the witness, and no one could be found to contradict her.

The trial is over, and the verdict is awaited. The opposing lawyers congratulate one another, and speculate on what the jury—the jury which was selected with so much care—is likely to say.

"You can never tell what a jury will do," is flung around the court.

No, you cannot. A few years back a woman was tried for murder. The jury balloted on the three important points in the case, and voted unanimously against her. Nevertheless, at the end they stood eight to four for acquittal. In the jury-room discussion one of the twelve said:

"I'm not going to go through life and be pointed out as one of the men who sent that woman to the electric-chair!"

No, you cannot tell what juries will do.

TO HIM THAT HATH*

A STORY OF PRESENT-DAY LIFE AND ITS PROBLEMS

BY LEROY SCOTT

XXXVIII (*continued*)

HELEN swayed slightly, and then her whole body tightened with effort. "You are going to make his innocence public," she said, with slow accusation. "You can't deny it."

"I am," her father said shortly.

She stepped a pace nearer him. "You must not! You must not!" she cried.

His jaw tightened and his brows drew together. "I shall!—you hear me?"

"But, father—it isn't your secret. You haven't the right."

"I have the right to protect my own daughter and myself!"

"But to destroy others?" she implored. "You know it will ruin hundreds. Have you the right to do that?"

"A man's first duty is to those nearest him."

"But don't you see? You destroy hundreds to save yourself, and me!"

"You have my answer," he said.

She looked at him despairingly. "Then nothing can stop you?"

"Nothing." His face was firm, his voice hard. "And now, Helen, I'm going," he said shortly. "There's nothing more to be said."

Helen caught his arm. "Not yet!" She gazed at him, her face gray and helpless. Then the crisis gave her inspiration. A new view of the situation flashed into her mind. She considered it for several moments.

"Father," she said.

"Well?"

She spoke slowly, with a frantic control, with the earnestness of desperation. "Listen, father. Suppose you tell—what will be the use? David will deny your story. I, who shall be with him, I shall

deny the story. And there is the decision of the court. All say the same. On your side, you have no proof—not one bit. The world will say you made up the story just to save yourself. The world will honor you less, because it will say you've tried to save yourself by disgracing Mr. Morton. Don't you see, father? It will do you no good to tell! Don't you see?"

He gazed at her, but did not answer.

"The story will create a great scandal—yes," she went on. "For you to accuse Mr. Morton—you know how that will injure St. Christopher's before the public—you know how it will lessen the mission's influence in the neighborhood. The story will do great ill—so very great an ill! But it will not help you a bit, father—not a bit!"

She paused a moment. "Please do not tell it, father! Please do not! I beg it of you!"

He did not reply at once. He realized the truth of what she had said—but to yield was hard for the Chambers will, and it was hard to accept the great dishonor. He swallowed with an effort.

"Very well," he said.

"Then you'll say nothing?" she asked eagerly.

"No."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" she cried, her voice vibrating with her great relief.

They looked into each other's eyes for a long space. "I hope this is all," he said.

"There's one more thing," she answered, and tried to gather herself for another effort. Her breast rose and fell, and she was all a-tremble. "There is something else—something I must say—

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something that has been upon my heart for weeks. Say that you forgive me before I say it, father!"

"Go on!"

Her voice was no more than a whisper. "I have learned that the stories—about your not being honest—are true."

His face blanched. "So—you insult your own father!"

"Don't make it any harder!" she besought piteously.

"You do not understand business matters," he said harshly.

She did not hear his last words. "This is the other thing—I'm going to leave home," she went on rapidly. "Perhaps I would not decide to do what I am going to do if I thought I could help you—to be different. But I know you, father; I know you will not—be different; you do not need me—you are strong and need no support—you will have Aunt Caroline. So I am going to go. I'm going to leave home because it seems to me that I have no right to it—to it and the other things of my life. You understand? So I want to ask you not to send any of these things to me. I want nothing—not a cent."

He was silent a moment. The determination in her face again kept him from argument or intercession. He saw that to her this break was a great, tragic, unchangeable fact, and so it also became to him.

"But how are you going to live?" he asked.

"I have the money mother left me—that's enough."

Despite the tragedy of the moment a faint smile drew back the corners of his mouth. "That's two thousand a year—that doesn't begin to pay for your clothes."

"I shall wear different clothes. It will be enough."

"Very well." His face became grim. "And I have my reason why I cannot give you anything! Do you realize, Helen, that you are driving me, in order to protect my own reputation, to disown you publicly if you marry Mr. Aldrich?" She did not reply. "But don't forget," he went on after a moment, "that you are escaping my fortune only temporarily. It will all go to you on my death."

"No—no! I don't want it!"

"But you can't escape it, if I choose to leave it to you."

"If you do," she said slowly, "I shall use it to make restitution, as far as I can, to the people it—it came from." She added, almost breathlessly: "Why not do that now, father? It's the thing I've been wanting to ask you, but have not dared."

"I have not noticed any lack of daring," he observed grimly.

There was a brief silence. "Then this is all," she said. Suddenly she stretched out her arms to him, and tears sprang into her eyes. "Forgive me, father! Forgive me!"

Standing very erect, his hands folded before him, he gazed fixedly into her imploring face while his mind comprehended their new relations.

She dared a step nearer and laid a hand upon his arm. "Forgive me—won't you please, father?" she whispered.

His face twitched, and he put his hands on her shoulders almost convulsively. "You're taking my heart out!" he said huskily.

"Forgive me!" she sobbed. "I can't help it! I'm what God made me."

"And God made you very much like your mother," he said, his mind running back to scenes not unlike this. He drew her to him and she flung her arms about his neck and they kissed.

"I love my father—I always shall—it's the business man that"—but her voice trailed away into sobs. They drew apart. "We shall never speak of this matter again," she said tremulously. She held out her hand. "Good-by, father. I shall see you again—yes. But this is the real good-by."

He took her hand. "Good-by," he said.

They gazed steadily into each other's eyes. "Good-by," she repeated in a low voice, and, head down, walked slowly from the room.

Alexander Chambers sat long before the fire. It was the bitterest hour of his life. Upon him bore the pain of impending public disgrace, the pain of the loss of his daughter—and, most cruel of all, the pain of being judged by the one person of his heart, disowned by her. And this last bitterness took a deep-cut-

ting, ironic edge as he realized afresh that, to protect himself, he must disown her—that, cast off by her, he must make it appear to the world that he had cast her off.

And how the world would take this! His imagination saw in the papers of some near day, across the first page in great black head-lines: "Miss Helen Chambers Marries Ex-Convict—Disowned and Disinherited by Her Father—Social World Horrified!" The irony of it!

But even in this hour, pained as he was by Helen's judgment, he felt no regret for those deeds for which he had been judged. For thirty years and more he had had one supreme object—to take from life, for himself, all that life could be made to yield. All his faculties were attuned to acquisition. His instinct, his long habit, his mighty will, his opportunity-making mind, his long succession of successes, the irresistible command of his every cell to go on, and on, and on—all these united in a momentum that allowed him neither to recoil from what he had done nor to regard it with regret. He felt pain, yes—but mixed with his pain was no other feeling, no impulse, that would swerve his life even a single degree from its thirty years' direction.

XXXIX

IN five minutes the long, heavy express was due to pull out of the station and go lunging westward through the night. Kate's and Rogers's hand luggage was piled in Kate's seat, and across the aisle and a little ahead, in Rogers's seat, were the two travelers, side by side. Facing them sat David and the mayor, the latter just back from his brief honeymoon, and standing in the aisle was Tom.

"Well, got everything you need for the trip?" asked the mayor, in tones that filled the sleeper.

"There's enough in our trunks and in those bags"—Rogers nodded backward toward Kate's seat—"for a trip to the moon. Aldrich tried to buy out New York."

"There's nothin' like havin' too much," declared the mayor. "Oh, say there, captain," he cried to the porter who had just brushed by. "See here!"

The porter turned back. "Yes, suh!"

There was even more than the usual portly deference in his manner, as he instantly measured the authority in the mayor's florid person and took note of the silk hat and the imposing beflowered vest. "Yes, suh!"

"These here two people are friends o' mine. You want to see that they get everything that's comin' to 'em, and a few more besides. Understand?"

"Yes, suh!"

The mayor, with some effort, got into and out of a trouser-pocket, and held forth a dollar.

"If you ain't bashful, take that; and stick it some place where your willingness'll know you've got it. There's nobody'll treat you as white as a well-tipped nigger," he added, as the porter passed on. He leaned forward and laid a hand on Rogers's knee, his smiling face redly brilliant under the Pintsch light. "Just as soon as you get your bellows mended and some meat on your bones, I'm goin' to write you a letter handin' you some straight advice." The edge of his glance slyly took in Kate. "No, I ain't goin' to wait. I'll tell you now and be in the price o' the stamp. Friend—get married!"

Kate rose abruptly, walked back to her seat and began to fumble about the baggage.

The mayor nodded his head emphatically. "There's nothin' like it!"

The cry, "All aboard!" sounded through the car, and they rose. The mayor said good-by, and after him Tom. Then David took Rogers's thin hand. The two men silently gazed at each other for a long moment; each realized he might never again look into the other's face.

"Good-by, old man," breathed David, gripping his hand. "I hope it's going to be as you hope. God knows you deserve it!"

Rogers's large eyes clung to him. "I've never had a friend like you!" he said slowly. "Good-by—and if it's to be the long good-by, then—well, good-by!" He broke off, then added: "You're going to try to help change some things we both know are wrong. Never forget one thing—the time to reform a criminal is before he becomes one. Save the kids. God bless you!"

The car slowly began to move. They gripped hands again, and David hurried back to Kate, whom the mayor had just left, and who was saying good-by to Tom. David took her hand, but on gazing into her dark eyes and restrained face, it rushed upon him anew how much joy she had brought him and how much misery he had given her; and suddenly he was without a single word to say farewell.

"Good-by," she said with a forced calmness.

"Forgive me!" he burst out in a whisper. "Your heart will tell you what I'd like to tell you. Forgive me!"

Her head sank forward in affirmation. "But you've done nothing."

There was no time to reply to that. "God bless you, Kate! Good-by!" he cried in a low voice. He ran out of the rapidly moving car and swung himself to the platform—unconscious that Kate's eyes had followed him to the last.

He joined the mayor, and together with Tom they walked out of the station and into the street, talking of the friends they had just left. But the mayor, who had met the party at the station, and consequently had not had a confidential word with David, was bubbling with his own affairs, and he quickly left Kate and Rogers to travel their way alone.

"Friend," he said, with joyful solemnity, slipping his arm through David's, "I'm the biggest fool that ever wore pants!"

"Why?"

"For not lettin' Carrie marry me before."

"Then you're happy?"

"Happy?" A great laugh arose from beneath the mayor's vest, and he gave David a hearty slap upon the back. "Yes, sir! Happy—that's me! Yes, sir," he went on, after they had boarded a car, "I've got only one thing agin Carrie, and that is that she didn't rope me in before. Say, she's all right—she's *it*. No, siree, friend, there ain't nothin' like gettin' married!"

The mayor continued his praise of his present state till David and Tom bade him good night and left the car. As they walked through the cross street a sense of loneliness began to settle upon David; so that when Tom slipped a hand

through his arm he drew the hand close against his side.

"You're not going to leave me, are you?"

"Me?" Tom hugged the arm he held. "Not till you trun me out!"

They walked in silence for a block. "Pard," Tom began in a low voice, "I don't know why you've been so good to me. I don't know nuttin', an' I'm a lot o' trouble. Mebbe sometimes you t'ink I don't appreciate all what you've done for me. But I do. When I t'ink about when I tried to steal your coat a year ago, an' den when I t'ink about now—I certainly do appreciate. I'm goin' to work hard—an' I'm goin' to study hard—an' I'm goin' to do what you tell me. If I do, d'you t'ink I'll ever make somebody?"

David pressed the arm closer. "My boy, you're going to make a splendid man!"

Tom looked up; tears were in his eyes.

"Pard—I'd die tryin'—for you!" he said.

When they reached the apartment-house that held their new home, David sent Tom up-stairs and set out for St. Christopher's Mission. His sense of loneliness made his mind dwell upon Mr. Chambers's offer of millions; for earlier in the evening a messenger had brought a note from Helen which gave the substance of her talk with her father. He would not have returned an answer different from hers; yet in this moment he ached for those things which had been refused in his name, and the aching drew him to look upon that for which he had given them up.

He paused across the street from St. Christopher's and gazed at the brilliant windows of the club-house and at the great window in the chapel that glowed in memory of Morton. Then he crossed the street and entered the club-house. A few young men and women were coming down the stairway, and a few struggling late-comers were mounting to the floors above. He stood irresolute, then noticing that farther down the hall the door of the assembly-room was open, he cautiously joined the little knot of people who stood about it.

The room was crowded with men and women, all in their best clothes. David

quickly gathered from the talk of the officers on the platform—all women—that this was a meeting of the Women's Club, held for the double purpose of installing new officers and entertaining the members' husbands. He had been gazing in but a few minutes when the new president, a shapeless little woman, was sworn into office. The audience demanded a speech, and, her homely face glowing with happiness and embarrassment, she responded in a few halting, grammarless phrases.

"I hope I can do my duty," she ended, "so good that Dr. Morton, who got us to make this club, won't never be ashamed when he looks down on it."

Her other sentences had been applauded, but this last was received in that deep silence which is applause at its highest; and it came to David afresh that Morton was still the soul of St. Christopher's. All the while that other officers were being installed this closing sentence and its significance persisted in his mind, and so engrossed him that he was startled when the folding chairs began to be rattled shut and stacked in one corner of the room. A little later a piano and a violin started up, and part of the fathers and mothers began stumbling about in a two-step; and part crowded against the walls and made merry over the awkwardness and disasters of the dancers.

David slipped out of the building. Clearer than ever before had come to him a realization of the responsibility of sacrifice; when one gives, the gift no longer belongs to one—it belongs to those who have builded their lives upon it.

Across the street, he looked back. Only once before had the Morton memorial window seemed to him more significant, more warm and powerful in its inspiration—and that was on the day of his discharge from prison, when it had first flashed upon his vision. Above the glowing window the chapel's short spire, softened by the poetry of night, seemed to his imagination to be the uplifted, supplicatory hands of the neighborhood. Well, their Morton was safe!

When David reached home he found that Tom was in bed and fast asleep. He walked through the scantily furnished rooms. They were still strange to him, for this was his first night in them—and

their strangeness, and the fresh loss of two of his best friends, and the sense, which grew heavier and darker, that he and Helen must remain apart, sharpened his loneliness to a racking pain.

He tried to dissipate it by thinking of the ground he had gained—progress which a year ago, when all men refused him a chance, he would have thought impossible; and by thinking of the greater achievements the future held. But he could not beget even an artificial glow of spirits; his success seemed but ashes. So he ceased to struggle, and gave himself over to his dejection.

He turned down the gas in his little sitting-room, and, raising the shade of a window, he sat down and gazed into the street. It was always a quiet street—and now, at half past ten, only an occasional figure moved darkly along its sidewalks. Far above the line of opposite housetops, in a moonless sky, gleamed thousands of white stars. Leaning back in his easy-chair, and gazing up at the remote points of light, he went over anew the problem of his relations with Helen, and he asked himself again if he had decided rightly. Yes, he had done right to save her. And yet, how he longed for the thing she was willing to give! How empty his life seemed without it! What a far, far stretch of loneliness!

His gloom was pressing heavier and heavier upon him, when suddenly there came a ring of his bell. Wondering who could be calling on him at that hour, he crossed the room and opened the door. A tall figure, heavily veiled and wearing a long coat, stepped in. Despite the veil and the dusk of the room, he knew her instantly.

"Helen!" he exclaimed in an awed whisper.

She did not speak. He closed the door and turned up the gas, and he saw she carried a small traveling-bag in one hand.

"Helen!" he said.

She set the bag on a chair, and drew her veil up over the front of her hat. Her face was pale, determined.

"I've come to stay," she said slowly.

He could only stare at her.

"I've come to stay," she repeated.

"Helen!" he breathed.

"I've left home—for good. I belong with you. I shall not go away."

"Helen!"

"We shall be married to-night."

He gazed wordless at her white face, and he vaguely realized what her mind had passed through since he had left her five hours before. A wild joy sprang ablaze within him; yet he held fast to his old decision. "But, Helen—"

"I've thought it all over," she broke in. "Everything. Heretofore you've been the rock. Now I'm the rock—I can't be changed. I understand that you've refused me because you want to save me, and I love you for it. But I have searched my soul—I know what I want, I know what I can bear, I know what is best for us both. I know, David! I know! Since you would not take me, I have come here to force you to take me. You cannot avoid it. I shall not go away."

His heart thrilled at her words, at the steadfastness of her erect figure.

"But, Helen—when I think of the disgrace that will fall upon you—oh, I can't let you!"

"The truth is not known about either of us," she returned steadily. "If the truth were known, and if justice were done, my father would be disgraced and I should share his disgrace, while you would be exalted. It would be I who would dishonor you. If I do get a part of your false disgrace, I only get what is due me. You have borne it for years," she went on. "Don't you think I have the strength to bear, supported by you and love, what you have borne alone?" His heart drew him toward her with all its tremendous strength. "I've come to stay!" she repeated.

He wavered; but his old decision had still another word.

"There's one more thing, Helen. We can speak of it—we are no longer children."

"No," she said. Her mind fluttered back a month to when they had stood together at the window of the mission, and

she smiled tremulously. "I'm twenty-eight."

He remembered the day, too, and smiled. "And I'm thirty-one—and see, the gray hairs!" His face sobered. "There's another thing—children. Would it be fair to them—to be born into disgrace?"

A faint color tinged her cheeks. "I have thought of everything—that, too," she returned steadily. "In a few years you will have won the respect of all; it will be an honor, not a disgrace, to be your child." Suddenly she stretched out her hands to him. "Oh, I want to share your sorrows, David! I want to share your sorrows! And there will be glories! I want to help in the good you are going to do. My life will count for most with you. I've come to stay, David! I'm not going away! Take me!"

He sprang forward. "Oh, Helen!" his soul cried out; and he gathered her into his arms.

A few minutes later, when he returned from telephoning to an old clergyman whom she knew well, she met him with a glowing smile.

"I've been all through it—I shall love it, *our* home!"

He thought of the home she had just left. He caught her hands and gazed into her deep eyes. "Darling—you'll never regret this?" he asked slowly.

"I never shall."

"God grant it!"

"I never shall. This is the day when my life begins."

"And mine, too!" He drew her to him, and kissed her. "But we must go. He said he'd be waiting for us. Come."

She lowered her veil and they stepped into the hall. In the darkness they reached for each other, their hands touched and clasped; and so, hand in hand, they went down the stairs and forth into the night—and forth into the beginning of life.

THE END

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF TO-DAY

In other days the knights went forth to war
To gild the glory of some conqueror.
Knights of humanity, no ancient lord
Had ever cause like yours to battle for!

Elsa Barker

